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The Reformation
WILL DURANT



The Unforgiven
ALAN LE MAY



"Where Did You Go?" "Out."
"What Did You Do?"
"Nothing."

ROBERT PAUL SMITH



Silver Platter
ELLIN BERLIN

BOOKS ABRIDGED, INC. *New York*

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The Reformation

WILL DURANT



AN ABRIDGEMENT

The Author

WILL DURANT is a graduate of St. Peter's College, Jersey City and received a PhD degree from Columbia University in 1917. In 1914 he began in a Presbyterian Church in lower New York those lectures on the history of philosophy and literature which prepared him for "The Story of Philosophy" and "The Story of Civilization," for his audiences were working men and women who demanded complete clarity and some contemporary significance to all historical material worthy of study. Mr. Durant retired in 1927 to devote himself to "The Story of Civilization" the first volume of which was published in 1935. "The Reformation" is the sixth in the series.

THE REFORMATION

Will Durant

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The Roman Catholic Church: (1300-1517)

THROUGH A FORMATIVE millennium, from Constantine to Dante, the Christian Church offered the gifts of religion to men and states. It formulated a creed that made every man's life a part, however modest, of a sublime cosmic drama: it bound each individual in a momentous relation with a God Who had created him, Who had spoken to him in sacred Scriptures, Who had therein given him a moral code, Who had descended from heaven to suffer ignominy and death in atonement for the sins of humanity, and Who had founded the Church as the repository of His teaching and the earthly agent of His power. Year by year the magnificent drama grew; saints and martyrs died for the creed, and bequeathed their example and their merits to the faithful.

The Church took the place vacated by the Roman Imperial government as the chief source of order and peace in the Dark Ages (approximately 524-1079 A.D.). To the Church, more than to any other institution, Europe owed the resurrection of civilization in the West after the barbarian inundation of Italy, Gaul, Britain, and Spain. Her monks developed waste lands, her monasteries gave food to the poor, education to boys, lodging to travelers; her hospitals received the sick and the destitute. Her nunneries sheltered mateless women and directed their maternal impulses to social ends; for centuries the nuns alone provided schooling for girls. For a thousand years, from Ambrose to Wolsey, it was the Church that trained Western Europe's teachers, scholars, judges, diplomats, and ministers of state; the medieval state rested on the Church. When the Dark Ages ended—say with the birth of Abélard—it was the Church that built the universities and the Gothic cathedrals, providing homes for the intellect, as well as for the piety, of men. Under her protection the Scholastic philosophers renewed the ancient attempt to interpret human life and destiny by reason. Through



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nine centuries almost all European art was inspired and financed by the Church.

Above all, the Church at her zenith gave to the states of Europe an international moral code and government. Just as the Latin language, taught in the schools by the Church, served as a unifying medium for the scholarship, literature, science, and philosophy of diverse nations, and just as the Catholic—i.e., universal—creed and ritual gave religious unity to a Europe not yet divided into sovereign nationalities, so the Roman Church, claiming divine establishment and spiritual leadership, proposed herself as an international court, to which all rulers and states were to be morally responsible.

The great dream broke on the nature of man. The administrators of the papal judiciary proved human, biased, venal, even extortionate; and the kings and peoples, also human, resisted any supernatural power. The growing wealth of France stimulated her pride of national sovereignty; Philip IV successfully challenged the authority of Pope Boniface VIII over the property of the French Church; the King's emissaries imprisoned the aged Pontiff for three days at Anagni, and Boniface died soon afterward (1303). In one of its basic aspects—the revolt of secular rulers against the popes—the Reformation there and then began.

Throughout the fourteenth century the Church suffered political humiliation and moral decay. She had begun with the profound sincerity and devotion of Peter and Paul; she had grown into a majestic system of familial, scholastic, social, international discipline, order, and morality; she was now degenerating into a vested interest absorbed in self-perpetuation and finance. Philip IV secured the election of a Frenchman to the papacy, and persuaded him to move the Holy See to Avignon on the Rhone. For sixty-eight years the popes were so clearly the pawns and prisoners of France that other nations gave them a rapidly diminishing reverence and revenue.

As if to proclaim their vassalage, the Avignon pontiffs, in a total of 134 nominations to the college of cardinals, named 113

Frenchmen. The English government fumed at the loans of the popes to the kings of France during the Hundred Years' War, and connived at the attacks of John Wyclif (c.1320-84) upon the papacy. The Imperial electors in Germany repudiated any further interference of the popes in the election of kings and emperors. In Italy the Papal States—Latium, Umbria, the Marches, the Romagna—were seized by *condottieri* despots who gave the distant popes a formal obeisance but kept the revenues. In 1376 Florence, quarreling with Pope Gregory XI, confiscated all ecclesiastical property in its territory, closed the episcopal courts, demolished the buildings of the Inquisition, jailed or hanged resisting priests, and called upon Italy to end all temporal power of the Church. It became clear that the Avignon popes were losing Europe in their devotion to France. In 1377 Gregory XI returned the papacy to Rome.

When he died (1378) the conclave of cardinals, overwhelmingly French but fearful of the Roman mob, chose an Italian as Pope Urban VI. Urban was not urbane; he proved so violent of temper, and so insistent upon reforms uncongenial to the hierarchy, that the reassembled cardinals declared his election invalid as having been made under duress, and proclaimed Robert of Geneva pope. Robert assumed office as Clement VII in Avignon, while Urban persisted as pontiff in Rome. The Papal Schism (1378-1417) so inaugurated, like so many of the forces that prepared the Reformation, was conditioned by the rise of the national state; in effect it was an attempt by France to retain the moral and financial aid of the papacy in her war with England. The lead of France was followed by Naples, Spain, and Scotland; but England, Flanders, Germany, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Italy, and Portugal accepted Urban, and the divided Church became the weapon and victim of the hostile camps.

Urban's death (1389) brought no compromise; the fourteen cardinals in his camp chose Boniface IX, then Innocent VII, then Gregory XII, and the divided nations prolonged the divided papacy. When Clement VII died (1394) the Avignon cardinals named a Spanish prelate to be Benedict XIII. He of-

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ferred to resign if Gregory would follow suit, but Gregory's relatives, already entrenched in office, would not hear of it. Some of Gregory's cardinals abandoned him, and called for a general council. The King of France urged Benedict to withdraw; Benedict refused; France renounced its allegiance to him, and adopted neutrality. While Benedict fled to Spain his cardinals joined with those who had left Gregory, and together they issued a call for a council to meet at Pisa and elect a pope acceptable to all.

Rebellious philosophers, almost a century before, had laid the theoretical foundations of the "counciliar movement." William of Ockham protested against identifying the Church with the clergy; the Church, he held, is the congregation of all the faithful; that whole has authority superior to any part; it may delegate its authority to a general council of all the bishops and abbots of the Church; and such a council should have the power to elect, reprove, punish, or depose the pope. A general council, said Marsilius of Padua, is the collected wisdom of Christendom; how should any one man set up his own intellect above it? Heinrich von Langenstein, a German theologian at the University of Paris, applied (1381) these ideas to the Papal Schism. Whatever logic there might be, he argued, in the claims of the popes to supremacy, a crisis had arisen from which logic offered no escape but one: only a power outside the papacy, and superior to the cardinals, could rescue the Church from the chaos that was destroying her; and that authority could only be a general council.

The Council of Pisa met on March 25, 1409. It summoned Benedict and Gregory to appear before it; they ignored it; it declared them deposed, elected a new pope, Alexander V, bade him call another council before May 1412, and adjourned. There were now three popes instead of two. Alexander did not help matters by dying (1410), for his cardinals named as his successor John XXIII.

John XXIII delayed, as long as he could, the calling of the council decreed at Pisa. When he opened it at Constance on

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November 5, 1414, only a fraction had arrived of the three patriarchs, twenty-nine cardinals, thirty-three archbishops, 150 bishops, 300 doctors of theology, fourteen university delegates, twenty-six princes, 140 nobles, and 4,000 priests who were to make the completed council the largest in Christian history, and the most important since the Council of Nicaea (325). On April 6, 1415, the great gathering issued a proud and revolutionary decree:

This holy synod of Constance, being a general council, and legally assembled in the Holy Spirit for the praise of God, for ending the present Schism, and for the union and reform of the Church in its head and members . . . ordains, declares, and decrees as follows: First, it declares that this synod . . . represents the Church Militant, and has its authority directly from Christ; and everybody, of whatever rank or dignity, including also the pope, is bound to obey this council in those things that pertain to the faith, to the ending of this Schism, and to a general reform of the Church in its head and members. . . .

The Council demanded the abdication of Gregory XII, Benedict XIII, and John XXIII. Receiving no answer from John, it accepted the presentation of fifty-four charges against him and on May 29, deposed him. Gregory was more pliant and subtle; he agreed to resign, but only on condition that he should first be allowed to reconvene the council on his own authority. So reconvened, the council accepted his resignation (July 4). To further attest its orthodoxy, it burned at the stake (July 6) the Bohemian reformer, John Huss. On July 26 it declared Benedict XIII deposed; he settled in Valencia, and died there at ninety, still holding himself pope. On November 17, 1417, an electoral committee chose Cardinal Ottone Colonna as Pope Martin V. All Christendom acknowledged him, and the Papal Schism came to an end.

The victory of the council in this regard defeated its other purpose—to reform the Church. Martin V at once assumed all the powers and prerogatives of the papacy. Playing off each national group of delegates against the others, he persuaded

them to accept a vague and innocuous minimum of reform. The council yielded to him because it was tired. On April 22, 1418, it dissolved.

A succession of strong popes, enriched and exalted by the Italian Renaissance, now raised the papacy to such splendor as it had not known even in the proud days of Innocent III. Yet despite the labors of popes like Nicholas V and Pius II, and of sincere and accomplished ecclesiastics like Cardinals Giuliano Cesarini and Nicholas of Cusa, the faults of the papal court mounted as the fifteenth century neared its end. Paul II wore a papal tiara that outweighed a palace in its worth. Sixtus IV made his nephew a millionaire, entered avidly into the game of politics, blessed the cannon that fought his battles, and financed his wars by selling church offices to the highest bidders. Innocent VIII celebrated in the Vatican the marriages of his children. Alexander VI, like Luther and Calvin, thought clerical celibacy a mistake, and begot five or more children. His gay virility did not stick so sharply in the gullet of the time as we might suppose; a certain clandestine amorousness was then accepted as usual in the clergy; what offended Europe was that Alexander's unscrupulous diplomacy, and the ruthless generalship of his son Caesar Borgia, rewon the Papal States for the papacy and added needed revenues and strength to the Apostolic See. Pope Julius II out-Caesared Borgia in waging war against rapacious Venice and the invading French; he escaped whenever he could from the prison of the Vatican, and led his army in person. No ruler in Europe could any longer think of the papacy as a moral supergovernment binding all the nations into a Christian commonwealth; the papacy itself, as a secular state, had become nationalistic; all Europe, as the old faith waned, fell into national fragments acknowledging no super-national or international moral law, and doomed to five centuries of interchristian wars.

To judge these Renaissance popes fairly we must see them against the background of their time. Northern Europe could feel their faults, since it financed them; but only those who knew

the exuberant Italy of the period between Nicholas V (1447-55) and Leo X (1513-21) could view them with understanding lenience.

They had their virtues. They labored to redeem Rome from the ugliness and squalor into which it had fallen while the popes were at Avignon. They drained marshes (by comfortable proxy), paved streets, restored bridges and roads, improved the water supply, established the Vatican Library and the Capitoline Museum, enlarged the hospitals, distributed charity, built or repaired churches, embellished the city with palaces and gardens, reorganized the University of Rome, supported the humanists in resurrecting pagan literature, philosophy, and art, and gave employment to painters, sculptors, and architects whose works are now a treasured heritage of all mankind. They squandered millions; they used millions constructively. They spent too much on the new St. Peter's, but hardly more in proportion than the kings of France would spend on Fontainebleau and Versailles and the châteaux of the Loire; and perhaps they thought of it as transforming scattered crumbs of evanescent wealth into a lasting splendor for the people and their God. Most of these popes in private lived simply, some (like Alexander VI) abstemiously, and resigned themselves to pomp and luxury only as required by public taste and discipline. They raised the papacy, which had so lately been scorned and destitute, to an impressive majesty of power.

But while the Church seemed to be growing again in grandeur and authority, Europe was undergoing economic, political, and intellectual changes that slowly undermined the structure of Latin Christianity.

The adolescent monarchies, enriched by revenues from commerce and industry, freed themselves day by day from domination by the Church. The kings resented the residence, in their realms, of papal legates or nuncios who acknowledged no authority but the pope's, and made each nation's church a state within the state.

The recovery and publication of classical texts nourished

skepticism by revealing a world of learning and art that had flourished long before the birth of the Christian Church. The discovery of America, and the widening exploration of the East, revealed nations that with apparent impunity ignored or rejected Christ. Travelers returning from "heathen" lands brought some rubbing of strange creeds and rituals with them; these alien cults touched elbows with Christian worship and belief, and rival dogmas suffered attrition in the market place and the port.

Philosophy, which in the thirteenth century had been the handmaid of theology, devoting itself to finding rational grounds for the orthodox faith, liberated itself in the fourteenth century with William of Ockham and Marsilius of Padua, and in the sixteenth became boldly secular, flagrantly skeptical with Pomponazzi, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini. Some four years before Luther's Theses, Machiavelli wrote a startling prophecy:

Had the religion of Christianity been preserved according to the ordinances of the Founder, the state and commonwealth of Christendom would have been far more united and happy than they are. Nor can there be a greater proof of its decadence than the fact that the nearer people are to the Roman Church, the head of their religion, the less religious are they. And whoever examines the principles on which that religion is founded, and sees how widely different from those principles its present practice and application are, will judge that her ruin or chastisement is near at hand.

THE CASE AGAINST THE CHURCH

Shall we recapitulate the charges made by loyal Catholics against the Church of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries? The first and sorest was that she loved money, and had too much of it for her own good. In the *Centum Gravamina*, or Hundred Grievances, listed against the Church by the Diet of Nuremberg (1522), it was alleged that she owned half the wealth of Germany. A Catholic historian reckoned the Church's share as a third in Germany and a fifth in France;

but a procurer-general of the *Parlement* calculated in 1502 that three quarters of all French wealth was ecclesiastical. No statistics are available to check these estimates. In Italy, of course, one third of the peninsula belonged to the Church as the Papal States, and she owned rich properties in the rest. The rulers of northern Europe might have grumbled less about the riches of the Church if the income therefrom, or the multifarious contributions of the faithful, had remained within the national boundaries; they fretted at the sight of northern gold flowing in a thousand streamlets to Rome.

The Church, however, looked upon herself as the chief agent in maintaining morality, social order, education, literature, scholarship, and art; the state relied upon her to fulfill these functions; to perform them she needed an extensive and expensive organization; to finance this she taxed and gathered fees; even a church could not be governed by paternosters. Many bishops were the civil as well as the ecclesiastical rulers of their regions; most of them came of patrician stock accustomed to easy morals and luxuries. Cardinals were chosen rarely for their piety, usually for their wealth or political connections or administrative capacity; they looked upon themselves, not as monks burdened with vows, but as the senators and diplomats of a rich and powerful state.

Being worldly, the servants of the Church were often as venal as the officials of contemporary governments. Corruption was in the mores of the time and in the nature of man; secular courts were notoriously amenable to the persuasiveness of money, and no papal election could rival in bribery the election of Charles V as emperor. This excepted, the fattest bribes in Europe were paid at the Roman court. Reasonable fees had been fixed for the services of the Curia, but the cupidity of the staff raised the actual cost to twenty times the legal sum. Dispersations could be had from almost any canonical impediment, almost any sin, provided the inducement was adequate.

It was unusual for impecunious merit to mount in the Church of the fifteenth century. From the moderate fee charged for

priestly ordination to the enormous sums that many cardinals paid for their elevation, nearly every appointment required the clandestine lubrication of superiors. A favorite papal device for raising funds was to sell ecclesiastical offices, or (as the popes saw the matter) to appoint to sinecures or honors, even to the cardinalate, persons who would make a substantial contribution to the expenses of the Church. In thousands of cases the appointee lived far away from the benefice—the parish or abbacy or episcopacy—whose revenues supported his labor or luxury; and one man might be the absentee beneficiary of several such posts.

A more serious charge than pluralism was laid against the personal morality of the clergy. "The morals of the clergy are corrupt," said the Bishop of Torcello (1458); "they have become an offense to the laity." Of the four orders of friars founded in the thirteenth century—Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, Augustinians—all but the last had become scandalously lax. Absolved by their collective wealth from the necessity of manual labor, thousands of monks and friars neglected religious services, wandered outside their walls, drank in taverns, and pursued amours.

The complaint that finally sparked the Reformation was the sale of indulgences. Through the powers apparently delegated by Christ to Peter (Matt. 16:19), by Peter to bishops, and by bishops to priests, the clergy were authorized to absolve a confessing penitent from the guilt of his sins and from their punishment in hell, but not from doing penance for them on earth. Now only a few men, however thoroughly shriven, could rely on dying with all due penances performed; the balance would have to be paid for by years of suffering in purgatory. On the other hand, many saints, by their devotion and martyrdom, had earned merits probably in excess of the penances due to their sins; Christ by his death had added an infinity of merits; these merits, said the theory of the Church, could be conceived as a treasury on which the pope might draw to cancel part or all of the temporal penalties incurred and unperformed by absolved penitents. The substitution of a money fine (*Wehrgeld*) for

punishment was a long-established custom in secular courts; hence no furore was caused by the early application of the idea to indulgences. A shriven penitent, by paying such a fine—i.e., making a money contribution—to the expenses of the Church, would receive a partial or plenary indulgence, not to commit further sins, but to escape a day, a month, a year in purgatory, or all the time he might have had to suffer there to complete his penance for his sins. An indulgence did not cancel the guilt of sins; this, when the priest absolved a contrite penitent, was forgiven in the confessional. An indulgence, therefore, was the remission, by the Church, of part or all of the temporal (i.e., not eternal) penalties incurred by sins whose guilt had been forgiven in the sacrament of penance.

This ingenious and complicated theory was soon transformed by the simplicity of the people, and by the greed of the *quaestuarii*, or “pardoners,” commissioned or presuming to distribute the indulgences. As these purveyors were allowed to retain a percentage of the receipts, some of them omitted to insist on repentance, confession, and prayer, and left the recipient free to interpret the indulgence as depending almost entirely upon the money contribution.

The popes condemned these misconceptions and abuses, but they were too pressed for revenue to practice effective control. They issued bulls so frequently, and for so confusing a variety of causes, that men of education lost faith in the theory, and accused the Church of shamelessly exploiting human credulity and hope.

Almost as mercenary as the sale of indulgences was the acceptance or solicitation, by the clergy, of money payments, grants, legacies, for the saying of Masses supposed to reduce a dead soul's term of punishment in purgatory. Large sums were devoted to this purpose by pious people, either to relieve a departed relative or friend, or to shorten or annul their own purgatorial probation after death. The poor complained that through their inability to pay for Masses and indulgences it was the rich who would inherit the kingdom of heaven.

A thousand other grievances swelled the case against the

Church. Many of the laity resented the exemption of the clergy from the laws of the state, and the dangerous lenience of ecclesiastical courts to ecclesiastical offenders. Further complaints alleged the divorce of religion from morality, the emphasis laid on orthodox belief rather than on good conduct (though the Reformers were to be in this particular greater sinners than the Church), the absorption of religion in ritual, the useless idleness of monks, the exploitation of popular credulity through bogus relics and miracles, the abuse of excommunication and interdict, the censorship of publications by the clergy, the espionage and cruelty of the Inquisition, the misuse, for other purposes, of funds contributed for crusades against the Turks, and the claim of a deteriorated clergy to be the sole administrators of every sacrament except baptism.

All the foregoing factors entered into the anticlericalism of Roman Catholic Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Throughout Christendom men cried out for a "reform of the Church in head and members." Nevertheless, good Christians continued to hope that reform might be accomplished by the Church's loyal sons. Humanists like Erasmus, Colet, and More, dreaded the disorder of an open break. The Church tried repeatedly, and often sincerely, to cleanse her ranks and her courts. The monasteries tried again and again to restore their austere rules, but the constitution of man rewrote all constitutions. The councils tried to reform the Church, and were defeated by the popes; the popes tried, and were defeated by the cardinals and the bureaucracy of the Curia. Leo X himself, in 1516, mourned the utter inefficacy of these endeavors. Enlightened churchmen like Nicholas of Cusa achieved local reforms, but even these were transient. Denunciations of the Church's shortcomings, by her enemies and her lovers, excited the schools, disturbed the pulpits, flooded the literature, and mounted day by day and year by year.

Germany on the Eve of Luther: (1453-1517)

ORDER IS THE MOTHER of civilization and liberty; chaos is the midwife of dictatorship; therefore history may now and then say a good word for kings. Their medieval function was to free the individual in rising measure from local domination, and to centralize in one authority the power to legislate, judge, punish, mint, and make war. The feudal baron mourned the loss of local autonomy, but the simple citizen thought it good that there should be, in his country, one master, one coinage, one law.

The strongest democracy in the world at this time was in Switzerland. In the history of that invincible country the heroes are the cantons. First were the German-speaking "forest cantons" of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, which in 1291 united in a Confederation for mutual defense. After the historic victory of the Swiss peasants over the Hapsburg army at Morgarten (1315) the Confederation, while formally acknowledging the sovereignty of the Holy Roman Empire, maintained a virtual independence. New cantons were added: Lucerne (1332), Zurich (1351), Glarus and Zug (1352), Bern (1353); and the name Schwyz was in 1352 extended to the whole. Encouraged to autonomy by geographical barriers, and accepting French, German, or Italian speech and ways according to the slope of its valleys and the course of its streams, each canton made its own laws, through assemblies chosen by the vote of the citizens. The extent of the franchise varied from canton to canton and from time to time, but all cantons pledged themselves to a united foreign policy and to the arbitration of their disputes by a federal diet. Though the cantons sometimes fought one another, nevertheless, the constitution of the Confederation became and remains an inspiring example of federalism—the union of self-governing regions under freely accepted common agencies and laws.

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Germany too was a federation, but its constituent parts were ruled not by democratic assemblies but by secular or ecclesiastical princes acknowledging only a limited fealty to the head of the Holy Roman Empire. Some of these states—Bavaria, Württemberg, Thuringia, Hesse, Nassau, Meissen, Saxony, Brandenburg, Carinthia, Austria, and the Palatinate—were ruled by dukes, counts, margraves, or other secular lords; some—Magdeburg, Mainz, Halle, Bamberg, Cologne, Bremen, Strasbourg, Salzburg, Trier, Basel, Hildesheim—were politically subject in varying degrees to bishops or archbishops; but nearly a hundred cities had by 1460 won charters of practical freedom from their lay or church superiors. In each principality delegates of the three estates—nobles, clergy, commons—met occasionally in a territorial diet that exercised some restraint, through its power of the purse, on the authority of the prince. Principalities and free cities sent representatives to the Reichstag or Imperial Diet. A special Kurfürstentag, or Diet of Electors, was called to choose a king; normally it was composed of the king of Bohemia, the duke of Saxony, the margrave of Brandenburg, the count palatine, and the archbishops of Mainz, Trier, and Cologne. Their choice created only a king, who became the acknowledged head of the Holy Roman Empire when he was crowned emperor by the pope; hence his precoronation title of “King of the Romans.” His authority rested on tradition and prestige rather than on possessions or force; he owned no territory beyond his own domain as one feudal prince among many. The destruction of the Hohenstaufen dynasty by the powerful popes of the thirteenth century had fatally weakened the Holy Roman Empire founded (A.D. 800) by Pope Leo III and Charlemagne. In the fifteenth century it was a loose association of Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Holland and Switzerland.

In the final half-century before the Reformation all classes in Germany prospered except the knights. Probably it was the rising status of the peasants that sharpened their resentment against surviving disabilities. A few were bondsmen, a minority were proprietors, the great majority were tenant farmers paying

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rent to feudal lords in produce, services or money. Peasant proprietors raged at the usurious rates they had to pay for loans to move their crops, and at the quick foreclosure of farms by clever moneylenders who had made loans to owners obviously unable to repay. All classes of tillers grudged the annual tithe levied by the Church on their harvests and broods.

These discontents ignited agrarian revolts sporadically throughout the fifteenth century. In 1431 the peasants around Worms rose in futile rebellion. They chose as their standard a farmer's shoe—actually a boot laced from ankle to knee; they stuck it on poles or painted its likeness on flags; and *Bundschuh*—the Bond of the Shoe—became the favorite title of rebel rural bands in the age of Luther. In 1476 a cowherd, Hans Bohm, announced that the Mother of God had revealed to him that the Kingdom of Heaven on earth was at hand. There should be no more emperors, popes, princes, or feudal lords; all men were to be brothers, all women sisters; all were to share alike in the fruits of the earth; lands, woods, waters, pastures, were to be common and free. Thousands of peasants came to hear Hans; a priest joined him; the bishop of Würzburg smiled tolerantly. But when Hans told his followers to bring to the next meeting all the weapons they could muster, the bishop had him arrested; the bishop's soldiers fired into the crowd that tried to save him; and the movement collapsed.

In 1502 the peasants of the bishop of Speyer formed a *Bundschuh* of 7,000 men pledged to end feudalism, to "hunt out and kill all priests and monks," and to restore what they believed to have been the communism of their ancestors. A peasant revealed the scheme in the confessional; ecclesiastics and nobles joined in circumventing it; the main conspirators were tortured and hanged. In 1517 a league of 90,000 peasants in Styria and Carinthia undertook to end feudalism there: for three months their bands attacked castles and slew lords; finally Emperor Maximilian, who sympathized with their cause but rebuked their violence, sent against them a small force of soldiery, which subdued them into sullen peace.

Meanwhile a more matter-of-fact revolution was proceeding

in German industry and commerce. Most industry was still handicraft, but it was increasingly controlled by entrepreneurs who provided material and capital, and bought and sold the finished product. The mining industry was making rapid progress; great profits were drawn from mining silver, copper, and gold; gold and silver bullion now became a favorite means of storing wealth; and the royalties paid for mining rights to territorial princes—especially to the elector of Saxony who protected Luther—enabled some of them to resist both pope and emperor.

The financiers were now a major political power. The Jewish moneylenders of Germany were displaced by the Christian family-firms of the Welsers, the Hochstetters, and the Fuggers—all of Augsburg, which, at the end of the fifteenth century, was the financial capital of Christendom. Johannes Fugger, a weaver's son, became a textile merchant, and left at his death (1409) a small fortune of 3,000 florins. His son Jakob expanded the business; when he died (1469) his wealth ranked seventh in Augsburg. Jakob's sons Ulrich, Georg, and Jakob II raised the firm to supremacy by advancing money to the princes of Germany, Austria, and Hungary in return for the revenue of mines, lands, or cities.

From these speculative investments the Fuggers derived immense profits, so that by 1500 they were the richest family in Europe, operating vast mining enterprises in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and Spain. In addition they imported and manufactured textiles; they traded in silks, velvets, furs, spices, citrus fruits, munitions, jewelry; they organized express transportation and a private postal service. By 1511, when Jakob II became sole head of the firm, its assets reached 196,791 guilders; by 1527 (two years after his death) its capital was reckoned at 2,021,202 guilders (\$50,000,000?)—a profit of 50 per cent per year through sixteen years.

Part of this profit came from the Fuggers' relations with emperors and popes. Ulrich Fugger made loans to Frederick III; Jakob II became chief broker to Maximilian and Charles

V; the vast extension of the Hapsburg power in the sixteenth century was made possible by Fugger loans. Though Jakob rejected the ecclesiastical limitations on interest, and the attempts of churchmen to fix a "just price" for consumers' goods, he remained a Catholic, made loans to clergymen to pay their promotion fees, and, obtained (1494) the management of papal finances in Germany, Scandinavia, Bohemia, and Hungary.

From him we may date the capitalist era in Germany, the growth of private monopolies, the dominance of businessmen controlling money over feudal lords owning land. German mining and textiles were already organized on capitalist lines—i.e., controlled by providers of capital—by the end of the fifteenth century. The Middle Ages had seen great inequalities of political power; the new age of the Fuggers added such economic disparities as Europe had not known since the millionaires and slaves of Imperial Rome.

Strasbourg, Colmar, Metz, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Ulm, Vienna, Ratisbon (Regensburg), Mainz, Speyer, Worms, Cologne, Trier, Bremen, Dortmund, Hamburg, Magdeburg, Lübeck, Breslau, were thriving hubs of industry, commerce, letters, and arts. They and seventy-seven others were "free cities"—i.e., they made their own laws, sent representatives to the provincial and Imperial diets, and acknowledged no political obedience except to the emperor, who was too indebted to them for financial or military aid to attack their liberties. Though these cities were ruled by guilds dominated by businessmen, nearly every one of them was a paternalistic "welfare state" to the extent that it regulated production and distribution, wages and prices and the quality of goods.

Augsburg was not only the financial center of Germany, it was the main commercial link with then flourishing Italy.

The voyages of Da Gama and Columbus, the Turkish control of the Aegean, and Emperor Maximilian's wars with Venice disturbed the trade between Germany and Italy. More and more German exports and imports moved along the great rivers to the North Sea, the Baltic, and the Atlantic; wealth and power

passed to Cologne, Hamburg, Bremen, and above all, Antwerp. The Fuggers and Welsers furthered this trend by making Antwerp a chief center of their operations. The northward movement of German money and trade divorced northern Germany from the Italian economy, and made it strong enough to protect Luther from emperor and pope.

Germany had no classical past like Italy's; she had not had the privilege of being conquered and educated by Imperial Rome; she had no direct bond with non-Christian antiquity. Her memory hardly went beyond her Christian centuries; her scholarship, in this age, hardly ventured beyond the Christian fathers. In Germany the Renaissance was engulfed in the Reformation.

THE GERMAN CHURCH

What actually was the condition of the German Church in the youth of Luther? One indication appeared in the readiness of high ecclesiastics to accept the criticism and critics of the Church. Here and there were little pockets of Waldensians who denied the distinction between priests and laymen; and in eastern Germany were some Hussites who called the pope Antichrist. In Eger two brothers, John and Lewin of Augsburg, denounced indulgences as a hoax (1466). Wessel Gansfort (1420?-89), wrongly known as Johann Wessel, questioned confession, absolution, indulgences, and purgatory, made the Bible the sole rule of faith, and made faith the sole source of salvation; here was Luther in a sentence.

Nevertheless, by and large, religion was flourishing in Germany, and the overwhelming majority of the people were orthodox. The complaints against the German clergy were chiefly against the prelates, and on the score of their wealth and worldliness.

Germany might have forgiven the worldliness of its bishops if it could have been spared the pretensions and exactions of the popes. The rising spirit of nationalism resented the claims of the papacy to hold no emperor legitimate till papally con-

firmed, and to depose emperors and kings at will. Conflicts between secular and ecclesiastical authorities persisted in appointments to benefices, in the overlapping jurisdiction of civil and episcopal courts, in the immunity of the clergy from nearly all civil legislation. German nobles looked with fretting concupiscence upon the rich possessions of the Church, and businessmen grieved that monasteries claiming exemption from taxation were competing with them in manufacturing and trade. The quarrel at this stage was over material concerns rather than over theological differences. The Emperor Maximilian grumbled that the pope drew a hundred times more revenue from Germany than he himself could collect. In 1510, being at war with Pope Julius II, he directed the humanist Wimpheling to draw up a list of Germany's grievances against the papacy; for a time he thought of proposing the separation of the German Church from Rome, but Wimpheling dissuaded him on the ground that he could not expect persistent support from the princes. Nevertheless all the economic developments of this age prepared for Luther. A basic diversity of material interest finally opposed the German Reformation—demanding an end to the flow of German money into Italy—to an Italian Renaissance that financed poetry and art with transalpine gold.

Among the people anticlericalism went hand in hand with piety. So keen was this popular hostility that the Inquisition, then rising in Spain, hardly dared condemn anyone in Germany. Violent pamphlets rained assaults not so much upon the German Church as upon the Roman See. Some monks and priests joined in the attack, and stirred up their congregations against the luxury of the higher clergy. Pilgrims returning from the jubilee of 1500 brought to Germany lurid—often exaggerated—stories of immoral popes, papal poisonings, cardinals' roisterings, and of a general paganism and venality. Many Germans vowed that as their ancestors had broken the power of Rome in 476, they or their children would crush that tyranny again. In 1521 the papal nuncio Aleander, warning Leo X of an imminent uprising against the Church, said that five years earlier

he had heard from many Germans that they were only waiting for "some fool" to open his mouth against Rome.

A thousand factors and influences—ecclesiastical, intellectual, emotional, economic, political, moral—were coming together, after centuries of obstruction and suppression, in a whirlwind that would throw Europe into the greatest upheaval since the barbarian conquest of Rome. The weakening of the papacy by the Avignon exile and the Papal Schism; the breakdown of monastic discipline and clerical celibacy; the luxury of prelates, the corruption of the Curia, the worldly activities of the popes; the morals of Alexander VI, the wars of Julius II, the careless gaiety of Leo X; the relic-mongering and peddling of indulgences; the triumph of Islam over Christendom in the Crusades and the Turkish wars; the spreading acquaintance with non-Christian faiths; the influx of Arabic science and philosophy; the collapse of Scholasticism in the irrationalism of Duns Scotus and the skepticism of Ockham; the failure of the conciliar movement to effect reform; the discovery of pagan antiquity and of America; the invention of printing; the extension of literacy and education; the translation and reading of the Bible; the newly realized contrast between the poverty and simplicity of the Apostles and the ceremonious opulence of the Church; the rising wealth and economic independence of Germany and England; the growth of a middle class resentful of ecclesiastical restrictions and claims; the protests against the flow of money to Rome; the secularization of law and government; the intensification of nationalism and the strengthening of monarchies; the nationalistic influence of vernacular languages and literatures; the fermenting legacies of John Wyclif in England (c. 1320-84) and John Huss in Bohemia (1369?-1415); the mystic demand for a less ritualistic, more personal and inward and direct religion: all these were now uniting in a torrent of forces that would crack the crust of medieval custom, loosen all standards and bonds, shatter Europe into nations and sects, and sweep away more of the supports and comforts of traditional beliefs.

Martin Luther (1483-1546): The Reformation in Germany

ON MARCH 15, 1517, Pope Leo X promulgated the most famous of all indulgences. It was a pity, yet just, that the Reformation should strike during a pontificate that gathered into Rome so many of the fruits, and so much of the spirit, of the Renaissance. Leo, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was now head of the Medici family, which had nourished the Renaissance in Florence; he was a scholar, a poet, and gentleman, kindly and generous, in love with classical literature and art.

The son of a banker, Leo was accustomed to spending money readily, and chiefly on others. He inherited full papal coffers from Julius II, and emptied them before he died. Perhaps he did not care much for the massive basilica that Julius had planned and begun, but the old St. Peter's was beyond repair, immense sums had been poured into the new one, and it would be a disgrace to the Church to let that majestic enterprise abort. Possibly with some reluctance he offered the indulgence of 1517 to all who would contribute to the cost of completing the great shrine. The rulers of England, Germany, France, and Spain protested that their countries were being drained of wealth, their national economies were being disturbed, by repeated campaigns for luring money to Rome. Where kings were powerful Leo was considerate: he agreed that Henry VIII should keep a fourth of the proceeds in England; he advanced a loan of 175,000 ducats to King Charles I (the later Emperor Charles V) against expected collections in Spain; and Francis I was to retain part of the sum raised in France. Germany received less favored treatment, having no strong monarchy to bargain with the Pope; however, the Emperor Maximilian was allotted a modest 3,000 florins from the receipts, and the Fuggers were to take from the collections the 20,000 florins that they had loaned to Albrecht of Brandenburg to pay the Pope for his confirmation as Archbishop of Mainz.

Albrecht's principal agent was Johann Tetzel, a Dominican friar. Since 1500 his main occupation had been in disposing of indulgences. Usually, on these missions, he received the aid of the local clergy: when he entered a town a procession of priests, magistrates, and pious laity welcomed him with banners, candles, and song, and bore the bull of indulgence aloft on a velvet or golden cushion, while church bells pealed and organs played. So propped, Tetzel offered, in an impressive formula, a plenary indulgence to those who would penitently confess their sins and contribute according to their means to the building of a new St. Peter's.

Tetzel would have escaped history had he not approached too closely to the lands of Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony. Frederick was a pious and provident ruler. He had no theoretical objection to indulgences; he had gathered 19,000 saintly relics into his Castle Church at Wittenberg, and had arranged to have an indulgence attached to their veneration. Now, however, moved by reluctance to let coin of Saxony emigrate, and perhaps by reports of Tetzel's hyperboles, he forbade the preaching of the 1517 indulgence in his territory. But Tetzel came so close to the frontiers that people in Wittenberg crossed the border to obtain the indulgence. Several purchasers brought these "papal letters" to Martin Luther, professor of theology in the university, and asked him to attest their efficacy. He refused. The refusal came to Tetzel's ears; he denounced Luther, and became immortal.

He had underestimated the pugnacity of the professor. Luther quickly composed in Latin ninety-five theses, which he entitled *Disputatio pro declaratione virtutis indulgentiarum* (*Disputation for Clarification of the Power of Indulgences*). He did not consider his propositions heretical. He was still a fervent Catholic who had no thought of upsetting the Church; his purpose was to refute the extravagant claims made for indulgences, and to correct the abuses that had developed in their distribution.

At noon on October 31, 1517, Luther affixed his theses to

the main door of the Castle Church of Wittenburg. Annually, on November 1—All Saints' Day—the relics collected by the Elector were displayed there, and a large crowd could be expected. The practice of publicly announcing theses, which the proponent offered to defend against all challengers, was an old custom in medieval universities, and the door that Luther used for his proclamation had been regularly employed as an academic bulletin board. To the theses he prefixed an amiable invitation:

Out of love for the faith and the desire to bring it to light, the following propositions will be discussed at Wittenberg under the chairmanship of the Reverend Father Martin Luther, Master of Arts and Sacred Theology, and Lecturer in Ordinary on the same at that place. Wherefore he requests that those who are unable to be present and debate orally with us may do so by letter.

To make sure that the theses would be widely understood, Luther had a German translation circulated among the people. With characteristic audacity he sent a copy of the theses to Archbishop Albrecht of Mainz. Courteously, piously, unwittingly, the Reformation had begun.

THE GENESIS OF LUTHER

What circumstances of heredity and environment had molded an obscure monk, in a town of three thousand souls, into the David of the religious revolution?

His father Hans was a stern, rugged, irascible anticlerical; his mother was a timid, modest woman much given to prayer; both were frugal and industrious. Martin was born at Eisleben on November 10, 1483. Six other children followed. Hans and Grethe believed in the rod as a magic wand for producing righteousness; once, says Martin, his father beat him so assiduously that for a long time they were open enemies; on another occasion, for stealing a nut, his mother thrashed him till the blood flowed; Martin later thought that "the severe and harsh life I led with them was the reason that I afterward took refuge in the

cloister and became a monk." The picture of deity which his parents transmitted to him reflected their own mood: a hard father and strict judge, exacting a joyless virtue, demanding constant propitiation, and finally damning most of mankind to everlasting hell. Both parents believed in witches, elves, angels, and demons of many kinds and specialties; and Martin carried most of these superstitions with him to the end.

In 1501 his prospering father sent him to the university at Erfurt. The curriculum centered around theology and philosophy, which was still Scholastic; but Ockham's nominalism had triumphed there, and presumably Luther noted Ockham's doctrine that popes and councils could err. He learned a little Greek and less Hebrew, but he read the major Latin classics. In 1505 he received the degree of master of arts. His proud father sent him, as a graduation present, an expensive edition of the *Corpus iuris*, and rejoiced when his son entered upon the study of law. Suddenly, after two months of such study, and to his father's dismay, the youth of twenty-two decided to become a monk.

The decision expressed the contradiction in his character. Vigorous to the point of sensuality, visibly framed for a life of normal instincts, and yet infused by home and school with the conviction that man is by nature sinful, and that sin is an offense against an omnipotent and punishing God, he had never in thought or conduct reconciled his natural impulses with his acquired beliefs. The recurrent thought of hell darkened a mind too intensely religious to forget it in the zest and current of life. One day, as he was returning from his father's house to Erfurt (July 1505), he encountered a frightful storm. Lightning flashed about him, and struck a near-by tree. It seemed to Luther a warning from God that unless he gave his thoughts to salvation, death would surprise him unshriven and damned. Where could he live a life of saving devotion? Only where four walls would exclude, or ascetic discipline would overcome, the world, the flesh, and the devil: only in a monastery. He made a vow to St. Anne that if he survived that storm he would become a monk.

There were twenty cloisters in Erfurt. He chose one known for faithful observance of monastic rules—that of the Augustinian Eremites. In September 1506, he took the irrevocable vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and in May 1507, he was ordained a priest.

Luther's reading of the German mystics gave him hope of bridging the awful gap between a naturally sinful soul and a righteous, omnipotent God. Then a treatise by John Huss fell into his hands, and doctrinal doubts were added to his spiritual turmoil; he wondered why "a man who could write so Christianly and so powerfully had been burned. . . ." Johann von Staupitz, provincial vicar of the Augustinian Eremites, took a fatherly interest in the troubled friar, and bade him replace asceticism with careful reading of the Bible and St. Augustine.

One day in 1508 or 1509 he was struck by a sentence in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans (1:17): "The just shall live by faith." Slowly these words led him to the doctrine that man can be "justified"—i.e., made just and therefore saved from hell—not by good works, which could never suffice to atone for sins against an infinite deity, but only by complete faith in Christ and in his atonement for mankind.

In 1508, by the recommendation of Staupitz, he was transferred to an Augustinian monastery at Wittenberg, and to the post of instructor in logic and physics, then professor of theology, in the university. Wittenberg was the northern capital—seldom the residence—of Frederick the Wise. Here, for the most part, he remained to the close of his days.

He must have become by this time an exemplary monk, for in October 1510, he and a fellow friar were sent to Rome on some obscure mission for the Augustinian Eremites. After his return to Wittenberg (February 1511) he was rapidly advanced in the pedagogical scale, and was made provincial vicar-general of his order. He gave courses in the Bible, preached regularly in the parish church, and carried on the work of his office with industry and devotion.

Slowly, during these years (1512-17), his religious ideas

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moved away from the official doctrines of the Church. He began to speak of "our theology," in contrast with that which was taught at Erfurt. In 1515 he ascribed the corruption of the world to the clergy, who delivered to the people too many maxims and fables of human invention, and not the Scriptural world of God. In 1516 he discovered an anonymous German manuscript, whose mystic piety so supported his own view of the utter dependence of the soul, for salvation, on divine grace that he edited and published it as *Theologia Germanica* or *Deutsche Theologie*. He blamed the preachers of indulgences for taking advantage of the simplicity of the poor. In private correspondence he began to identify the Antichrist of John's First Epistle with the pope. In July 1517, invited by Duke George of Albertine Saxony to preach in Dresden, he argued that the mere acceptance of the merits of Christ assured the believer's salvation. The Duke complained that such stress on faith rather than virtue "would only make the people presumptuous and mutinous." Three months later the reckless friar challenged the world to debate the ninety-five theses that he had posted on Wittenberg Church.

THE REVOLUTION TAKES FORM

The theses became the talk of literate Germany. Thousands had waited for such a protest, and the pent-up anticlericalism of generations thrilled at having found a voice. The sale of indulgences declined. But many champions rose to meet the challenge. Tetzel himself, with some professional aid, replied in *One Hundred and Six Anti-Theses* (December 1517). When this publication reached Wittenberg a hawker offering it for sale was mobbed by university students, and his stock of 800 copies was burned in the market square—a proceeding of which Luther joyously disapproved. He answered Tetzel in "A Sermon on Indulgences and Grace." Jakob van Hoogstraeten of Cologne next thundered invectives against Luther, and suggested burning him at the stake. Johann Eck, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Ingolstadt, issued a pamphlet, *Obelisci*

(March 1518), which charged Luther with disseminating "Bohemian poison" (the heresies of Huss), and subverting all ecclesiastical order.

Luther countered in a Latin brochure *Resolutiones* (April 1518), copies of which he sent to his local bishop and to the Pope—in both cases with assurances of orthodoxy and submission.

However, as Leo's advisers noted, the *Resolutiones* affirmed the superiority of an ecumenical council to the pope, spoke slightly of relics and pilgrimages, denied the surplus merits of the saints, and rejected all additions made by the popes in the last three centuries to the theory and practice of indulgences. As these were a prime source of papal revenue, and Leo was at his wits' end to finance his philanthropies, amusements, and wars, as well as the administration and building program of the Church, the harassed Pontiff, who had at first brushed the dispute aside as a passing fracas among monks, now took the matter in hand, and summoned Luther to Rome (July 7, 1518).

Luther faced a critical decision. Even if the Pope should treat him leniently, he might find himself politely silenced and buried in a Roman monastery. He wrote to Georg Spalatin, chaplain to Elector Frederick, suggesting that German princes should protect their citizens from compulsory extradition to Italy. The Elector agreed. He had a high regard for Luther, who had made the University of Wittenberg prosper; and besides, Emperor Max, seeing in Luther a possible card to play in diplomatic contests with Rome, advised the Elector to "take good care of that monk."

At this very time the Emperor had summoned an Imperial Diet to meet at Augsburg to consider the Pope's request that it should tax Germany to help finance a new crusade against the Turks. The clergy (Leo proposed) should pay a tenth, the laity a twelfth, of their income, and every fifty householders should furnish one man. The Diet refused; on the contrary, it firmly restated the grievances that were providing the background of Luther's success. Noting the spirit of rebellion among

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the princes, Maximilian wrote to Rome advising caution in the treatment of Luther, but promising cooperation in suppressing heresy.

Leo was disposed or compelled to lenience; indeed, a Protestant historian has ascribed the triumph of the Reformation to the moderation of the Pope. He put aside the order for Luther's appearance in Rome; instead he bade him present himself at Augsburg before Cardinal Cajetan, and answer charges of indiscipline and heresy. He instructed his legate to offer Luther full pardon, and future dignities, if he would recant and submit; otherwise the secular authorities should be asked to send him to Rome. About the same time Leo announced his intention of presenting to Frederick an honor that the pious Elector had long coveted—that "Golden Rose" which the popes bestowed upon secular rulers whom they wished to signalize with their highest favor.

Armed with an Imperial safe-conduct, Luther met Cajetan at Augsburg (October 12-14, 1518). The Cardinal was a man of great theological learning and exemplary life, but he misread his function to be that of judge, not diplomat. As he saw the matter, it was primarily a question of ecclesiastical discipline and order: should a monk be allowed to criticize publicly his superiors—to whom he had vowed obedience—and to advocate views condemned by the Church? Refusing to discuss the right or wrong of Luther's statements, he demanded a retraction and a pledge never again to disturb the peace of the Church. Each lost patience with the other. Luther returned impenitent to Wittenberg; Cajetan asked Frederick to send him to Rome; Frederick refused. Luther wrote a spirited account of the interviews, which was circulated throughout Germany, and on November 28 issued an appeal from the judgment of the pope to that of a general council. In that same month Leo commissioned Karl von Miltitz, a young Saxon nobleman in minor orders in Rome, to take the Golden Rose to Frederick, and also to make a quiet effort to bring Luther, that "child of Satan," back to obedience.

On reaching Germany, Miltitz was astonished to find half the

country openly hostile to the Roman See. Among his own friends in Augsburg and Nuremberg three out of five were for Luther. When he met Luther at Altenburg (January 3, 1519), he found him more open to reason than to fear. Probably at this stage Luther was sincerely anxious to preserve the unity of Western Christendom. He made generous concessions: to observe silence if his opponents would do likewise; to write a letter of submission to the Pope; to acknowledge publicly the propriety of prayers to the saints, the reality of purgatory, and the usefulness of indulgences in remitting canonical penances; and to recommend to the people a peaceful allegiance to the Church; meanwhile the details of the controversy were to be submitted for adjudication to some German bishop acceptable to both parties. The faculty, students, and citizens were predominantly friendly to Luther's cause. He was especially happy to receive the support of a brilliant young humanist and theologian whom the Elector had appointed in 1518, at the age of twenty-one, to teach Greek at the university. Philipp Schwarzert (Black Earth) had had his name Hellenized as Melanchthon by his great-uncle Reuchlin. A man of small stature and frail physique, this intellectual of the Reformation became so loved in Wittenberg that five or six hundred students crowded his lecture room, and Luther himself, sat humbly among his pupils.

Luther enjoyed combat; Melanchthon longed for peace and conciliation. There was another Wittenberg professor who shone with a fiercer light than Melanchthon's. Andreas Bodenstein, known from his birthplace as Carlstadt, had joined the university staff at the age of twenty-four (1504); at thirty he received the chair of Thomistic philosophy and theology. At first opposed to Luther, he soon turned into an ardent supporter, "hotter in the matter than I," said the great rebel. When Eck's *Obelisci* challenged Luther's theses, Carlstadt defended them in 406 propositions; one of these contained the first definite declaration, in the German Reformation, of the Bible's paramount authority over the decretals and traditions of the Church. Eck replied with a challenge to a public debate; Carlstadt readily

agreed, and Luther made the arrangements. Eck then published a prospectus listing thirteen theses which he offered to prove in the debate. Luther now felt himself challenged, and claimed that Eck's thesis freed him from his vow of silence. He determined to join Carlstadt in the theological tournament.

In June 1519, the two warriors rode off to Leipzig, accompanied by Melancthon and six other professors, and escorted in country carts by 200 Wittenberg students armed and armored as if for battle; and in truth they were entering territory hostile to Luther. In the great tapestried hall of Pleissenburg Castle, packed with excited spectators, and under the presidency of the orthodox Duke George of Albertine Saxony, Eck and Carlstadt began the joust between the old and the new (June 27). Hardly anyone in Leipzig cared that on the morrow a new emperor was to be elected at Frankfurt-am-Main. After Carlstadt had for days suffered under Eck's superior argumentative skill, Luther took the stand for Wittenberg. He was brilliant and powerful in debate, but recklessly candid. He denied emphatically the primacy of the bishop of Rome in the early days of Christianity, and reminded his mostly antipathetic audience that the widespread Greek Orthodox Church still rejected the supremacy of Rome. When Eck charged that Luther's view echoed that of Huss, which the Council of Constance had condemned, Luther replied that even ecumenical councils could err, and that many doctrines of Huss were sound. When this debate ended (July 8), Eck had accomplished his real purpose—to have Luther commit himself to a definite heresy. The Reformation now advanced from a minor dispute about indulgences to a major challenge of papal authority over Christendom.

Eck passed on to Rome, presented to the Curia a report of the disputation, and recommended the excommunication of Luther. Leo was not so precipitate; he still hoped for some peaceable solution, and he was too distant from Germany to realize how far the revolt had gone.

On June 15, 1520, Leo X finally issued a bull, *Exsurge Domine*, which condemned forty-one statements by Luther, or-

dered the public burning of the writings in which these had appeared, and exhorted Luther to abjure his errors and return to the fold. After sixty days of further refusal to come to Rome and make a public recantation, he was to be cut off from Christendom by excommunication, he was to be shunned as a heretic by all the faithful, all places where he stayed were to suspend religious services, and all secular authorities were to banish him from their dominions or deliver him to Rome.

Luther marked the end of his period of grace by publishing the first of three little books that constituted a program of religious revolution. Hitherto he had written in Latin for the intellectual classes; now he wrote in German—and as a German patriot—*An Open Letter to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation Concerning the Reform of the Christian Estate*. He included in his appeal the “noble youth” who, a year before, had been chosen emperor as Charles V, and whom “God has given us to be our head, thereby awakening great hopes of good in many hearts.” Luther attacked the “three walls” that the papacy had built around itself: the distinction between the clergy and the laity, the right of the pope to decide the interpretation of Scripture, and his exclusive right to summon a general council of the Church.

This headlong assault of one man against a power that pervaded all Western Europe became the sensation of Germany. Cautious men considered it intemperate and rash; many reckoned it among the most heroic deeds in German history. The first edition of the *Open Letter* was soon exhausted, and the presses of Wittenberg were kept busy with new printings. Germany, like England, was ripe for an appeal to nationalism; there was as yet no Germany on the map, but there were Germans, newly conscious of themselves as a people. As Huss had stressed his Bohemian patriotism, as Henry VIII would reject not Catholic doctrine but papal power over England, so Luther now planted his standard of revolt not in theological deserts, but in the rich soil of the German national spirit. Wherever Protestantism won, nationalism carried the flag.

In September 1520, Eck and Jerome Aleander promulgated the bull of excommunication in Germany. Luther fought back with a second manifesto, *The Babylonian Captivity of the Church* (October 6). Addressed to theologians and scholars, it reverted to Latin, but it was soon translated, and had almost as much influence on Christian doctrine as the *Open Letter* had on ecclesiastical and political history. As the Jews had suffered a long captivity in Babylonia, so the Church as established by Christ, and as described in the New Testament, had undergone over a thousand years of captivity under the papacy in Rome. During that period the religion of Christ had been corrupted in faith, morals, and ritual. Since Christ had given his Apostles wine as well as bread at the Last Supper, the followers of John Huss were right: the Eucharist should be administered in both forms wherever the people so desired. The priest does not change the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ; to the fervent communicant Christ comes spiritually and substantially, not through any miraculous transformation by a priest, but by his own will and power; He is present in the Eucharist *along with* bread and wine, by consubstantiation, not by transubstantiation. Luther concluded: "I hear a rumor of new bulls and papal maledictions sent out against me, in which I am urged to recant. . . . If that is true, I desire this book to be a portion of the recantation I shall make."

THE DIET OF WORMS: 1521

A third actor now mounted the stage, and from this moment played through thirty years a major role in the conflict of theologies and states.

The future Emperor Charles V began with a royal but tarnished heredity. His paternal grandparents were the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold; his maternal grandparents were Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; his father was Philip the Handsome, King of Castile at twenty-six, dead at twenty-eight; his mother was Juana la Loca, who went insane when Charles was six, and survived till

he was fifty-five. He was born in Ghent (February 24, 1500), was brought up in Brussels, and remained Flemish in speech and character till his final retirement in Spain.

On his father's death (1506) he inherited Flanders, Holland, Franche-Comté, and a claim to Burgundy. At fifteen he assumed the government, and devoted himself to administration. At sixteen he became Charles I, King of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, Naples, and Spanish America. At nineteen he aspired to be emperor. Francis I of France sought the same honor at the same time, and the Imperial Electors were pleased with his *douceurs*; but Charles spent 850,000 florins on the contest, and won (1519). To assemble this heavy *Trinkgelt* he borrowed 543,000 florins from the Fuggers; from that time Charles was for the Fuggers and the Fuggers were for Charles.

On October 23, 1520, Charles V, no older than the century, went to Charlemagne's Aachen to be crowned. Elector Frederick started out to attend the ceremony, but was stopped at Cologne by gout. There Aleander presented to him another plea for the arrest of Luther. Frederick called in the great humanist, Erasmus, and asked his advice. Erasmus defended Luther, pointed out that there were crying abuses in the Church, and argued that efforts to remedy them should not be suppressed. When Frederick asked him what were Luther's chief errors, he replied: "Two: he attacked the pope in his crown and the monks in their bellies." He questioned the authenticity of the papal bull; it seemed to him irreconcilable with the known gentleness of Leo X. Frederick informed the nuncio that Luther had lodged an appeal, and that until its results were known, Luther should remain free.

The Emperor gave the same answer; he had promised the electors, as a condition of his election, that no German would be condemned without a fair trial in Germany. However, his position made orthodoxy imperative. He was more firmly established as King of Spain than as Emperor in a Germany that resented centralized government; and the clergy of Spain would not long bear with a monarch lenient to heretics. Besides, war

loomed with France; it would be fought over Milan as the prize; there the support of the pope would be worth an army. The Holy Roman Empire was tied to the papacy in a hundred ways; the fall of one would profoundly injure the other; how could the Emperor rule his scattered and diverse realm without the aid of the Church in moral discipline and political administration? Even now his chief ministers were clergymen. And he needed ecclesiastical funds and influence to protect Hungary from the Turks.

It was with these varied problems in mind, rather than the question of a refractory monk, that Charles summoned an Imperial Diet to meet at Worms. But when the leading nobles and clergy, and representatives of the free cities, assembled there (January 27, 1521), Luther was the chief topic of conversation. The forces that through centuries had been preparing the Reformation came now to a head in one of the most dramatic scenes in European history. "The great body of the German nobles," says a Catholic historian, "applauded and seconded Luther's attempts." The excitement was fanned by a whirlwind of antipapal pamphlets. On March 3 Aleander presented to the Diet a proposal for the immediate condemnation of Luther. The Diet protested that the monk should not be condemned without a hearing. Charles thereupon invited Luther to come to Worms and testify concerning his teaching and his books. "You need fear no violence or molestation," he wrote, "for you have our safe-conduct." On April 2 Luther left Wittenberg. At Erfurt a large crowd, including forty professors from the university, hailed him as a hero. When he approached Worms a band of knights rode out to meet him and escort him into the city (April 16). The streets filled at news of his arrival; 2,000 people gathered around his carriage; all the world came to see him, said Aleander, and even Charles was cast into the shade.

On April 17 Luther, in his monastic garb, appeared before the Diet; the Emperor, six electors, an awesome court of

princes, nobles, prelates, and burghers and Jerome Aleander armed with papal authority, formal documents, and forensic eloquence. On a table near Luther stood a collection of his books. Johann Eck—not he of the Leipzig debate but an official of the archbishop of Trier—asked him were these his compositions, and would he retract all heresies contained in them? For a moment, standing before the assembled dignity of the Empire and the delegated power and majesty of the Church, Luther's courage failed him. He replied in a low and diffident voice that the books were his, but as to the second question he begged time to consider. Charles granted him a day. Back in his lodging he received a message from Ulrich von Hutten, the German humanist and poet-laureate, beseeching him to stand fast; and several members of the Diet came privately to encourage him. Many seemed to feel that his final answer would mark a turning point in history.

On April 18 he faced the Diet with fuller confidence. Now the chamber was so crowded that even the electors found it difficult to reach their seats, and most of those present stood. Eck asked him would he repudiate, in whole or in part, the works that he had written. He replied that those portions that dealt with ecclesiastical abuses were by common consent just. As to the doctrinal passages in his books, he agreed to retract any that should be proved contrary to Scripture.

Since your Majesty and your lordships desire a simple reply, I will answer without distinctions. . . . Unless I am convicted by the testimony of Sacred Scripture or by evident reason (I do not accept the authority of popes and councils, for they have contradicted each other), my conscience is captive to the Word of God. I cannot and I will not recant anything, for to go against my conscience is neither right nor safe. God help me. Amen.

Eck countered that no error could be proved in the doctrinal decrees of the councils; Luther answered that he was prepared to prove such errors, but the Emperor intervened peremptorily:

"It is enough; since he has denied councils, we wish to hear no more."

On April 19 he called the leading princes to a conference in his own chambers, and presented to them a declaration of faith and intent, written in French, and apparently by himself:

I am descended from a long line of Christian emperors of this noble German nation, of the Catholic kings of Spain, the archdukes of Austria, and the dukes of Burgundy. They were all faithful to the death to the Church of Rome, and they defended the Catholic faith and the honor of God. I have resolved to follow in their steps. A single friar who goes counter to all Christianity for a thousand years must be wrong. Therefore I am resolved to stake my lands, my friends, my body, my blood, my life, and my soul. . . . After having heard yesterday the obstinate defense of Luther, I regret that I have so long delayed in proceeding against him and his false teaching. I will have no more to do with him. He may return under his safe-conduct, but without preaching or making any tumult. I will proceed against him as a notorious heretic, and I ask you to declare yourselves as you promised me.

Four electors agreed to this procedure; Frederick of Saxony and Ludwig of the Palatinate abstained. That night—April 19—anonymus persons posted upon the door of the town hall, and elsewhere in Worms, placards bearing the German symbol of social revolution, the peasant's shoe. Some ecclesiastics were frightened, and privately solicited Luther to make his peace with the Church, but he stood by his statement to the Diet. On April 26 he began his return journey to Wittenberg. Leo X sent orders that the safe-conduct should be respected. Nevertheless the Elector Frederick, fearful that Imperial police might attempt to arrest Luther after the expiration of the safe-conduct on May 6, arranged, with Luther's reluctant consent, to have him ambushed en route homeward as if by highwaymen, and taken for concealment to the castle of Wartburg.

Luther's defiance at Worms, and his survival, had given his

followers a heady elation. At Erfurt students, artisans, and peasants attacked and demolished forty parish houses, destroyed libraries and rent rolls, and killed a humanist (June 1521). In the fall of that exciting year the Augustinian friars of Erfurt abandoned their monastery, preached the Lutheran creed, and denounced the Church as "mother of dogma, pride, avarice, luxury, faithlessness, and hypocrisy."

Shortly thereafter Luther published an *Earnest Exhortation for All Christians, Warning Them against Insurrection and Rebellion*. He feared that if the religious revolution went too fast, or became a social revolution, it would alienate the nobility and destroy itself.

On January 6, 1522, the Augustinian Congregation at Wittenberg completely disbanded. On January 22 Carlstadt's adherents were strong enough in the municipal council to carry a decree ordering all images to be removed from Wittenberg churches, and prohibiting Mass except in simplified form. When the agents of the council proved dilatory in removing images, Carlstadt led his followers into the churches; pictures and crucifixes were torn from the walls, and resisting priests were pelted with stones.

Hearing of all this, Luther feared that his conservative critics would soon be justified in their frequent predictions that his repudiation of ecclesiastical authority would loosen all bonds of social discipline. Defying the Emperor's ban, and waiving all protection by the Elector should Charles seek to arrest him, Luther left his castle, resumed his monastic robe and tonsure, and hurried back to Wittenberg. On March 9, 1522, he began a series of eight sermons that sternly called the university, the churches, and the citizens to order. He arranged that in one Wittenberg church the Mass should be performed according to the traditional rite; in another, communion was administered in bread alone at the high altar, but in bread and wine at a side altar. The form, said Luther, made little difference; what counted was the spirit in which the Eucharist was received.

He was at his best and most Christian in those eight sermons in eight days. He risked all on being able to win Wittenberg back to moderation, and he succeeded.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH

Luther resumed the uneven tenor of his ways as priest to his congregation and professor in the university. The Elector paid him 200 guilders (\$5,000?) a year, to which each student added a slight honorarium for attending his lectures. Luther, now in layman's garb, preached often in simple, vigorous language. He was the most powerful and uninhibited controversialist in history. Nearly all his writings were warfare, salted with humor and peppered with vituperation. No other German author has equaled him in clarity or force of style, in directness and pungency of phrase, in happy—sometimes hilarious—similes, in a vocabulary rooted in the speech of the people, and congenial to the national mind.

Printing fell in with his purposes as a seemingly providential innovation, which he used with inexhaustible skill; he was the first to make it an engine of propaganda and war. Under the stimulus of Luther's revolt the number of books printed in Germany rose from 150 in 1518 to 990 in 1524. Four fifths of these favored the Reformation. They were exported to France, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, England. The literary fertility of the Reformers transferred the preponderance of publications from southern to northern Europe, where it has remained ever since. Printing was the Reformation; Gutenberg made Luther possible.

Luther's supreme achievement as a writer was his translation of the Bible into German. Eighteen such translations had already been made, but they were based on Jerome's Vulgate, were crowded with errors, and were awkwardly phrased. For the New Testament Luther used the Greek text that Erasmus had edited with a Latin version in 1516. This part of the task was completed in 1521. After twelve more years of labor, amid constant theological strife, but aided by Melancthon and sev-

eral Jewish scholars, Luther published the Old Testament in German. Despite their imperfect scholarship, these translations were epochal events.

Luther's translation of the Bible had the same effect and prestige in Germany as the King James version in England a century later: it had endless and beneficent influence on the national speech, and is still the greatest prose work in the national literature. Laboring so long on the Bible, and inheriting the medieval view of its divine authorship, Luther fondly made it the all-sufficient source and norm of his religious faith. Though he accepted some traditions not based on Scripture—like infant baptism and the Sunday Sabbath—he rejected the right of the Church to add to Christianity elements resting not on the Bible but on her own customs and authority, like purgatory, indulgences, and the worship of Mary and the saints.

Reason, too, seemed a weak instrument when compared with faith in a divine revelation. "We poor, wretched people . . . presumptuously seek to understand the incomprehensible majesty of the incomprehensible light of God's wonders. . . ." Luther condemned the Scholastic philosophers for making so many concessions to reason, for trying to prove Christian dogmas rationally, for trying to harmonize Christianity with the philosophy of that "cursed, conceited, wily heathen" Aristotle.

Nevertheless Luther took two steps in the direction of reason: he made the sermon, not ceremony, the center of religious ritual; and in the early days of his rebellion he proclaimed the right of every individual to interpret the Scriptures for himself.

Though his theology was founded with trusting literalness on the Scriptures, his interpretation unconsciously retained late medieval traditions. His nationalism made him a modern, his theology belonged to the Age of Faith. His rebellion was far more against Catholic organization and ritual than against Catholic doctrine; most of this remained with him to the end. Even in his rebellion he followed Wyclif and Huss rather than any new scheme: like theirs his revolt lay in rejecting the papacy, the councils, the hierarchy, and any other guide to faith

than the Bible; like them he called the pope Antichrist; and like them he found protection in the state. The line from Wyclif to Huss to Luther is the main thread of religious development from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. Theologically the line was anchored on Augustine's notions of predestination and grace, which in turn were rooted in the Epistles of Paul. Nearly all the pagan elements in Christianity fell away as Protestantism took form; the Judaic contribution triumphed over the Greek; the Prophets won against the Aristotle of the Scholastics and the Plato of the humanists; the Old Testament overshadowed the New.

Luther's conception of God was Judaic. He could speak with eloquence of the divine mercy and grace, but more basic in him was the old picture of God as the avenger, and therefore of Christ as the final judge. "We are the children of wrath," Luther felt, "and all our works, intentions, and thoughts are nothing at all in the balance against our sins." Only the redeeming sacrifice of Christ—the suffering and death of the Son of God—could atone for man's sins; and only belief in that divine atonement can save us from hell.

It is this faith that "justifies"—makes a man just despite his sins, and eligible for salvation. Luther heartily approved of good works; what he denied was their efficacy for salvation. "Good works," he said, "do not make a good man, but a good man does good works." And what makes a man good? Faith in God and Christ.

Luther rejected the ecclesiastical definition of the Church as the prelacy; he defined it as the community of believers in the divinity and redeeming passion of Christ; but he echoed papal doctrine when he wrote: "All people who seek and labor to come to God through any other means than only through Christ (as Jews, Turks, Papists, false saints, heretics, etc.) walk in horrible darkness and error, and so at last must die and be lost in their sins." Here, reborn in Wittenberg, was the teaching of Boniface VIII and the Council of Rome (1302) that *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*—"no salvation outside the Church."

The most revolutionary item in Luther's theology was his dethronement of the priest. He allowed for priests not as indispensable dispensers of the sacraments, nor as privileged mediators with God, but only as servants chosen by each congregation to minister to its spiritual wants. By marrying and raising a family these ministers would shed the aura of sanctity that had made the priesthood awesomely powerful; they would be "first among equals," but any man might at need perform their functions, even to absolving a penitent from sin. Prayers should be the direct communion of the soul with God, not appeals to half-legendary saints.

As for the sacraments, viewed as priestly ceremonies conferring divine grace, Luther severely reduced their role. They involve no miraculous powers, and their efficacy depends, not on their forms and formulas, but on the faith of the recipient. Confirmation, matrimony, episcopal ordination of priests, and extreme unction of the dying are rites to which no special promise of divine grace is attached in Scripture; the new religion could dispense with them. Baptism has the warrant of St. John the Baptist's example. Auricular confession may be retained as a sacrament, despite some doubt as to its Scriptural basis. The supreme sacrament is the Lord's Supper, or Eucharist.

Luther's doctrine of the sacraments, his replacement of the Mass by the Lord's Supper, and his theory of salvation by faith rather than by good works, undermined the authority of the clergy in northern Germany. Furthering this process, Luther rejected episcopal courts and canon law. In Lutheran Europe civil courts became the only courts, secular power the only legal power. Secular rulers appointed Church personnel, appropriated Church property, took over Church schools and monastic charities. Theoretically Church and state remained independent; actually the Church became subject to the state.

The Lutheran movement, which thought to submit all life to theology, unwittingly, unwillingly, advanced that pervasive secularization which is a basic theme of modern life. Ironically, Luther himself was a conservative, even a reactionary, in poli-

tics and religion, in the sense that he wished to return to early medieval beliefs and ways. He considered himself a restorer, not an innovator.

THE PEASANT'S WAR

Luther's star continued to ascend. "The cause of Luther," wrote Archduke Ferdinand to his brother the Emperor (1522), "is so deeply rooted in the whole Empire that not one person in a thousand is free from it." Monks and priests were flocking to the new altar of matrimony. At Nuremberg the Lorenzkirche and the Sebalduskirche resounded with "God's Word"—the Reformers' phrase for a faith based solely on the Bible. "Evangelical" preachers moved freely through northern Germany, capturing old pulpits and setting up new ones; and they denounced not only popes and bishops as "servants of Lucifer," but secular lords as "iniquitous oppressors." However, secular lords were themselves converts: Philip of Hesse, Casimir of Brandenburg, Ulrich of Württemberg, Ernest of Lüneberg, John of Saxony. Even the Emperor's sister Isabella was a Lutheran.

The religious revolt offered the tillers of the fields a captivating ideology in which to phrase their demands for a larger share in Germany's growing prosperity. The hardships that had already spurred a dozen rural outbreaks still agitated the peasant mind, and indeed with feverish intensity now that Luther had defied the Church, berated the princes, broken the dams of discipline and awe, made every man a priest, and proclaimed the freedom of the Christian man. In the Germany of that age Church and state were so closely meshed—clergymen played so large a role in social order and civil administration—that the collapse of ecclesiastical prestige and power removed a main barrier to revolution. The circulation of the New Testament in print was a blow to political as well as to religious orthodoxy. It exposed the compromises that the secular clergy had made with the nature of man and the ways of the world; it revealed the communism of the Apostles, the sympathy of Christ for the

poor and oppressed; in these respects the New Testament was for the radicals of this age a veritable *Communist Manifesto*. Peasant and proletarian alike found in it a divine warrant for dreaming of a utopia where private property would be abolished, and the poor would inherit the earth.

In 1521 a pamphlet circulated in Germany under the title of "Karsthans"—i.e., Pitchfork John. This "Man with the Hoe" and a pen pledged peasant protection to Luther; and a continuation published in the same year advocated a rural insurrection against the Catholic clergy. Another pamphlet of 1521, by Johannes Eberlin, demanded universal male suffrage, the subordination of every ruler and official to popularly elected councils, the abolition of all capitalist organizations, a return to medieval price-fixing for bread and wine, and the education of all children in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, astronomy, and medicine. A Catholic humanist, Johannes Cochlaeus, warned Luther (1523) that "the populace in the towns, and the peasants in the provinces, will inevitably rise in rebellion. . . . They are poisoned by the innumerable abusive pamphlets and speeches that are printed and declaimed among them against both papal and secular authority." Luther, the preachers, and the pamphleteers were not the cause of the revolt; the causes were the just grievances of the peasantry. But it could be argued that the gospel of Luther and his more radical followers "poured oil on the flames," and turned the resentment of the oppressed into utopian delusions, uncalculated violence, and passionate revenge.

By the end of 1524 there were some 30,000 peasants in arms in South Germany refusing to pay state taxes, church tithes, or feudal dues, and sworn to emancipation or death.

The peasant leaders, encouraged by Luther's semi-revolutionary pronouncements, sent him a copy of the Articles, and asked for his support. He replied with a pamphlet printed in April 1525: *Ermahung zum Frieden* (*Admonition to Peace*). He applauded the peasants' offer to submit to correction by Scripture. He noted the charges, now rising, that his speeches

and writings had stirred revolt; and he denied his responsibility. To the peasants he addressed a frank admission of their wrongs, but pleaded with them to refrain from violence and revenge; a resort to violence, he predicted, would leave the peasants worse off than before. He foresaw that a violent revolt would bring discredit upon the movement for religious reform, and that he would be blamed for everything. He objected to the appropriation of tithes by each congregation. The authorities should be obeyed, and had a right to tax the people to pay the expenses of government. The "freedom of the Christian man" was to be understood as a spiritual liberty, consistent with serfdom, even with slavery.

The peasant leaders, however, felt that it was now too late to retrace their steps. They mourned Luther as a traitor, and went on with the revolt. Some of them took quite literally the dream of equality.

In nearly every section of Germany peasant bands were running riot. Monasteries were sacked, or were compelled to pay high ransoms. "Nowhere," says a letter of April 7, 1525, "do the insurgents make a secret of . . . their intention to kill all clerics who will not break with the Church, to destroy all cloisters and episcopal palaces, and to root the Catholic religion utterly out of the land."

Amid this torrent of events Luther issued from the press of Wittenberg, toward the middle of May 1525, a pamphlet "Against the Robbing and Murdering Hordes of Peasants." Its vehemence startled prince and peasant, prelate and humanist, alike. Shocked by the excesses of the infuriated rebels, dreading a possible overturn of all law and government in Germany, and stung by charges that his own teachings had loosed the flood, he now ranged himself unreservedly on the side of the imperiled lords.

At the height of the turmoil Elector Frederick died (May 5, 1525). His successor, Duke John, feeling that his brother's policy had been unwisely lenient, joined his forces with those

of Duke Henry of Brunswick and Philip Landgrave of Hesse. By May 27 some 20,000 peasants had been killed.

The losses of German life and property in the Peasants' Revolt were to be exceeded only in the Thirty Years' War. Of peasants alone some 130,000 died in battle or in expiation. The peasants themselves destroyed hundreds of castles and monasteries. Hundreds of villages and towns had been depopulated or ruined, or impoverished by huge indemnities. Over 50,000 homeless peasants roamed the highways or hid in the woods. Widows and orphans were legion, but charity was heartless or penniless. The rebels had in many instances burned the charters that recorded their feudal dues; new charters were now drawn up, renewing the obligations, sometimes more leniently, sometimes more rigorously, than before. Concessions were made to the peasants in Austria, Baden, and Hesse; elsewhere serfdom was strengthened, and would continue, east of the Elbe, till the nineteenth century. Democratic beginnings were aborted. Intellectual developments were stunted; censorship of publications increased, under Catholic and Protestant authorities alike. Humanism wilted in the fire; the Renaissance joy in life and literature and love gave way to theology, pietism, and meditations on death.

The Reformation itself almost perished in the Peasants' War. Despite Luther's disclaimers and denunciations, the rebellion had flaunted Protestant colors and ideas: economic aspirations were dressed in phrases that Luther had sanctified; communism was to be merely a return to the Gospel. Charles V interpreted the uprising as "a Lutheran movement." Conservatives classed the expropriation of ecclesiastical property by Protestants as revolutionary actions on a par with the sacking of monasteries by peasants. In the south the frightened princes and lords renewed their fealty to the Roman Church. The peasants themselves turned against the Reformation as a lure and a betrayal; some called Luther *Dr. Lügner*—"Dr. Liar"—and "toady of the princes." For years after the revolt he was so unpopular

that he seldom dared leave Wittenberg, even to attend his father's deathbed (1530).

Luther now agreed with the Catholic Church that "Christians require certainty, definite dogmas, and sure Word of God which they can trust to live and die by." As the Church in the early centuries of Christianity, divided and weakened by a growing multiplicity of ferocious sects, had felt compelled to define her creed and expel all dissidents, so now Luther, dismayed by the variety of quarrelsome sects that had sprouted from the seed of private judgment, passed step by step from toleration to dogmatism. "All men now presume to criticize the Gospel," he complained; "almost every old doting fool or prating sophist must, forsooth, be a doctor of divinity." Stung by Catholic taunts that he had let loose a dissolvent anarchy of creeds and morals, he concluded, with the Church, that social order required some cloture to debate, some recognized authority to serve as "an anchor of faith." What should that authority be? The Church answered, the Church. No, said Luther; the sole and final authority should be the Bible, since all acknowledge it to be the Word of God. He asked the state to compel all the people to attend Protestant religious services regularly. He demanded the suppression of all books that opposed or hindered Lutheran teaching. He counseled, however, that where two sects existed in a state the minority should yield to the majority: in a predominantly Catholic principality the Protestants should yield and emigrate; in a prevailingly Protestant province the Catholics should give way and depart; if they resisted, they should be effectively chastised.

The Protestant authorities, following Catholic precedents, accepted the obligation of maintaining religious conformity. At Augsburg (January 18, 1537) the town council issued a decree forbidding the Catholic worship, and banishing, after eight days, all who would not accept the new faith. At the expiration of the period of grace the council sent soldiers to take possession of all churches and monasteries; altars and statues were removed, and priests, monks, and nuns were banished. The Augs-

THE REFORMATION

burg Confession of 1530 proclaimed the right of the Lutheran Church to excommunicate any member who should reject a fundamental Lutheran doctrine.

THE PROTESTANT ADVANCE

What combination of forces and circumstances enabled nascent Protestantism to survive the hostility of both papacy and Empire? Mystical piety, Biblical studies, religious reform, intellectual development, Luther's audacity, were not enough; they might have been diverted or controlled. Probably the economic factors were decisive: the desire to keep German wealth in Germany, to free Germany from papal or Italian domination, to transfer ecclesiastical property to secular uses, to repel Imperial encroachments upon the territorial, judicial, and financial authority of the German princes, cities, and states. Add certain political conditions that *permitted* the Protestant success. The Ottoman Empire, after conquering Constantinople and Egypt, was expanding dangerously in the Balkans and Africa, absorbing half of Hungary, besieging Vienna, and threatening to close the Mediterranean to Christian trade; Charles V and Archduke Ferdinand required a united Germany and Austria—Protestants as well as Catholic money and men—to resist this Moslem avalanche. The Emperor was usually engrossed in the affairs of Spain or Flanders or Italy, or in mortal conflict with Francis I of France; he had no time or funds for civil war in Germany. He agreed with his pensioner Erasmus that the Church badly needed reform; he was intermittently at odds with Clement VII and Paul III, even to allowing his army to sack Rome (1527); only when Emperor and Pope were friends could they effectually combat the religious revolution.

But by 1527 the Lutheran "heresy" had become orthodoxy in half of Germany. The cities found Protestantism profitable; "they do not care in the least about religion," mourned Melancthon; "they are only anxious to get dominion into their hands, to be free from the control of the bishops"; for a slight alteration in their theological garb they escaped from episcopal taxes

and courts, and could appropriate pleasant parcels of ecclesiastical property.

The princes, gladly adopting Roman law—which made the secular ruler omnipotent as delegate of the “sovereign people”—saw in Protestantism a religion that not only exalted the state but obeyed it; now they could be spiritual as well as temporal lords, and all the wealth of the Church could be theirs to administer or enjoy.

Since many monks and nuns now left their convents, and the public seemed unwilling to support the remainder, the Lutheran princes suppressed all monasteries in their territory except a few whose inmates had embraced the Protestant faith. The princes agreed to share the confiscated properties and revenues with the nobles, the cities, and some universities, but this pledge was very laxly redeemed. Luther inveighed against the application of ecclesiastical wealth to any but religious or educational purposes, and condemned the precipitate seizure of church buildings and lands by the nobility.

For good or evil, for spiritual or material ends, the great transformation progressed. Whole provinces—East Friesland, Silesia, Schleswig, Holstein—went over almost unanimously to Protestantism. “The people everywhere,” wrote Erasmus (January 31, 1530), “are the new doctrines.” This was true, however, only in northern Germany; and even there Duke George of Saxony and Elector Joachim of Brandenburg were resolutely Catholic. Southern and western Germany—which had been part of the ancient Roman Empire, and had received some Latin culture—remained for the most part loyal to the Church.

A Diet of German princes, prelates, and burghers met at Speyer (June 1526) to consider the demands of the Catholics that the Edict of Worms should be enforced, and the counter-proposal of the Protestants that religion be left free until a general council under German auspices should adjudicate the disputes. The Protestants prevailed, and the concluding decree of this Diet ruled that—pending such a council—each German

state, in religion, "should so live, rule, and bear itself as it thought it could answer to God and the Emperor"; that no one should be punished for past offenses against the Edict of Worms; and that the Word of God should be preached by all parties, none interfering with the others. The Protestants interpreted this "Recess of Speyer" as sanctioning the establishment of Lutheran churches, the religious autonomy of each territorial prince, and the prohibition of the Mass in Lutheran areas. The Catholics rejected these assumptions, but the Emperor, embroiled with the Pope, accepted them for the time being.

Having made his peace with Clement, Charles returned to the natural conservatism of a king, and ordered the Diet of Speyer to reconvene on February 1, 1529. Under the influence of the presiding Archduke and the absent Emperor the new assembly repealed the "Recess" of 1526, and passed a decree permitting Lutheran services—but requiring the toleration of Catholic services—in Lutheran states, completely forbidding Lutheran preaching or ritual in Catholic states, enforcing the Edict of Worms, and outlawing Anabaptist sects everywhere. On April 25, 1529, the Lutheran minority published a "Protest" declaring that conscience forbade their acceptance of this decree; they appealed to the Emperor for a general council; meanwhile they would adhere to the original Recess of Speyer at whatever cost. The term *Protestant* was applied by the Catholics to the signers of this Protest, and gradually came into use to designate the German rebels from Rome.

The new faith had created a new Church. At Luther's suggestion it called itself Evangelical. He had originally advocated an ecclesiastical democracy, in which each congregation would select its own minister and determine its own ritual and creed; but his increasing dependence on the princes compelled him to surrender these prerogatives to commissions appointed by, and responsible to, the state. In 1525 Elector John of Saxony ordered all churches in his duchy to adopt an Evangelical service as formulated by Melanchthon with Luther's approval; priests who refused to obey lost their benefices, and obstinate laymen,

after a period of grace, were exiled. Other Lutheran princes followed a similar procedure. As a doctrinal guide for the new churches Luther drew up a five-page *Kleiner Katechismus* (1529), consisting of the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and brief interpretations of each article.

"Divine service" retained much of the Catholic ritual—altar, cross, candles, vestments, and parts of the Mass in German; but a larger role was given to the sermon, and there were no prayers to the Virgin or the saints. Religious paintings and statues were discarded. Church architecture was transformed to bring the worshipers within easier hearing of the preacher; hence galleries became a regular feature of Protestant churches. The most pleasant innovation was the active participation of the congregation in the music of the ceremony. Even the noteless long to sing, and now every voice could fondly hear itself in the protective anonymity of the crowd. Luther became overnight a poet, and wrote didactic, polemical, and inspirational hymns of a masculine power typical of his character. Not only did the worshipers sing these and other Protestant hymns; they were called together during the week to rehearse them; and many families sang them in the home. A worried Jesuit reckoned that "the hymns of Luther killed [converted] more souls than his sermons." The Protestant music of the Reformation rose to rival the Catholic painting of the Renaissance.

Luther took no direct part in the conferences of his declining years; the princes rather than the theologians were now the Protestant leaders, for the issues concerned property and power far more than dogma and ritual. Luther was not made for negotiation, and he was getting too old to fight with weapons other than the pen. His expanding frame harbored a dozen diseases—indigestion, insomnia, dizziness, colic, stones in the kidneys, abscesses in the ears, ulcers, gout, rheumatism, sciatica, and palpitation of the heart.

His political opinions in his later years suggest that silence is trebly golden after sixty. He had always been politically conservative. His religious revolt was against practice rather than

theory. He despised the common people, and so had to transfer to the state most of the authority that had been held by the Church. Luther therefore defended the divine right of kings. "The hand that wields the secular sword is not a human hand but the hand of God." In this exaltation of the state as now the sole source of order lay the seeds of the absolutist philosophies of Hobbes and Hegel, and a premonition of Imperial Germany.

He died on February 18, 1546 and was buried in the Castle Church at Wittenberg, on whose door he had pinned his Theses twenty-nine years before.

Those years were among the most momentous in history, and Luther had been their strident and dominant voice. His faults were many. He lacked appreciation of the historic role that the Church had played in civilizing northern Europe, lacked the understanding and charity to deal justly with his Catholic or Protestant foes. He was guilty of the most vituperative writing in the history of literature. He taught Germany the theological hatred that incarnadined its soil until a hundred years after his death.

And yet his faults were his success. He was a man of war because the situation seemed to demand war, because the problems he attacked had for centuries resisted the methods of peace. No man of philosophic breadth, no scientific mind restricting belief to the evidence, no genial nature making generous allowances for the enemy, would have flung down so world-shaking a challenge, or would have marched so resolutely to his goal.

If we judge greatness by influence—which is the least subjective test that we can use—we may rank Luther with Copernicus, Voltaire, and Darwin as the most powerful personalities in the modern world. More has been written about him than about any other modern man except Shakespeare and Napoleon. His influence on philosophy was tardy and indirect; it moved the fideism of Kant, the nationalism of Fichte, the voluntarism of Schopenhauer, the Hegelian surrender of the soul to the state.

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His influence on German literature and speech was as decisive and pervasive as that of the King James Bible on language and letters in England. No other German is so frequently or so fondly quoted. His influence lessened as it spread; it was immense in Scandinavia, transitory in France, superseded by Calvin's in Scotland, England, and America. But in Germany it was supreme; no other thinker or writer cut so deep a mark into the German mind and character. He was the most powerful figure in German history, and his countrymen love him not less because he was the most German German of them all.

John Calvin: (1509-64)

HE WAS BORN at Noyon, France, July 10, 1509. It was an ecclesiastical city, dominated by its cathedral and its bishop; here at the outset he had an example of theocracy—the rule of a society by clergymen in the name of God. His father, Gérard Chauvin, was secretary to the bishop, proctor in the cathedral chapter, and fiscal procurator of the county. Jean's mother died while he was still young; the father married again.

Jean was sent to the Collège de la Marche at the University of Paris. He registered as Johannes Calvinus, and learned to write excellent Latin. He passed later to the Collège de Montaigu, where he must have heard echoes of its famous pupil Erasmus; and he remained there till 1528, when his Catholic counterpart, Ignatius Loyola, entered. "The stories told at one time of Calvin's ill-regulated youth," says a Catholic authority, "have no foundation." On the contrary, the available evidence indicates an assiduous student, shy, taciturn, pious, and already "a severe censor of his comrades' morals"; yet loved by his friends, now as later, with an unshakable fidelity.

Unexpectedly, late in 1528, a directive came from his father to go to Orléans and study law, presumably, said the son, "because he judged that the science of laws commonly enriched those who followed it." Calvin took readily enough to the new study; law, not philosophy or literature, seemed to him the outstanding intellectual achievement of mankind, the molding of man's anarchic impulses to order and peace. He carried into theology and ethics the logic, precision, and severity of Justinian's *Institutes*, and gave his own masterpiece a similar name. He became above all a lawgiver, the Numa and Lycurgus of Geneva.

Having taken his degree as Licentiate or Bachelor of Laws (1531), he returned to Paris and entered upon a voracious study of classical literature. He seemed dedicated to humanism

when some sermons of Luther reached him and stirred him with their audacity. Alert circles in Paris were discussing the new movement, and there must have been much talk about the reckless monk who had burned the bull of a pope and defied the ban of an emperor; indeed, Protestantism had already had martyrs in France. Some of the men who were urging Church reform were among Calvin's friends. One of them, Nicholas Cop, was chosen rector of the university, and Calvin probably had a hand in preparing Cop's fateful inaugural address (November 1, 1533). It began with an Erasmian plea for a purified Christianity, proceeded to a Lutheran theory of salvation through faith and grace, and ended with an appeal for a tolerant hearing of the new religious ideas. The speech created a furore; the Sorbonne erupted in anger; the *Parlement* began proceedings against Cop for heresy. He fled; a reward of 300 crowns was offered for his capture alive or dead, but he managed to reach Basel, which was now Protestant.

Calvin left Paris (January 1534) and found refuge in Angoulême; and there, probably in the rich library of Louis de Tillet, he began to write his *Institutes*. In May he ventured back to Noyon, and surrendered the benefices whose income had been supporting him. He was arrested there, was freed, was re-arrested and again freed, whereupon he returned clandestinely to Paris. When some Protestant extremists posted abusive placards at various points in Paris, Francis I retaliated with a furious persecution. Calvin fled just in time (December 1534), and joined Cop in Basel. There, a lad of twenty-six, he completed the most eloquent, fervent, lucid, logical, influential, and terrible work in all the literature of the religious revolution.

He published the book in Latin (1536) as *Christianae religionis institutio* (*The Principles of the Christian Religion*). Within a year the issue was sold out and a new edition was invited. Calvin responded with a much enlarged version (1539), again in Latin; in 1541 he translated this into French; and this form of the work is one of the most impressive productions in the gamut of French prose. The *Parlement* of Paris proscribed

the book in both languages, and copies of it were publicly burned in the capital. Calvin continued throughout his life to expand and republish it; in its final form it ran to 1,118 pages.

It is difficult for us, in an age when theology has given place to politics as the center of human interest and conflict, to recapture the mood in which Calvin composed the *Institutes*. He, much more than Spinoza, was a God-intoxicated man. He was overwhelmed by a sense of man's littleness and God's immensity. How absurd it would be to suppose that the frail reason of so infinitesimal a mite as man could understand the Mind behind these innumerable, obedient stars? In pity of man's reason God has revealed Himself to us in the Bible. This revealed Word must be our final authority, not only in religion and morals but in history, politics, everything.

How could so depraved a being as man ever deserve eternal happiness in paradise? Not one of us could ever earn it by any amount of good works. Good works are good, but only the sacrificial death of the Son of God could avail to earn salvation for men. Not for all men, for God's justice demands the damnation of most men. But His mercy has chosen some of us to be saved; and to these he has given an upholding faith in their redemption by Christ. For St. Paul said: "God the Father hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will." Calvin, like Luther, interpreted this to mean that God, by a free choice quite independent of our virtues and vices, determined, long before the creation, just who is to be saved and who is to be damned. To the question why God should choose men for salvation or damnation without regard to their merits, Calvin answers again in the words of Paul: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion."

Others might argue, like Luther, that the future is determined because God has foreseen it and His foresight cannot be falsi-

fied; Calvin reverses the matter, and considers that God foresees the future *because* He has willed and determined it. And the decree of damnation is absolute; there is no purgatory in Calvin's theology, no halfway house where one might, by a few million years of burning, wipe out his "reprobation."

We might suppose that on Calvin's assumptions there would be no sense in any kind of prayer; all being fixed by divine decree, not an ocean of orisons could wash away one jot of the inexorable destiny. However, Calvin is more human than his theology: let us pray with humility and faith, he tells us, and our prayers will be answered; the prayer and the answer were also decreed. Let us worship God in humble religious services, but we must reject the Mass as a sacrilegious pretense of priests.

Christ is present in the Eucharist only spiritually, not physically; and the adoration of the consecrated wafer as literally Christ is sheer idolatry. The use of graven images of the Deity, in clear violation of the Second Commandment, encourages idolatry. All religious pictures and statuary should be removed from the churches.

The true Church is the invisible congregation of the elect, dead, living, or to be born. The visible Church is composed of "all those who, by a confession of faith, an exemplary life, and participation in the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper" (Calvin rejects the other sacraments), "profess the same God and Christ with ourselves." Outside of this Church there is no salvation. Church and state are both divine, and are designed by God to work in harmony as the soul and body of one Christian society: the Church should regulate all details of faith, worship, and morals; the state, as the physical arm of the Church, should enforce these regulations. The ideal government will be a theocracy, and the Reformed Church should be recognized as the voice of God. All the claims of the popes for the supremacy of the Church over the state were renewed by Calvin for his Church.

It is remarkable how much of Roman Catholic tradition and theory survived in Calvin's theology. He owed something to

Stoicism, and something to his studies of law; but his chief reliance was on St. Augustine, who drew predestinarianism out of St. Paul. Calvin's genius lay not in conceiving new ideas but in developing the thought of his predecessors to ruinously logical conclusions, expressing these with an eloquence equaled only by Augustine, and formulating their practical implications in a system of ecclesiastical legislation. He was more medieval than any thinker between Augustine and Dante. He completely rejected the humanist concern with earthly excellence, and turned men's thoughts again, more somberly than before, to the after world. In Calvinism the Reformation again repudiated the Renaissance.

That so unprepossessing a theology should have won the assent of hundreds of millions of men in Switzerland, France, Scotland, England, and North America is at first sight a mystery, then an illumination. Why should Calvinists, Huguenots, and Puritans have fought so valiantly in defense of their own helplessness? And why has this theory of human impotence shared in producing some of the strongest characters in history? Is it because these believers gained more strength from believing themselves the few elect than they lost by admitting that their conduct contributed nothing to their fate? The belief that they were chosen of God gave many souls the courage to face the vicissitudes and apparent aimlessness of life, as a similar faith enabled the Jewish people to preserve itself amid difficulties that might otherwise have sapped the will to live; indeed, the Calvinist idea of being divinely chosen may have been indebted to the Jewish form of belief, as Protestantism in general owed so much to the Old Testament. The confidence in divine election must have been a tower of courage to Huguenots suffering war and massacre, and to Pilgrims uprooting themselves perilously to seek new homes on hostile shores. If a reformed sinner could catch this confidence, and could believe that his reform had been ordained by God, he could stand unshaken to the end. Calvin enhanced this feeling of pride in election by making the elect, penniless or not, an hereditary aristocracy: the children

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of the elect were automatically elect by the will of God. So, by a simple act of faith in one's self, one could, if only in imagination, possess and transmit paradise.

Calvin's followers needed such consolation, for he taught them the medieval view that earthly life is a vale of misery and tears. Only one thing could make life bearable—the hope of uninterrupted happiness after death. "If heaven is our country, what is the earth but a place of exile?" Calvin gives his most eloquent pages not to the phantasmagoria of hell but to the loveliness of heaven. The pious elect will suffer without a murmur all the pains and griefs of life. "For they will keep in view that day when the Lord will receive His faithful servants into His peaceful kingdom, will wipe every tear from their eyes, invest them with robes of joy, adorn them with crowns of glory, entertain them with ineffable delights, and exalt them to a fellowship with His majesty, and . . . a participation in His happiness." For the poor or unfortunate, who cover the earth, it may have been an indispensable belief.

THE CITY OF GOD

While the *Institutes* was in the press (March 1536), Calvin, according to a tradition generally but not unanimously accepted, made a hurried trip across the Alps to Ferrara, probably to ask help for the persecuted Protestants of France from the Protestant Duchess Renée, wife of Duke Ercole II and daughter of the late Louis XII. Returning to Basel in May, Calvin ventured to Noyon to sell some property; then, with a brother and a sister, he started for Strasbourg. War barring the road, they stopped for a time at Geneva (July 1536).

The capital of French Switzerland was older than history. In prehistoric times it was a congeries of lake dwellings, built upon piles, some of which can still be seen. In the Middle Ages Geneva fell under the secular as well as spiritual rule of its bishop. Normally the bishop was chosen by the cathedral chapter, which thereby became a power in the city; this was essentially the government that Calvin later restored in Protestant form. In the

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fifteenth century the dukes of Savoy, which lay just beyond the Alps, secured control of the chapter, and raised to the episcopate men subservient to Savoy and given to the pleasures of this world for fear there might not be a next. The once excellent episcopal government, and the morals of the clergy under it, deteriorated.

Within this ecclesiastical-ducal rule the leading families of Geneva organized a Council of Sixty for municipal ordinances, and the Council chose four syndics as executive officers. Usually the Council met in the bishop's cathedral of St. Peter; and religious and civil jurisdiction were mingled. As in Trier, Mainz, and Cologne, the bishop was also a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and naturally assumed functions from which bishops are now free. Some civic leaders, led by François de Bonnavard, sought to liberate the city from both the episcopal and the ducal authority. To strengthen this movement these *Patriotes* effected an alliance with Catholic Fribourg and Protestant Bern. Adherents of the alliance were called by the German term for confederates—*Eidgenossen*, oath comrades; the French corrupted this into *Huguenots*. By 1520 the Genevese leaders were mostly businessmen, for Geneva, unlike Wittenberg, was a commercial city, mediating in trade between Switzerland on the north, Italy on the south, and France on the west. The Genevese burghers set up (1526) a Great Council of Two Hundred, and this chose a Small Council of Twenty-Five, which became the real ruler of the municipality, frequently flouting the authority of bishop and duke alike. The bishop declared the city in rebellion, and summoned ducal troops to his aid. These seized Bonnavard, and imprisoned him in the castle of Chillon. The Bernese army came to the aid of beleaguered Geneva; the duke's forces were defeated and dispersed; the bishop fled to Annecy; Byron's hero was freed from his dungeon. The Great Council, angered by the clergy's support of Savoy, declared for the Reformed faith, and assumed ecclesiastical as well as civil jurisdiction throughout the city (1536), two months before Calvin arrived.

The doctrinal hero of this revolution was William Farel. Like

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Luther, he was passionately pious in youth. At Paris he came under the influence of Jacques Lefèvre d'Étaples, whose translation and explanation of the Bible upset Farel's orthodoxy. Disdaining ordination, he set out as an independent preacher, wandering from town to town in France and Switzerland. He won the Council of Twenty-Five to his views, and, with the aid of Peter Viret and Antoine Fromont, aroused so much popular support that nearly all the Catholic clergy departed. On May 21, 1536, the Small Council decreed the abolition of the Mass, and the removal of all images and relics from the churches. Ecclesiastical properties were converted to Protestant uses for religion, charity, and education; education was made compulsory and free of charge; and a strict moral discipline was made law. The citizens were called upon to swear allegiance to the Gospel, and those who refused to attend Reformed services were banished. This was the Geneva to which Calvin came.

Farel was now forty-seven; and though he was destined to outlive Calvin by a year, he saw in the stern and eloquent youth, twenty years his junior, just the man needed to consolidate and advance the Reform. Calvin began his ministry (September 5, 1536) by giving in the church of St. Peter the first of several addresses on the Epistles of St. Paul. Everywhere in Protestantism, except among the socially radical sects, the influence of Paul overshadowed that of Peter, the reputed founder of the Roman See.

In October Calvin accompanied Farel and Viret to Lausanne, and took a minor part in the famous disputation that won that city to the Protestant camp. Returning to Geneva, the senior and junior pastors of St. Peter's set about to rededicate the Genevese to God. Sincerely accepting the Bible as the literal Word of God, they felt an inescapable obligation to enforce its moral code.

Accustomed to ecclesiastical rule, but to the lenient moral discipline of a Catholicism softened by southern climes, the Genevese resisted the new dispensation. The *Patriotes*, who had freed the city from bishop and duke, reorganized to free it from its zealous ministers. Another party, demanding liberty

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of conscience and worship, and therefore called *Libertins* or Liberals, joined with the *Patriotes* and the secret Catholics; and this coalition, in the election of February 3, 1538, captured a majority in the Great Council. The new Council told the ministers to keep out of politics. Farel and Calvin denounced the Council, and refused to serve the Lord's Supper until the rebellious city conformed to the sworn discipline. The Council deposed the two ministers (April 23), and ordered them to leave the city within three days. The people celebrated the dismissal with public rejoicings. Farel accepted a call to Neuchâtel; there he preached to the end of his days (1565), and there a public monument honors his memory.

Calvin went to Strasbourg, then a free city subject only to the emperor, and ministered to *L'Eglise des Etrangers*, a congregation of Protestants chiefly from France.

While he labored in Strasbourg events moved on at Geneva. Encouraged by the expulsion of Farel and Calvin, the exiled bishop planned a triumphant return to his cathedral. As a preliminary step he persuaded Iacopo Sadoletto to write an *Epistle to the Genevese*, urging them to resume their Catholic worship and faith (1539). Sadoletto was a gentleman of exceptional virtue for a cardinal and a humanist; he had already advised the papacy to handle Protestant dissent gently. He addressed "to his dearly beloved Brethren, the Magistrates, Senate, and citizens of Geneva," twenty pages of diplomatic courtesies and theological exhortation. He noted the rapid division of Protestantism into warring sects, led, he alleged, by crafty men avid for power; he compared this with the centuries-long unity of the Roman Church, and asked whether it was more likely that truth lay with those contradictory factions than with a Catholic doctrine formed by the experience of ages and the assembled intelligence of ecclesiastical councils. He concluded by offering to Geneva whatever service it was in his power to give.

The Council thanked him for his compliments, and promised him a further response. But no one could be found in Geneva who would undertake to cross swords, or Latin, with the

polished humanist; for a time it seemed that the city would return to Catholicism. Calvin learned of the situation, and in a reply to the Cardinal he rose with all the power of his mind and pen to the defense of the Reformation. He countered courtesy with courtesy, eloquence with eloquence, but he would not yield an inch of his theology. It was a powerful letter, perhaps unappreciative of the incidental virtues of the Renaissance popes, but otherwise phrased with a comity and dignity rare in the controversies of the time. The Council of Geneva was so impressed that it ordered the two letters printed at the city's expense (1540). It began to wonder whether, in banishing Calvin, it had lost the ablest man in the Swiss Reform.

Other factors nourished the doubt. The ministers who had replaced Farel and Calvin proved incompetent both in preaching and in discipline. The public lost respect for them, and returned to the easy morality of unreformed days. Gambling, drunkenness, street brawls, adultery, flourished. The businessmen who controlled the Council must have frowned upon this disorder as impeding trade. The Council itself had no taste for being replaced and perhaps excommunicated by a restored bishop. Gradually a majority of the members came to the idea of recalling Calvin. On May 1, 1541, the Council annulled the sentence of banishment, and pronounced Farel and Calvin to be honorable men. Deputation after deputation was sent to Strasbourg to persuade Calvin to resume his pastorate. But Calvin had made many friends in Strasbourg, felt obligations there, and saw nothing but strife in store for him at Geneva; "there is no place in the world that I fear more." He agreed only to pay the city a visit. When he arrived (September 13, 1541) he received so many honors, so many apologies, so many promises of co-operation in re-establishing order and the Gospel, that he had not the heart to refuse.

Calvin behaved, in the early years of his recall, with a moderation and modesty that won all but a small minority to his support. Eight assistant pastors were appointed, under him, to serve St. Peter's and the other churches of the city. He

labored twelve to eighteen hours a day as preacher, administrator, professor of theology, superintendent of churches and schools, adviser to municipal councils, and regulator of public morals and church liturgy; meanwhile he kept enlarging the *Institutes*, wrote commentaries on the Bible, and maintained a correspondence second in extent only to that of Erasmus, and surpassing it in influence. He slept little, ate little, fasted frequently. His successor and biographer, Théodore de Bèze, marveled that one little man (*unicus homunculus*) could carry so heavy and varied a burden.

His first task was the reorganization of the Reformed Church. At his request the Small Council, soon after his return, appointed a commission of five clergymen and six councilors, with Calvin at their head, to formulate a new ecclesiastical code. On January 2, 1542, the Great Council ratified the resultant *Ordonnances ecclésiastiques*, whose essential features are still accepted by the Reformed and Presbyterian churches of Europe and America. The ministry was divided into pastors, teachers, lay elders, and deacons. The pastors of Geneva constituted "The Venerable Company," which governed the Church and trained candidates for the ministry. No one henceforth was to preach in Geneva without authorization by the Company; the consent of the city council and the congregation was also required, but episcopal ordinations—and bishops—were taboo. The new clergy, while never claiming the miraculous powers of the Catholic priests, and though decreeing themselves ineligible for civil office, became under Calvin more powerful than any priesthood since ancient Israel. The real law of a Christian state, said Calvin, must be the Bible; the clergy are the proper interpreters of that law; civil governments are subject to that law, and must enforce it as so interpreted. Through an astonishing quarter of a century a theocracy of clergymen seemed to dominate an oligarchy of merchants and men of affairs.

The authority of the clergy over Genevese life was exercised through a Consistory or Presbytery composed of five pastors

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and twelve lay elders, all chosen by the Council. As the pastors held tenure throughout their ministry, and the elders for only a year, the Consistory, in matters not vitally affecting business, was ruled by its ecclesiastical members. Calvin held power as the head of this Consistory; from 1541 till his death in 1564 his voice was the most influential in Geneva. His dictatorship was one not of law or force but of will and character. The intensity of his belief in his mission, and the completeness of his devotion to his tasks, gave him a strength that no one could successfully resist.

Calvin was as thorough as any pope in rejecting individualism of belief; this greatest legislator of Protestantism completely repudiated that principle of private judgment with which the new religion had begun. He had seen the fragmentation of the Reformation into a hundred sects, and foresaw more; in Geneva he would have none of them. There a body of learned divines would formulate an authoritative creed; those Genevans who could not accept it would have to seek other habitats. Persistent absence from Protestant services, or continued refusal to take the Eucharist, was a punishable offense. Heresy again became an insult to God and treason to the state, and was to be punished with death. Catholicism, which had preached this view of heresy, became heresy in its turn. Between 1542 and 1564 fifty-eight persons were put to death, and seventy-six were banished, for violating the new code.

The Consistory made little distinction between religion and morality. Conduct was to be guided as carefully as belief, for good conduct was the goal of right belief. Discipline should be the backbone of personality, enabling it to rise out of the baseness of human nature to the erect stature of the self-conquered man.

Regulation was extended to education, society, and the economic life. Calvin established schools and an academy, searched through Western Europe for good teachers of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and theology, and trained young ministers who carried his gospel into France, Holland, Scotland, and England

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with all the ardor and devotion of Jesuit missionaries in Asia; in eleven years (1555-66) Geneva sent 161 such envoys into France, many of whom sang Huguenot psalms as they suffered martyrdom. Calvin considered class divisions natural, and his legislation protected rank and dignity by prescribing the quality of dress, and the limits of activity for each class. Every person was expected to accept his place in society, and to perform its duties without envy of his betters or complaint of his lot. Begging was banned, and indiscriminate charity was replaced by careful communal administration of poor relief.

Calvinism gave to hard work, sobriety, diligence, frugality, and thrift a religious sanction and laurel that may have shared in developing the industrious temper of the modern Protestant businessman. Calvin, himself, rejected individualism in economics as well as in religion and morals. The unit of society, in his view, was not the free individual (with whom Luther had begun his revolt) but the city-state community, whose members were bound to it in rigorous law and discipline. "No member of the Christian community," he wrote, "holds his gifts to himself, or for his private use, but shares them among his fellow members; nor does he derive benefit save from those things which proceed from the common profit of the body as a whole." He had no sympathy with acquisitive speculation or ruthless accumulation.

Calvin, however, could not long have kept his leadership had he obstructed the commercial development of a city whose commerce was its life. He adjusted himself to the situation, allowed interest charges of 10 per cent, and recommended state loans to finance the introduction or expansion of private industry, as in the manufacture of clothing or the production of silk. Commercial centers like Antwerp, Amsterdam, and London took readily to the first modern religion that accepted the modern economy. Calvinism took the middle classes into its fold, and grew with their growth.

Calvin's character harmonized with his theology. The oil painting in the University Library at Geneva pictures him as

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a severe and somber mystic; dark but bloodless complexion, scanty black beard, high forehead, penetrating, ruthless eyes. He was short and thin and physically frail, hardly fit to carry a city in his hands. But behind the weak frame burned a mind sharp, narrow, devoted, and intense, and a firm, indomitable will, perhaps a will to power. His intellect was a citadel of order, making him almost the Aquinas of Protestant theology. His memory was crowded and yet precise. He was ahead of his time in doubting astrology, abreast of it in rejecting Copernicus, a bit behind it (like Luther) in ascribing many terrestrial occurrences to the Devil. His timidity concealed his courage, his shyness disguised an inner pride, his humility before God became at times a commanding arrogance before men. He was painfully sensitive to criticism, and could not bear opposition with the patience of one who can conceive the possibility that he may be wrong. Racked with illness, bent with work, he often lost his temper and broke out into fits of angry eloquence. His virtues did not include humor, which might have softened his certainties, nor a sense of beauty, which might have spared ecclesiastical art. He could be a kind and tender friend, and an unforgiving enemy, capable of hard judgments and stern revenge. Those who served him feared him, but those loved him most who knew him best. He lived simply, ate sparingly, fasted unostentatiously, and used himself up without stint in what he thought was the service of God. He refused increases in salary, but labored to raise funds for the relief of the poor. "The strength of that heretic," said Pope Pius IV, "consisted in this, that money never had the slightest charm for him. If I had such servants my dominion would extend from sea to sea."

A man of such mettle must raise many enemies. He fought them with vigor, and in the controversial language of the time.

His position became stronger as years gave it roots. His only weakness was physical; headaches, asthma, dyspepsia, stone, gout, and fever racked and thinned his frame, and formed his face to taut severity and gloom. A long illness in 1558-59 left him lame and feeble, with repeated hemorrhages of the lungs. Thereafter he had to keep to his bed most of the time, though

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he continued to study, direct, and preach, even when he had to be borne to the sanctuary in a chair. On April 25, 1564, he made his will, full of confidence in his election to everlasting glory. On the twenty-sixth the syndics and the Council came to his bedside; he asked their pardon for his outbreaks of anger, and begged them to hold steadfastly to the pure doctrine of the Reformed Church. Farel, now in his eightieth year, came from Neuchâtel to bid him *au revoir*. After many days of prayer and suffering Calvin found peace (May 27, 1564).

His influence was even greater than Luther's, but he walked in a path that Luther had cleared. Luther had protected his new church by rallying German nationalism to its support; the move was necessary, but it tied Lutheranism too narrowly to Teutonic stocks. Calvin loved France, and labored to promote the Huguenot cause, but he was no nationalist; religion was his country; and so his doctrine, however modified, inspired the Protestantism of Switzerland, France, Scotland, and America, and captured large sectors of Protestantism in Hungary, Poland, Germany, Holland, and England. Calvin gave to Protestantism in many lands an organization, confidence, and pride that enabled it to survive a thousand trials.

A year before his death his pupil Olevianus joined with Melanchthon's pupil Ursinus in preparing the Heidelberg Catechism, which became the accepted expression of the Reformed faith in Germany and Holland. Bèze and Bullinger reconciled the creeds of Calvin and the Swiss Protestant leader, Zwingli, in the Second Helvetic Confession (1566), which became authoritative for the Reformed churches in Switzerland and France. In Geneva itself Calvin's work was ably continued by Bèze. But year by year the business leaders who controlled the Councils resisted more and more successfully the attempts of the Consistory and the Venerable Company to place moral checks upon economic operations. After Bèze's death (1608) the merchant princes consolidated their supremacy, and the Genevan Church lost the directive privileges that Calvin had won for it in nonreligious affairs. In the eighteenth century the influence of Voltaire moderated the Calvinist tradition, and ended the

sway of a puritan ethic among the people. Catholicism patiently struggled to recapture a place in the city; it offered a Christianity without gloom and an ethic without severity; in 1954 the population was 42 per cent Catholic, 47 per cent Protestant. But the most impressive man-made structure in Geneva is the noble "Reformation Monument" which, running majestically along a park wall, celebrates the victories of Protestantism, and raises at its center the powerful figures of Farel, Calvin, Bèze and Knox.

Meanwhile the hard theocracy of Calvin was sprouting democratic buds. The efforts of the Calvinist leaders to give schooling to all, and their inculcation of disciplined character, helped the sturdy burghers of Holland to oust the alien dictatorship of Spain, and supported the revolt of nobles and clergy in Scotland against a fascinating but imperious queen. The stoicism of a hard creed made the strong souls of the Scottish Covenanters, the English and Dutch Puritans, the Pilgrims of New England. It steadied the heart of Cromwell, guided the pen of blind Milton, and broke the power of the backward-facing Stuarts. It encouraged brave and ruthless men to win a continent and spread the base of education and self-government until all men could be free. Men who chose their own pastors soon claimed to choose their governors, and the self-ruled congregation became the self-governed municipality. The myth of divine election justified itself in the making of America.

When this function had been performed, the theory of predestination fell into the backwaters of Protestant belief. As social order returned in Europe after the Thirty Years' War, in England after the revolutions of 1642 and 1689, in America after 1783, the pride of divine election changed into the pride of work and accomplishment; men felt stronger and more secure; fear lessened, and the frightened cruelty that had generated Calvin's God gave way to a more humane vision that compelled a reconception of deity. Decade by decade the churches that had taken their lead from Calvin discarded the harsher elements of his creed.

The Reformation in France: (1515-59)

IN THE SIXTEENTH century the clergy in France was largely subject to the King. In 1516 Francis I secured from Leo X a Concordat empowering him to appoint the bishops and abbots of France. The Concordat in effect made the Gallican Church independent of the papacy and dependent upon the state. In this way Francis, a year before Luther's Theses, achieved in fact, though graciously not in form, what the German princes and Henry VIII would win by war or revolution—the nationalization of Christianity. What more could French Protestants offer the French King?

There was no way, however, to stop the flow of Lutheran ideas across the Rhine. Students and merchants brought Luther's writings from Germany as the most exciting news of the day. Discontented workingmen took up the New Testament as a revolutionary document, and listened gladly to preachers who drew from the Gospels a utopia of social equality. In 1523, when Bishop Briçonnet published on his cathedral doors a bull of indulgences, Jean Leclerc, a wool-carder of Meaux, tore it down and replaced it with a placard calling the pope Antichrist. He was arrested, and by order of the *Parlement* of Paris was branded on the forehead (1525). He moved to Metz, where he smashed the religious images before which a procession was planning to offer incense. His right hand was cut off, his nose was torn away, and he was burned alive (1526). Several other radicals were sent to the stake in Paris for "blasphemy," or for denying the intercessory power of the Virgin and the saints (1526-27).

The people of France generally approved of these executions; it cherished its religious faith as God's own revelation and covenant, and abominated heretics as robbing the poor of their greatest consolation. No Luther appeared in France to rouse the middle class against papal tyranny and exactions;

the Concordat precluded such an appeal. The rebels found some support among the aristocracy, but the lords and ladies were too lighthearted to take the new ideas to the point of unsettling the faith of the people or the comforts of the court. Francis himself tolerated the Lutheran propaganda so long as it offered no threat of social or political disturbance. Possibly he thought to use his toleration of Protestantism as a weapon over a pope too inclined to favor Charles V. He admired Erasmus, sought him for the new Collège Royale, and believed with him in the encouragement of education and ecclesiastical reform—but by steps that would not divide the people into warring halves, or weaken the services of the Church to private morality and social order. But Francis was frightened by the Peasants' Revolt in Germany, which seemed to have grown out of Protestant propaganda; and he bade the prelates stamp out the Lutheran movement.

The mood of the King varied definitely with the shifts of his diplomacy. In 1532, angry at the collaboration of Clement VII with Charles V, he made overtures to the Lutheran princes of Germany, and allowed his sister, Marguerite, to install Roussel as preacher to large gatherings in the Louvre; and when the Sorbonne protested he banished its leaders from Paris. In October 1533, he was on good terms with Clement, and promised active measures against the French Protestants. On November 1 Nicholas Cop delivered his pro-Lutheran address at the university; the Sorbonne rose in wrath, and Francis ordered a new persecution. But then his quarrel with the Emperor sharpened, and he sent Guillaume du Bellay, favorable to reform, to Wittenberg with a request that Melanchthon should formulate a possible reconciliation between the old faith and the new ideas (1534), and thereby make possible an alliance of Protestant Germany and Catholic France. Melanchthon complied, and matters were moving fast, when an extreme faction among the French reformers posted in the streets of Paris, Orléans, and other cities, and even on the doors of the King's bedchamber at Amboise, placards denouncing the Mass as idolatry, and the

Pope and the Catholic clergy as "a brood of vermin . . . apostates, wolves . . . liars, blasphemers, murderers of souls". Enraged, Francis ordered an indiscriminate imprisonment of all suspects; soon the jails were full. Many printers were arrested, and for a time all printing was prohibited. Between November 10, 1534, and May 5, 1535, twenty-four Protestants were burned alive in Paris.

Before the year was out Francis was again wooing the German Protestants. He himself wrote to Melanchthon (July 23, 1535), inviting him to come and "confer with some of our most distinguished doctors as to the means of re-establishing in the Church that sublime harmony which is the chief of all my desires." Melanchthon did not come. Perhaps he suspected Francis of using him as a thorn in the Emperor's side. After making peace with Charles (1538), Francis abandoned all efforts to conciliate his own Protestants.

The darkest disgrace of his reign was only partly his fault. The Vaudois or Waldenses, who still cherished the semi-Protestant ideas of Peter Waldo, their twelfth-century founder, had been allowed, under royal protection, to maintain their Quakerlike existence in some thirty villages along the Durance River in Provence. In 1530 they entered into correspondence with reformers in Germany and Switzerland, and two years later they drew up a Profession of Faith. A papal legate set up the Inquisition among them; they appealed to Francis; he bade the prosecution cease (1533). The Cardinal de Tournon, alleging that the Waldenses were in a treasonable conspiracy against the government, persuaded the ailing, vacillating King to sign a decree (January 1, 1545) that all Waldenses found guilty of heresy should be put to death. The officers of the *Parlement* at Aix-en-Provence interpreted the order to mean mass extermination. Within a week several villages were burned to the ground; in one of them 800 men, women, and children were slaughtered; in two months 3,000 were killed, twenty-two villages were razed, 700 men were sent to the galleys. Twenty-five terrified women, seeking refuge in a cavern, were asphyxiated by a fire

built at its mouth. Protestant Switzerland and Germany raised horrified protests; Spain sent Francis congratulations. A year later a small Lutheran group was found meeting at Meaux under the leadership of Pierre Leclerc, brother of branded Jean; fourteen of the group were tortured and burned, eight after having their tongues torn out (October 7, 1546).

These persecutions were the supreme failure of Francis' reign. The courage of the martyrs gave dignity and splendor to their cause; thousands of onlookers must have been impressed and disturbed, who, without these spectacular executions, might never have bothered to change their inherited faith. Despite the recurrent terror, clandestine "swarms" of Protestants existed in 1530 in Lyons, Bordeaux, Orléans, Reims, Amiens, Poitiers, Bourges, Nîmes, La Rochele, Châlons, Dijon, Toulouse. Huguenot legions sprang almost out of the ground. Francis, dying, must have known that he had left his son not only the encompassing hostility of England, Germany, and Switzerland, but a heritage of hate in France herself.

Under his son, Henry II, Protestantism continued to grow in France. Several towns—Caen, Poitiers, La Rochelle, and many in Provence—were predominantly Huguenot by 1559; a priest reckoned the French Protestants in that year at nearly a quarter of the population. In the middle and lower classes Protestantism was in part a protest against a Catholic government that curbed municipal autonomy, taxed unbearably, and wasted revenues and lives in war. The nobility, shorn of its former political power by the kings, looked with envy at Lutheran princes victorious over Charles V; perhaps a similar feudalism could be restored in France by using widespread popular resentment against abuses in Church and state. Prominent nobles like Gaspard de Coligny, his younger brother François d'Andelot, Prince Louis de Condé, and his brother Antoine de Bourbon, took active part in organizing the Protestant revolt.

For its theology Gallic Protestantism adopted Calvin's *Institutes*; its author and language were French, and its logic ap-

pealed to the French mind. After 1550 Luther was almost forgotten in France; the very name Huguenot came from Zurich through Geneva to Provence. In May 1559, the Protestants felt strong enough to send deputies to their first general synod, held secretly in Paris. By 1561 there were 2,000 "Reformed" or Calvinistic churches in France.

Henry II set himself to crush out the heresy. By his instructions the *Parlement* of Paris organized a special commission (1549) to prosecute dissent; those condemned were sent to the stake, and the new court came to be called *le chambre ardente*, "the burning room." By the Edict of Chateaubriand (1551) the printing, sale, or possession of heretical literature was made a major crime, and persistence in Protestant ideas was to be punished with death. Informers were to receive a third of the goods of the condemned. They were to report to the *Parlement* any judge who treated heretics leniently, and no man could be a magistrate unless his orthodoxy was beyond doubt. In three years the *chambre ardente* sent sixty Protestants to a flaming death.

Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary Tudor (1509-58)

NO ONE, beholding the youth of eighteen who mounted the throne of England in 1509, would have foreseen that he was to be both the hero and the villain of the most dramatic reign in English history. Foreign ambassadors vied with native eulogists in his praise. Everybody liked him, and marveled at his genial ease of manners and access, his humor, tolerance, and clemency. Henry VIII's accession was hailed as the dawn of a golden age.

The intellectual classes rejoiced too, for in those halcyon days Henry aspired to be a scholar as well as an athlete, a musician, and a king. Thomas More was one of the King's Council, Thomas Linacre was the King's physician, John Colet was the King's preacher at St. Paul's.

Henry, who was to become the incarnation of Machiavelli's *Prince*, was as yet an innocent novice in international politics. He recognized his need for guidance, and sampled the men around him. More was brilliant, but only thirty-one, and inclined to sanctity. Thomas Wolsey was a mere three years older, and was a priest, but his whole turn was for statesmanship, and religion was for him a part of politics. Displaying a flair for management and negotiation, he rose through a succession of chaplainships to serve Henry VII in that capacity and in diplomacy. Henry VIII, on accession, made him almoner—director of charities. Soon the priest was a member of the Privy Council, and shocked Archbishop Warham by advocating a military alliance with Spain against France. Louis XII was invading Italy, and might again make the papacy a dependency of France. The war petered out quickly in the Battle of the Spurs (1513). Leo X, pleased with being rescued, made Wolsey Archbishop of York (1514) and Cardinal (1515); Henry, triumphant, made him Chancellor (1515).

The first five years of Wolsey's chancellorship were among

the most successful in the record of English diplomacy. His aim was to organize the peace of Europe by using England as a makeweight to preserve a balance of power between the Holy Roman Empire and France; presumably it also entered into his purview that he would thus become the arbiter of Europe, and that peace on the Continent would favor England's vital trade with the Netherlands. As a first step, he negotiated an alliance between France and England (1518). Emperor Maximilian I, King Charles I of Spain, and Pope Leo X also were invited to join; they accepted; and Erasmus, More and Colet thrilled with the hope that an era of peace had dawned for all Western Christendom. Even Wolsey's enemies congratulated him. He took the opportunity to bribe English agents in Rome to secure his appointment as papal legate *a latere* in Britain; the phrase meant "on the side," confidential, and was the highest designation of a papal emissary. Wolsey was now supreme head of the English Church, and—with strategic obeisances to Henry—ruler of England.

With each passing year the Cardinal ruled more and more openly as a dictator; he called Parliament only once during his ascendancy; he paid little attention to constitutional forms; he met opposition with resentment and criticism with rebuke.

But no one questioned his ability, or his assiduous devotion to his many tasks. He was generous to scholars and artists, and began a religious reform by replacing several monasteries with colleges. He was on the way to a stimulating improvement of English education when all the enemies he had made in the haste of his labors and the myopia of his pride conspired with a royal romance to engineer his fall.

WOLSEY AND THE CHURCH

Wolsey recognized and largely exemplified the abuses that still survived in the ecclesiastical life of England: absentee bishops, worldly clergymen, idle monks, and priests snared into parentage. The state, which had so often called for a reform of the Church, was now part cause of the evils, for the

bishops were appointed by the kings. Some bishops, like Morton and Warham and Fisher, were men of high character and caliber; many others were too absorbed in the comforts of prelacy to train their clergy in spiritual fitness. The parish priests, suspecting that their promotion depended on their collections, were more than ever exacting of tithes. By 1500 the Church owned, on a conservative Catholic estimate, about a fifth of all property in England. The nobility, here as in Germany, envied this ecclesiastical wealth.

Eustace Chapuys, Catholic ambassador of Charles V to England, wrote to his master in 1529: "Nearly all the people hate the priests." Many men fully orthodox in creed denounced the severity of ecclesiastical taxation, the extravagance of the prelates, the wealth and idleness of the monks.

As early as 1521 young rebels in Oxford eagerly imported news of the religious revolution in Germany. Cambridge in 1521-25 harbored a dozen future heresiarchs: William Tyndale, Miles Coverdale, Hugh Latimer, Thomas Bilney, Edward Fox, Nicholas Ridley, Thomas Cranmer. . . . Several of them, anticipating persecution, migrated to the Continent, printed anti-Catholic tracts, and sent them clandestinely into England.

Possibly as a deterrent to this movement, and perhaps to display his theological erudition, Henry VIII issued in 1521 his famous *Assertion of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther*. Many thought Wolsey the secret author, and Wolsey may have suggested the book and its leading ideas as part of his diplomacy at Rome; but Erasmus claimed that the King had actually thought out and composed the treatise, and opinion now inclines to that view. The book has the ring of a tyro; it hardly attempts a rational refutation, but relies on Biblical quotations, Church traditions, and vigorous abuse. "What serpent so venomous," wrote the future rebel against the papacy, "as he who calls the pope's authority tyrannous? . . ."

Luther took his time answering. In 1525 he replied characteristically to that "lubberly ass," that "frantic madman . . . that King of Lies, King Heinz, by God's disgrace King of Eng-

land. . . ." Henry never forgave Luther, and even when in full rebellion against the papacy he repudiated the German Protestants.

Luther's most effective answer was his influence in England. In that same year 1525 we hear of a London "Association of Christian Brothers," whose paid agents went about distributing Lutheran and other heretical tracts, and English Bibles in part or whole. In 1408 Archbishop Arundel, disturbed by the circulation of John Wyclif's version of the Scriptures, had forbidden any vernacular translation without episcopal approval, on the ground that an unauthorized version might misconstrue difficult passages, or color the rendering to support a heresy.

Hence the epochal importance of the English New Testament printed by Tyndale in 1525-26. Early in his student days he had planned to translate the Bible, not from the Latin Vulgate as Wyclif had done, but from the original Hebrew and Greek. When an ardent Catholic reproved him, Tyndale answered: "If God spare me life, ere many years I will cause the boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scripture than you do." A London alderman gave him bed and board for six months, while the youth labored on the task. In 1524 Tyndale went to Wittenberg, and continued the work under Luther's guidance. At Cologne he began to print his version of the New Testament from the Greek text as edited by Erasmus. An English agent roused the authorities against him; Tyndale fled from Catholic Cologne to Protestant Worms, and there printed 6,000 copies, to each of which he added a separate volume of notes and aggressive prefaces based on those of Erasmus and Luther. All these copies were smuggled into England, and served as fuel to the incipient Protestant fire. The King thought to quiet the disturbance by forbidding the reading or circulation of the Bible in English until an authoritative translation could be made (1530). Meanwhile all printing, sale, importation, or possession of heretical works was banned.

Wolsey sent orders to arrest Tyndale, but Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, protected the author, and he proceeded, at Marburg,

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with his translation of the Pentateuch (1530). Slowly, by his own labor or under his supervision, most of the Old Testament was rendered into English. But in a careless moment he fell into the hands of Imperial officials; he was imprisoned for sixteen months at Vilvorde (near Brussels), and was burned at the stake (1536). He had lived long enough to accomplish his mission; the plowboy could now hear the Evangelists tell in firm, clear, pithy English the inspiring story of Christ. When the historic Authorized Version appeared (1611), 90 per cent of the greatest and most influential classic in English literature was unaltered Tyndale.

Wolsey's attitude toward this nascent English Reformation was as lenient as could be expected of a man who headed both Church and state. He hired secret police to spy out heresy, to examine suspicious literature, and to arrest heretics. But he sought to persuade these to silence rather than to punish them, and no heretic was ever sent to the stake by his orders.

The Cardinal had an intelligent plan for Church reform. "He despised the clergy," according to Bishop Burnet, "and in particular . . . the monks, that did neither the Church nor state any service, but were through their scandalous lives a reproach to the Church and a burden to the state. Therefore he resolved to suppress a great number of them, and to change them to another institution." To close a malfunctioning monastery was not unheard of; it had been done by ecclesiastical order in many instances before Wolsey. He began (1519) by issuing statutes for the reform of the canons regular of St. Augustine; if these rules were followed the canons became quite exemplary. He commissioned his secretary, Thomas Cromwell, to visit the monasteries in person or through agents, and to report the conditions found; these visitations made Cromwell a practiced hand in later executing Henry's orders for a severer scrutiny of England's conventual life. In 1524 Wolsey obtained permission from Pope Clement VII to close such monasteries as had less than seven inmates, and to apply the revenues of these properties to establishing colleges. He was happy when these

funds enabled him to open a college in his native Ipswich and another at Oxford. He hoped to continue this process, to close more monasteries year by year and replace them with colleges. But his good intentions were lost in the confusion of politics, and the chief result of his monastic reforms was to provide Henry with a respectable precedent for a more extensive and lucrative scheme.

Meanwhile the Cardinal's foreign policy had come to grief. Charles V seemed now the invincible master of the Continent; Wolsey's policy of check and balance was ruined. In January 1528, England joined France in war against Charles.

Now Charles was the nephew of Catherine of Aragon, from whom Henry earnestly desired a divorce; and Clement VII, who could grant it for reasons of state, was in person and policy a captive of Charles.

THE KING'S "DIVORCE"

Catherine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, came to England in 1501, aged sixteen, and married (November 14) Arthur, aged fifteen, oldest son of Henry VII. Arthur died on April 2, 1502. It was generally assumed that the marriage had been consummated; the Spanish ambassador dutifully sent "proofs" thereof to Ferdinand; and Arthur's title, Prince of Wales, was not officially transferred to his younger brother Henry till two months after Arthur's death. But Catherine denied the consummation. She had brought with her a dowry of 200,000 ducats. Loath to let Catherine go back to Spain with these ducats, and anxious to renew a marital alliance with the powerful Ferdinand, Henry VII proposed that Catherine should marry Prince Henry, though she was the lad's elder by six years. As Biblical passage (Lev. 20:21) forbade such a marriage, Henry VII applied for a dispensation from the impediment of affinity; Pope Julius II granted it (1503). The betrothal—in effect a legal marriage—was made formal (1503), but as the bridegroom was still only twelve, cohabitation was postponed. In 1505 Prince Henry asked to have the marriage annulled

as having been forced upon him by his father, but he was prevailed upon to confirm the union as in the interest of England; and in 1509, six weeks after his accession, the marriage was publicly celebrated.

Seven months later (January 31, 1510) Catherine bore her first child, which died at birth. A year thereafter she bore a son; Henry rejoiced in a male heir who would continue the Tudor line; but in a few weeks the infant died. A second and third son succumbed soon after birth (1513, 1514). Henry began to think of a divorce—or, more precisely, an annulment of his marriage as invalid. Poor Catherine tried again, and in 1516 she gave birth to the future Queen Mary. Henry relented; "if it was a daughter this time," he told himself, "by the grace of God the sons will follow." In 1518 Catherine was delivered of another stillborn child. The disappointment of King and country was sharpened by the fact that Mary, aged two, had already been betrothed to the dauphin of France; if no son came to Henry, Mary would inherit the English throne, and her husband, becoming King of France, would in effect be King of England too, making Britain a province of France. By 1525 all hope of additional offspring was abandoned.

Henry had long since lost taste for her as a woman. He was now thirty-four, in the prime of lusty manhood; she was forty, and looked older than her years. She had never been alluring, her frequent illnesses and misfortunes had deformed her body and darkened her spirit, but she was a good and faithful spouse, loving her husband only next to Spain. Henry took his first-known post-marriage mistress, Elizabeth Blount, about 1518. She gave him a son in 1519; Henry made the boy Duke of Richmond and Somerset, and thought of entailing the succession to him. About 1524 he took another mistress, Mary Boleyn. It was an unwritten law of the times that royalty, if married for reasons of state rather than choice, might seek outside of marriage the romance that had missed the legal bed.

In or before 1527 Henry turned his charm upon Mary's sister Anne. Their father was Sir Thomas Boleyn, a merchant

and diplomat long favored by the King; their mother was a Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. Anne was sent to Paris as a finishing school; there she was made a lady-in-waiting to Queen Claude, then to Marguerite of Navarre, from whom she may have imbibed some Protestant leanings. Returning to England at fifteen (1522), she became lady-in-waiting to Queen Catherine. She was not strikingly beautiful; but Henry and others were lured by her flashing black eyes, her flowing brown hair, her grace, wit and gaiety.

What was the relation of this romance to Henry's petition for the annulment of his marriage? Unquestionably he had thought of this as far back as 1514, when Anne was a girl of seven. Wolsey was apparently unaware of any royal intention to marry Anne when, in July 1527, he went to France partly to arrange a union between Henry and Renée, that daughter of Louis XII who was soon to make a Protestant stir in Italy. The first known reference to Henry's intention is in a letter sent on August 16, 1527, by the Spanish ambassador informing Charles V of a general belief in London that if the King obtained a "divorce" he would marry "a daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn". Henry's suit for annulment was accelerated, though hardly caused, by his infatuation with Anne. The basic cause was his desire for a son, to whom he might transmit the throne with some confidence in a peaceful succession. Practically all England shared that hope. The people remembered with horror the many years (1454-85) of war between the houses of York and Lancaster for the crown. The Tudor dynasty was but forty-two years old in 1527; its title to the throne was dubious; only a legitimate and direct male heir to the King could continue the dynasty unchallenged. If Henry had never met Anne Boleyn he would still have desired and deserved a divorce and an adequately fertile wife.

Wolsey agreed with the King on this point, and assured him that a papal annulment could be readily obtained; the papal power to grant such separations was generally accepted as a wise provision for precisely such national needs, and many

precedents could be adduced. But the busy Cardinal had reckoned without two disagreeable developments: Henry wanted not Renée but Anne, and the annulment would have to come from a pope who, when the problem reached him, was a prisoner of an emperor who had plentiful cause for hostility to Henry. Probably Charles would have opposed the annulment as long as his aunt resisted it, and all the more if a new marriage, such as Wolsey planned, would ally England firmly with France. The proximate cause of the English Reformation was not the climbing beauty of Anne Boleyn but the refusal of Catherine and Charles to see the justice of Henry's desire for a son; the Catholic Queen and the Catholic Emperor collaborated with the captive Pope to divorce England from the Church. But the ultimate cause of the English Reformation was not Henry's suit for annulment so much as the rise of the English monarchy to such strength that it could repudiate the authority of the pope over English affairs and revenues.

While he was in France Wolsey was definitely informed that Henry wished to marry not Renée but Anne. He continued to work for the annulment, but he did not hide his chagrin over Henry's choice. By-passing his Chancellor, the King, in the fall of 1527, sent his secretary, William Knight, to the Pope.

Clement was not only fearful of Charles; he was reluctant to rule that a previous pope had made a serious error in validating the marriage. Changes in the military situation turned the Pope more and more against Henry's proposal. The French army that Henry had helped to finance failed in its Italian campaign, leaving the Pope completely dependent upon the Emperor. Florence expelled its ruling Medici—and Clement was as devoted to that family as Charles to the Hapsburgs. Venice took advantage of the Pope's impotence to snatch Ravenna from the Papal States. Who now could rescue the papacy except its captor? On June 29 he signed the Treaty of Barcelona, by which Charles promised to restore Florence to the Medici, Ravenna to the papacy, and liberty to Clement; but one condition was that Clement would never agree to the annulment of Cather-

ine's marriage without Catherine's free consent. On August 5 Francis I signed the Treaty of Cambrai, which in effect surrendered Italy and the Pope to the Emperor.

Wolsey had done his best, though his heart was not in the matter. He had sent money to Rome to bribe the cardinals, but Charles had sent money too, and an army to boot. The King had many reasons for dissatisfaction with his Chancellor. The foreign policy had collapsed, and the alliance with France had proved disastrous. Hardly a man in England now had a good word to say for the once omniscient Cardinal.

On October 9, 1529, one of his attorneys issued a writ summoning Wolsey to answer, before the King's judges, a charge that his acts as legate had violated the Statute of Praemunire (1392), which imposed forfeiture of goods upon any Englishman who brought papal bulls into England. It made no difference that Wolsey had secured the legatine authority at the King's request, and had used it chiefly in the King's behalf. Wolsey knew that the King's judges would convict him. He sent in to Henry a humble submission, confessing his failures, but begging him to remember also his services and his loyalty. Then he left London by a barge on the Thames. At Putney he received a kindly message from the King. In abject gratitude he knelt in the mud and thanked God. Henry appropriated the rich contents of the Cardinal's palace at Whitehall, but allowed him to retain the archbishopric of York. The Duke of Norfolk succeeded Wolsey as prime minister; Thomas More succeeded him as chancellor (November 1529).

For almost a year the fallen Cardinal served as a pious and exemplary archbishop, visiting his parishes regularly, arranging the repair of churches, and acting as a trusted court of arbitration. But ambition reawoke him as the fear of death subsided. He wrote letters to Eustace Chapuys, the Imperial ambassador to England. Norfolk got wind of these exchanges, arrested Wolsey's physician, and drew from him, by means uncertain, a confession that the Cardinal had advised the Pope to excommunicate the King. We do not know if the Ambassador

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or the Duke honestly reported the physician, or if the physician truthfully reported the Cardinal. In any case Henry, or the Duke, ordered Wolsey's arrest.

He submitted peaceably (November 4, 1530), bade farewell to his household, and set out for London. At Sheffield Park a severe dysentery confined him to bed. There the King's soldiers came with orders to conduct him to the Tower. He resumed the journey, but after two more days of riding he was so weak that his escort allowed him to take to bed in Leicester Abbey. To the King's officer, Sir William Kingston, he uttered the words reported by Cavendish and adapted by Shakespeare: "If I had served my God as diligently as I have done my King, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs." In Leicester Abbey, November 29, 1530, Wolsey, aged fifty-five, died.

THE REFORMATION PARLIAMENT

In the Parliament that assembled at Westminster on November 3, 1529, the controlling groups—the nobles in the Upper House, the merchants in the Commons—agreed on three policies: the reduction of ecclesiastical wealth and power, the maintenance of trade with Flanders, and support of the King in his campaign for a male heir. This did not carry with it approval of Anne Boleyn, who was generally condemned as an adventuress, nor did it prevent an almost universal sympathy with Catherine. The lower classes, politically impotent, were as yet unfavorable to the divorce, and the northern provinces, intensely Catholic, sided wholeheartedly with the Pope. Henry kept this opposition temporarily quiet by remaining orthodox in everything but the right of the popes to govern the English Church. On that point the national spirit, even stronger in England than in Germany, upheld the hand of the King; and the clergy, though horrified at the thought of making Henry their master, were not averse to independence from a papacy so obviously subject to a foreign power. Custom required that legislation affecting the Church in England should be passed, or require confirmation, by the Convocation of the clergy under the archbishops of Canterbury and York. Could this assembly

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assuage the anger of the King and check the anticlericalism of Parliament?

The battle was opened by the Commons. It drew up an address to the King, professing doctrinal orthodoxy, but strongly criticizing the clergy. This famous "Act of Accusation" charged that Convocation made laws without the consent of King or Parliament, seriously limiting the liberty of laymen, and subjecting them to heavy censures or fines; that the clergy exacted payment for the administration of the sacraments; that the bishops gave benefices to "certain young folks, calling them their nephews," and despite the youth or ignorance of such appointees; that the episcopal courts greedily exploited their right to levy fees and fines; that these courts arrested persons, and imprisoned them, without stating the charges against them; that they indicted and severely punished laymen upon suspicion of the slightest heresy; and the document concluded by begging the King for the "reformation" of these ills. Henry, who may have been privy to the composition of this address, submitted its main points to the Convocation, and asked for an answer. The bishops admitted some abuses, which they attributed to occasional individuals; they affirmed the justice of their courts; and they looked to the pious King, who had so nobly rebuked Luther, to aid them in suppressing heresy.

During the summer of 1530 the King received some costly encouragement. Thomas Cranmer, a doctor of divinity at Cambridge, suggested to Henry that the major universities of Europe should be polled on the question whether a pope could permit a man to marry his brother's widow. A merry game of rival bribery ensued: Henry's agents scattered money to induce negative judgments; Charles's agents used money or threats to secure affirmative replies. The Italian answers were divided; the Lutheran universities refused any comfort to the Defender of the Faith; but the University of Paris, under pressure by Francis, gave the answer so doubly dear to the King. Oxford and Cambridge, after receiving stern letters from the government, approved Henry's right to have his marriage annulled.

So strengthened, he issued through his attorney general

(December 1530) a notice that the government intended to prosecute, as violators of the *Praemunire* Statute, all clergymen who had recognized Wolsey's legatine power. When Parliament and Convocation reassembled (January 16, 1531), the King's agents happily announced to the clergy that the prosecution would be withdrawn if they would confess their guilt and pay a fine of £118,000 (\$11,800,000?). They protested that they had never wanted Wolsey to have such power, and had recognized him as legate only because the King had done so. They were quite right, of course, but Henry sorely needed money. They mournfully agreed to raise the sum from their congregations. Feeling his oats, the King now demanded that the clergy should acknowledge him as "the protector and only supreme head of the Church and clergy of England"—i.e., that they should end their allegiance to the Pope. They offered a dozen compromises, tried a dozen ambiguous phrases; Henry was merciless, and insisted on Yes or No. Finally (February 10, 1531) Archbishop Warham, now eighty-one, reluctantly proposed the King's formula, with a saving clause—"so far as the law of Christ permits." The Convocation remained silent; the silence was taken as consent; the formula became law. Molli-fied, the King now allowed the bishops to prosecute heretics.

Parliament and Convocation adjourned again (March 30, 1531). In July Henry left Catherine at Windsor, never to see her again. Soon thereafter she was removed to Ampthill, while Princess Mary was lodged at Richmond. The jewels that Catherine had worn as Queen were required of her by Henry, who gave them to Anne Boleyn. Charles V protested to Clement, who addressed a brief to the King (January 25, 1532) rebuking him for adultery, and exhorting him to dismiss Anne and keep Catherine as his lawful queen until decision should be given on his application for annulment. Henry ignored the rebuke, and pursued his romance.

By this time a majority of the bishops had been won over to the view that they would not lose in authority or revenue if the English Church were independent of Rome. In March 1532,

the Convocation announced its readiness to separate from the papacy: "May it please your Grace to cause the said unjust exactions to cease. . . . And in case the Pope will make process against this realm for the attaining these annates . . . may it please your Highness to ordain in the present Parliament that the obedience of your Highness and of the people be withdrawn from the See of Rome." And on May 15 the Convocation presented to the King a pledge to submit all its subsequent legislation to a committee—half laymen, half clergymen—empowered to veto any ordinances which it should judge injurious to the realm. So, in this epochal "Reformation Parliament" and Convocation the Church of England was born, and became an arm and subject of the state.

On May 16 Thomas More, having failed to stem the anti-clerical tide, resigned as chancellor, and retired to his home. In August Archbishop Warham died, after dictating a deathbed repudiation of the Convocation's submission to the King. Henry replaced More with Thomas Audley, and Warham with Thomas Cranmer. The revolution proceeded. In February 1533, Parliament enacted a "Statute of Appeals," by which all litigation that had formerly been sent for judgment to Rome was henceforth to be decided "in the spiritual and temporal courts within the Realm, without regard to any . . . foreign . . . inhibition, excommunication, or interdict."

On January 15, 1533, Henry married Anne, who was already four months pregnant. The King had now urgent reasons for the annulment of his union with Catherine. Having made, without result, another appeal to the Pope, he secured from Convocation an approval of his "divorce" (April 1533); on May 23 Cranmer, as Archbishop of Canterbury, declared the marriage with Catherine unlawful and void; and on May 28 he pronounced Anne to be Henry's lawful wife. Three days later Anne, in brocade and jewels, rode to her coronation as Queen of England.

Parliament, which had adjourned on May 4, resumed its sittings on January 15, 1534. Annates and other papal revenues

were now definitely appropriated to the Crown, and the appointment of bishops became in law, as already in practice, a prerogative of the King. Indictments for heresy were removed from clerical to civil jurisdiction.

In 1533 Elizabeth Barton, a nun of Kent, announced that she had received orders from God to condemn the King's marriage, and had been allowed to see the place that was being prepared for Henry in hell. The royal court put her through a severe examination, and drew from her a confession that her divine revelations were impostures, and that she had permitted others to use them in a conspiracy to overthrow the King. She and six "accomplices" were tried by the House of Lords, were judged guilty, and executed.

Henry's most aggressive agent in these affairs was Thomas Cromwell. It was probably at his suggestion and through his manipulation that Henry, disturbed by increasing hostility among the people, persuaded Parliament to pass an Act of Succession (March 30, 1534) which declared the marriage with Catherine invalid, transformed Mary into a bastard, named Elizabeth heiress to the throne unless Anne should have a son, and made it a capital crime for any person to question the validity of Anne's marriage to Henry, or the legitimacy of their offspring. All Englishmen and women were by the Act required to take an oath of loyalty to the King. Royal commissioners, supported by soldiery, rode through the country, entered homes, castles, monasteries, and convents, and exacted the oath. Only a few refused it; among these were John Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester, and Thomas More. They offered to swear to the succession, but not to the other contents of the Act. They were committed to the Tower. Finally the Parliament voted the decisive Statute of Supremacy (November 11, 1534); this reaffirmed the King's sovereignty over Church and state in England, christened the new national Church *Ecclesia Anglicana*, and gave the King all those powers over morals, organization, heresy, creed, and ecclesiastical reform which had heretofore belonged to the Church. A new oath was required of all bishops, that they would accept the civil and ecclesiastical

supremacy of the King without the reservation "So far as the law of Christ allows," and would never in the future consent to any resumption of papal authority in England.

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All the forces of the government were deployed to paralyze the opposition to these unprecedented decrees. The secular clergy generally pretended to submit. Many monks and friars, owning a direct allegiance to the Pope, shied away from the oaths, and their resistance shared in the King's later decision to close the monasteries.

Henry was now the sole judge of what, in religion and politics, the English people were to believe. Since his theology was still Catholic in every respect except the papal power, he made it a principle to persecute impartially Protestant critics of Catholic dogma, and Catholic critics of his ecclesiastical supremacy. Indeed, the prosecution of heresy had continued, and would continue, all through his reign.

This reign of terror reached its apex in the prosecution of Fisher and More. The new pontiff, Paul III, made the mistake of naming the imprisoned Bishop a cardinal. Though Fisher declared that he had not sought the honor, Henry interpreted the appointment as a challenge. On June 17, 1535, the Bishop, now in his eightieth year, was given a final trial, and again refused to sign the oath acknowledging Henry as head of the English Church. On June 22 he was led to a block on Tower Hill. On the scaffold he received an offer of pardon if he would take the oath; he refused. His severed head was hung upon London Bridge; it might now, if it could, said Henry, go to Rome and get its cardinal's hat.

But a more troublesome recusant remained.

Thomas More was one of the most religious men of the century, shaming with his laic piety the worldliness of ecclesiastics like Wolsey. Though he criticized the monks for shirking their rule, he fervently admired the sincere monastic state, and sometimes regretted that he had not chosen it.

In 1516, as if in a playful aside, More had tossed off, in

Latin, one of the most famous of all books, creating a word, setting a precedent and pace for modern utopias, anticipating half of socialism, and voicing such criticism of English economy, society, and government that he put valor behind discretion, and had the volume published abroad in six Latin editions before allowing it to be printed, still in Latin, in England. By 1520 it was the talk of the Continent. More had called it *Nusquama*, Nowhere; we do not know who had the happy thought of changing this, amid the printing, to the Greek equivalent *Utopia*.

More kept his radical fancies for his friends. Henry VIII knew him as a rare synthesis of ability and integrity, valued him as a tie with the House of Commons, knighted him, made him Under-Treasurer (1521), and entrusted him with delicate tasks of diplomacy. More opposed the foreign policy by which Wolsey led England into war with Charles V. When Wolsey fell More, as leader of the opposition, was the logical successor of the Cardinal, and for thirty-one months he served as Chancellor of England.

But the real successor to Wolsey was the King. Henry had discovered his own power and capacity, and was resolved, he said, to free himself from an unfriendly and obstructive papacy, and to legitimate his union with the woman whom he loved, and who could give him an heir to the throne. More found himself no guide of policy, but a servant of aims that ran counter to his deepest loyalties.

He refused to approve the marriage with Anne Boleyn, and he saw in the anticlerical legislation of 1529-32 a ruinous assault upon a Church that to his mind stood as an indispensable base of social order. When he retired from office to the privacy of his Chelsea home (1532), he was still in his prime at fifty-four, but he suspected that he had not much longer to live.

His expectations were fulfilled. In April 1534 More was committed to the Tower for refusing to take oath to the Act of Succession, which, as presented to him, involved a repudiation of papal supremacy over the Church in England. His favorite

daughter Margaret wrote to him begging him to take the oath; he replied that her plea gave him more pain than his imprisonment. Other efforts were made to move him, but he smilingly resisted them all.

On July 1, 1535, he was given a final trial. He defended himself well, but he was pronounced guilty of treason. When he mounted the scaffold (July 7), More begged the spectators to pray for him, and to "bear witness that he . . . suffered death in and for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church." He then asked them to pray for the King, that God might give him good counsel; and he protested that he died being the King's good servant, but God's first. He repeated the Fifty-first Psalm. Then he laid his head upon the block, carefully arranging his long gray beard that it should take no harm; "pity that should be cut," he said, "that hath not committed treason." His head was affixed to London Bridge.

A wave of terror passed through an England that now realized the resolute mercilessness of the King, and a shudder of horror ran through Europe.

On the four hundredth anniversary of their execution the Church of Rome enrolled Thomas More and John Fisher among her saints.

Within some thirty months of More's death Henry lost three of his six queens. In December 1535, Catherine of Aragon wasting away in her northern retreat, still claiming to be Henry's only lawfully wedded wife and England's rightful queen, addressed a moving farewell to her "most dear lord and husband" the King. Henry wept on receiving the letter; and when Catherine died (January 7, 1536), aged fifty, he ordered the court to go into mourning. Anne refused.

Anne could not know that within five months she too would be dead; but she knew that she had already lost the King. Her hot temper, her imperious tantrums, her importunate demands, wearied Henry, who contrasted her railing tongue with Catherine's gentleness. On the day of Catherine's burial Anne was delivered of a dead child; and Henry, who still yearned for a

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son, began to think of another divorce—or, as he would put it, an annulment; his second marriage, he was quoted as saying, had been induced by witchcraft, and was therefore void. From October 1535 he began to pay special attention to one of Anne's maids, Jane Seymour. Perhaps following ancient tactics, he accused Anne of infidelity. It seems incredible that even a flighty woman should have risked her throne for a moment's dalliance, but the King appears to have sincerely believed in her guilt. He referred the rumors of her amours to his Council; it investigated, and reported to the King that she had committed adultery with five members of the court. The five men were sent to the Tower, and on May 2, 1536, Anne followed them.

On May 11 the grand jury of Middlesex, having been asked to make local inquiries into offenses allegedly committed by the Queen in that county, reported that it found her guilty of adultery with all five of the accused men, and gave specific names and dates. On May 19, Anne was led to the scaffold. No one could be sure of her guilt, but few regretted her fall.

On the day of her death Archbishop Cranmer gave the King a dispensation to marry again in renewed quest for a son; on the morrow Henry and Jane Seymour were secretly betrothed; on May 30, 1536, they were married; and on June 4 she was proclaimed queen. She was of royal lineage, being descended from Edward III; she was related to Henry in the third or fourth degree of consanguinity, which called for another dispensation from the obedient Cranmer. She was of no special beauty, but she impressed all with her intelligence, kindness, even modesty; Cardinal Pole, Henry's most thoroughgoing enemy, described her as "full of goodness."

When Parliament met again (June 8, 1536) it drew up at the King's request a new Act of Succession, by which both Elizabeth and Mary were declared illegitimate, and the crown was settled on the prospective issue of Jane Seymour. All England rejoiced when (October 12, 1537) she was delivered of a boy, the future Edward VI. But poor Jane, to whom the King was now as deeply attached as his self-centered spirit allowed,

died twelve days after her son's birth. Henry was for some time a broken man. Though he married thrice again, he asked, at his death, to be buried beside the woman who had given her life in bearing his son.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES

In 1535 Henry, too busy with love and war to play pope in retail as well as gross, appointed Thomas Cromwell "viceregent of the King in all his ecclesiastical jurisdiction." Cromwell now guided foreign policy, domestic legislation, the higher judiciary, the Privy Council, the intelligence service, the Star Chamber, and the Church of England. Cromwell's innumerable spies kept him informed on all movements or expressions of opposition to Henry or himself. A remark of pity for Fisher or More, a jest about the King, could bring a secret trial and long imprisonment; to predict the date of the King's death was to incur one's own. In special cases, to make conclusions certain, Cromwell acted as prosecutor, jury, and judge. Nearly everyone in England feared and hated him.

His chief difficulty was that Henry, thought omnipotent, was bankrupt. The King was anxious to enlarge the navy, to increase or improve his harbors and ports; his court and personal expenses were extravagant; and Cromwell's system of government required a broad stream of funds. How to raise money? Taxes were already high to the point where resistance made further collection more costly than lucrative; the bishops had drained their parishes to appease the King; and no gold poured in from America such as daily succored England's enemy, the Emperor. Yet one institution in England was wealthy, suspect, decrepit, and defenseless: the monasteries. They were suspect because their ultimate allegiance was to the pope, and their subscription to the Act of Supremacy was considered insincere and incomplete; they were, in the eyes of the government, a foreign body in the nation, bound to support any Catholic movement against the King. They were decrepit because they had in many cases ceased to perform their traditional functions of education,

hospitality, and charity. They were defenseless because the bishops resented their exemption from episcopal control; because the nobility, impoverished by civil war, coveted their wealth; because the business classes looked upon monks and friars as idling wasters of natural resources; and because a large section of the commonalty, including many good Catholics, no longer believed in the efficacy of the relics that the monks displayed.

In the summer of 1535 Cromwell sent out a trio of "visitors," each with a numerous staff, to examine and report on the physical, moral, and financial condition of the monasteries and nunneries of England, and, for good measure, the universities and episcopal sees as well. To the Parliament that met on February 4, 1536, Cromwell submitted a "Black Book," now lost, revealing the faults of the monasteries, and recommending, with strategic moderation, that monasteries and convents having an income of £200 (\$20,000?) or less per year should be closed. The Parliament, whose members had been largely chosen by Cromwell's aides, consented.

The drama of dissolution was interrupted by a triple rebellion in the north. Just as Christianity had been born in the cities and had reached the villagers—*pagani*—last, so, in Switzerland, Germany, and England the Reformation rose in the towns and was long resisted in the countryside. Protestantism reached Wales and northern England tardily, and found scant welcome in Ireland. In the northern shires of England the spoliation of the lesser monasteries kindled a fire of resentment that had long been mounting.

In October 1536, a serious uprising developed in Yorkshire. A young barrister, Richard Aske, found himself caught, physically and emotionally, in the movement; another lawyer, William Stapleton, was frightened into the captaincy of a rebel division at Beverley; Lord Darcy of Templehurst, an ardent Catholic, lent the revolt his secret support; two Percys joined, and most of the northern nobility followed suit. On October 15, 1536, the main army of some 9,000 men, under Aske, laid

siege to York. The citizens of the city compelled the mayor to open the gates. Aske kept his men from pillage, and in general maintained remarkable order in his untrained host. He proclaimed the reopening of the monasteries; the monks joyfully returned to them, and gladdened the hearts of the pious with the new ardor of their chants. Aske advanced and captured Pomfret, and Stapleton took Hull, without shedding blood.

This was the most critical point in Henry's reign. Half the country was in arms against his policies; Ireland was in revolt; and Paul III and Cardinal Pole were urging Francis I and Charles V to invade England and depose the King. With a last burst of his declining energy, he sent out orders in all directions for the mustering of loyal troops, and meanwhile instructed the Duke of Norfolk to bemuse the rebellious leaders with negotiations. The Duke arranged a conference with Aske and several nobles, and won them over by a promise of pardon to all. Henry invited Aske to a personal conference, and gave him a safe-conduct. He came to the King, was charmed by the aura of royalty, and returned meek and unharmed to Yorkshire (January 1537); there, however, he was arrested, and was sent to London as a prisoner. Shorn of its captains, the insurgent host fell into angry divisions and wild disorder; defections multiplied; and as the united levies of the King approached, the rebel army disappeared like a vanishing mirage (February 1537).

When Henry was assured that the revolt and invasion had both collapsed, he repudiated Norfolk's promise of a general pardon, ordered the arrest of such disaffected leaders as could be found, and had several of them, including Aske, put to death.

With the opposition so sternly terrified, Cromwell proceeded to close the remaining religious houses in England. All the monasteries and nunneries that had joined the revolt were dissolved forthwith, and their property was confiscated to the state. Visitations were extended, and yielded reports of indiscipline, immorality, treason, and decay.

By 1540 all monasteries, and all monastic property except

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cathedral abbey churches, had passed to the King. The confiscated lands and buildings had enjoyed an annual revenue of some £200,000 (\$20,000,000?), but quick sales reduced the annual income of the properties after nationalization to some £37,000. To this should be added £85,000 in confiscated precious metal, so that the total spoils in goods and income accruing to Henry during his life may have been some £1,423,500.

The King was generous with these spoils. Some of the properties he gave—most of them he sold at bargain prices—to minor nobles or major burgesses—merchants or lawyers—who had supported or administered his policies. Some of the spoils went to build ships, forts, and ports; some helped to finance war; some went into the royal palaces at Westminster, Chelsea, and Hampton Court; some the King lost at dice. Six monasteries were returned to the Anglican Church as episcopal sees; and a small sum was assigned to continue the most urgent of the charities formerly provided by the monks and nuns. The new aristocracy created by Henry's gifts and sales became a powerful support to the Tudor throne, and a bulwark of economic interest against any Catholic restoration. The old feudal aristocracy had decimated itself; the new one, rooted in commerce and industry, changed the nature of the English nobility from static conservatism to dynamic enterprise, and poured fresh blood and energy into the upper classes of England.

EVERY OUNCE A KING

Henry in 1540 was the most absolute monarch that England had ever known. The House of Commons, once the jealous protector of English liberties but now hand-picked by agents of the King, yielded to him almost unprecedented powers: the right to confiscate property, to name anyone his successor, to determine orthodoxy and heresy, to send men to death after only a mock trial, and to issue proclamations that were to have the authority of acts of Parliament. The English people accepted this absolutism partly through fear, partly because it

seemed the alternative to another War of the Roses. Order was more important than liberty.

The same alternatives persuaded Englishmen to suffer Henry's ecclesiastical supremacy. With Catholics and Protestants ready to fly at each other's throats, with Catholic citizens, ambassadors, and potentates conspiring against him almost to invasion, Henry believed that order could be secured in the religious life of England only by royal determination of faith and ritual; implicitly he accepted the case that the Church had made for authority in religion. Under the growing influence of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Henry veered more and more toward orthodoxy.

The thirty-seven years of his reign transformed England more deeply than perhaps he imagined or desired. He thought to replace the pope while leaving unchanged the old faith that had habituated the people to moral restraints and obedience to law; but his successful defiance of the papacy, his swift dispersal of monks and relics, his repeated humiliation of the clergy, his appropriation of Church property, and his secularization of the government so weakened ecclesiastical prestige and authority as to invite the theological changes that followed in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth. The English Reformation was less doctrinal than the German, but one outstanding result was the same—the victory of the state over the Church. The people escaped from an infallible pope into the arms of an absolute king.

The elimination of the papacy from English affairs left the people for a time at the mercy of the state; but in the long run it compelled them to rely on themselves in checking their rulers and claiming, decade after decade, a measure of freedom commensurate with their intelligence. The government would not always be as powerful as under Henry the Terrible; it would be weak under a sickly son and an embittered daughter; then, under a vacillating but triumphant queen, the nation would rise in a burst of liberated energy, and lift itself to the leadership

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of the European mind. Perhaps Elizabeth and Shakespeare could not have been had not England been set free by her worst and strongest king.

THE SOMERSET PROTECTORATE: 1547-49

The ten-year-old boy who succeeded to the throne of England as Edward VI had been painted by Holbein four years before in one of the most appealing of all portraits: feathered beret, red hair, ermine-collared robe, and a face of such gentleness and wistful delicacy that we should imagine him to be all Jane Seymour, nothing of Henry VIII. Perhaps he inherited the physical frailty that had made her life his ransom; he never gained the strength to rule. Yet he took in noble earnest the obligations falling to him as prince or king: zealously studied languages, geography, government, and war; kept close watch on all affairs of state that were allowed to come under his ken; and showed to all except nonconforming Catholics so much kindness and good will that England thought it had buried an ogre to crown a saint. Educated by Cranmer, he had become an ardent Protestant. He discouraged any severe punishment for heresy, but was unwilling to let his Catholic half-sister Mary hear Mass, for he sincerely believed the Mass to be the most blasphemous idolatry. He accepted gladly the decision of the Royal Council that chose as regent for him his uncle Edward Seymour—soon made Duke of Somerset—who favored a Protestant policy.

Somerset was a man of intelligence, courage, and integrity imperfect but, in his time, outstanding. Though almost absolute in power, he ended the absolutism established by Henry VII and VIII, allowed much greater freedom of speech, reduced the number of actions previously classed as treason or felony, required sounder evidence for conviction, returned their dowries to the widows of condemned men, and repealed the more oppressive laws of the preceding reign concerning religion. The King remained head of the English Church, and to speak irreverently of the Eucharist was still a punishable offense; but

the same statute ordered the sacrament to be administered in both kinds, prescribed English as the language of the service, and repudiated purgatory and Masses for the dead. English Protestants who had fled from England returned.

The leading spirit in these changes was Archbishop Cranmer; their leading opponents were Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, and Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; Cranmer had them sent to the Fleet Prison. Meanwhile the Archbishop had been working for years on an attempt to provide in one book a substitute for both the missal and the breviary of the defeated Church. This First Book of Common Prayer (1548) was essentially Cranmer's personal product, in which zeal for the new faith merged with a fine sense for solemn beauty in feeling and phrase; even his translations from the Latin had the spell of genius on them. The Book was not quite revolutionary; it followed some Lutheran leads, as in rejecting the sacrificial character of the Mass, but it neither denied nor affirmed transubstantiation; it retained much Catholic ritual, and could be accepted by not too precise a Romanist. Cranmer submitted it not to Convocation but to Parliament, and that laic body had no qualms of jurisdiction in prescribing religious ritual and belief. The Book was made law of the realm, and every church in England was ordered to adopt it.

A dangerous international situation quieted for a time the violent debate between Catholics and Protestants. Henry II of France demanded the evacuation of Boulogne; refused, he prepared to besiege it; and at any moment Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, then a girl of five in France, might bring Scotland into the war.

Frustrated in seeking peace, facing war with France, struggling to establish a compromise among uncompromising faiths at home, and hearing renewed noises of agrarian revolt in England, Somerset drank the cup of power to the dregs when his own brother plotted to overthrow him. Thomas Seymour was not content to be Lord High Admiral and a member of the Privy Council; he would be king. He wooed Princess Mary, then

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Princess Elizabeth, but in vain. He received money stolen from the mint, and spoils from the pirates whom he allowed in the Channel; and so financed he gathered secret stores of arms and ammunition. His conspiracy was discovered; he was accused by the Earls of Warwick and Southampton; he was almost unanimously condemned by both houses of Parliament; and on March 20, 1549, he was put to death. Somerset tried to protect him, but failed; and the Protector's prestige fell with his brother's head.

Somerset's ruin was completed by Ket's rebellion. That uprising illustrated the apparent anomaly that whereas in Germany peasant revolt was Protestant, in England it was Catholic; in each case religion was a front for economic discontent, and in England the front was Catholic because the government was now Protestant. "In the experience of the agricultural poor," wrote the Protestant Froude, "an increase of personal suffering was the chief result of the Reformation." It is to the credit of Protestant divines in this reign—Cranmer, Latimer, Lever, Crowley—that they condemned the sharpened exploitation of the peasantry; and Somerset with hot indignation denounced the merciless exactions of new landowners "sprung from the dunghill" of city wealth. He sent out a commission to get the facts about enclosures and high rents; it met with subtle or open resistance from the landlords; tenants were terrified into concealing their wrongs; and the modest recommendations of the commission were rejected by the Parliament, in which the agricultural districts were represented by landowning gentry. Somerset opened a private court in his own house to hear the complaints of the poor. More and more nobles, led by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, joined in a movement to depose him.

But now the peasants, furious with accumulated wrongs and frustrated suits for redress, burst into revolt from one end of England to the other. At Norwich a minor landlord, Robert Ket, organized the rebels, seized the municipal government, and set up a peasant commune that for a month ruled the town and its hinterland. Somerset felt much sympathy with the rebels,

but agreed with Warwick that they must be dispersed lest the whole economic structure of English life should be overturned. Warwick was sent against them with an army recently raised to fight in France. On August 17, 1549, the issue was decided; 3,500 of the rebels were cut down. News of the defeat took the heart out of the other rebel groups; one after another laid down its arms on promise of amnesty.

The Protector was accused, however, of having encouraged the revolt by his outspoken sympathy with the poor. He was branded also with failure in foreign affairs, for France was now besieging Boulogne. He was justly accused of allowing corruption among governmental personnel, of debasing the currency, of augmenting his own fortune, of building his sumptuous Somerset House amid the near-bankruptcy of the nation. Warwick and Southampton led a move to unseat him. The majority of the nobles, who could pardon his wealth but not his tenderness for their peasants, seized the opportunity for revenge. On October 12, 1549, the Duke of Somerset was paraded as a prisoner through the streets of London, and was shut up in the Tower.

THE WARWICK PROTECTORATE: 1549-53

Warwick, who was now Protector of the Realm, was a frank Machiavellian. Himself inclined to Catholicism, he adopted a Protestant line because his rival Southampton was the accepted leader of the Catholics, and the majority of the nobles were financially wedded to the new creed. He had learned well the art of war, but he knew that with a bankrupt government and an impoverished people he could not hold Boulogne against a France having twice the resources of England. He surrendered the town to Henry II, and signed an ignominious, inescapable peace (1550).

Religious chaos now rivaled economic anarchy. The majority of the people remained Catholic, but the victory of Warwick over Southampton left them leaderless, and they felt the weakness of those who stand for the past.

Religious persecution, so long of heretics by Catholics, was

now in England, as in Switzerland and Lutheran Germany, of heretics and Catholics by Protestants. Cranmer drew up a list of heresies which, if not abjured, were to be punished with death; they included affirmation of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. Obstinate Catholic priests were deposed from their posts, and some were sent to the Tower. In 1552 Cranmer issued his Second Book of Common Prayer, which denied the Real Presence, rejected the sacrament of extreme unction, and otherwise revised the First Book in a Protestant direction. Parliament now passed a Second Act of Uniformity, which required all persons to attend regularly, and only, religious services conducted according to this Book of Common Prayer; three violations of this Act were to be punished with death. In 1553 the Royal Council promulgated forty-two "Articles of Religion" drawn up by Cranmer, and made them obligatory on all Englishmen.

While virtue and orthodoxy became law, the Warwick protectorate was distinguishing itself, in a corrupt age, by its corruption. This did not prevent the malleable young Edward from making Warwick Duke of Northumberland (October 4, 1551).

Rarely in English history had an administration been so unpopular. Protestant clergymen, who had praised the new Protector in gratitude for his support, turned against him as his crimes increased. King Edward was sinking toward death; Mary Tudor, by an act of Parliament, had been named heiress to the throne if Edward remained childless; and Mary, made queen, would soon revenge herself on those who had led England from the old faith. Northumberland felt that his life was in jeopardy. His one comfort was that his agents had formed Edward to his obedience. He induced the dying King to settle the crown upon Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk and granddaughter of Henry VIII's sister; moreover, Jane had recently married Northumberland's son. Edward had not, like his father, received parliamentary authority to name his successor; nearly all England took Princess Mary's accession as inevitable

and just; and Jane herself protested that she did not want to be queen.

Early in July the King neared his end. He coughed and spat blood, his legs swelled painfully, eruptions broke out over his body, his hair fell out, then his nails. No one could say what this strange disease was; many suspected that Northumberland had poisoned him. At last, after long suffering, Edward died (July 6, 1553), still but fifteen, too young to share the guilt of his reign.

The next morning Northumberland rode out toward Hunsdon to seize the Princess. But Mary, warned, escaped to Catholic friends in Suffolk, and Northumberland returned to London without his prey. By promises, threats, or bribes, he persuaded the Privy Council to join him in proclaiming Jane Grey queen. She fainted. Recovering, she still protested that she was unfit for the perilous honor forced upon her. Her relatives pleaded with her, arguing that their lives depended upon her acceptance. On July 9 she reluctantly acknowledged herself to be Queen of England.

But on July 10 news reached London that Mary had proclaimed herself queen, that the northern nobles were flocking to her support, and that their forces were marching upon the capital. Northumberland hurriedly gathered what troops he could, and led them out to the issue of battle. At Bury his soldiers told him that they would not take another step against their lawful sovereign. Crowning his crimes, Northumberland sent his brother, with gold and jewels and the promise of Calais and Guines, to bribe Henry II of France to invade England. The Privy Council got wind of the mission, intercepted it, and announced allegiance to Mary. The Duke of Suffolk went to Jane's room, and informed her that her ten-day reign was over. She welcomed the news, and asked innocently might she now go home; but the Council, which had sworn to serve her, ordered her confined in the Tower. There, soon, Northumberland too was a prisoner, praying for pardon but expecting death. The

Council sent out heralds to proclaim Mary Tudor queen. England received the tidings with wild rejoicing. All through that summer night bells caroled and bonfires blazed. The people brought out tables and food, and picnicked and danced in the streets.

THE GENTLE QUEEN: 1553-54

To understand her we should have had to live with her the tragic youth during which she had hardly ever tasted happiness. She was scarcely two (1518) when her father took to mistresses and neglected her grieving mother; eight when he asked for an annulment of his marriage; fifteen when her parents parted, and mother and daughter went into a separate exile. Even when the mother was dying the daughter was forbidden to go to her. After the birth of Elizabeth (1533) Mary was declared a bastard, and was shorn of her title of princess. The Imperial ambassador feared that Anne Boleyn would seek the death of her daughter's rival for the throne. When Elizabeth was moved to Hatfield, Mary was compelled to go and serve her there, and to live in "the worst room of the house." All that first winter at Hatfield (1534) Mary was ill, her nerves shattered with contumely and fear, her body and soul not unwillingly near death. Then the King relented and spared her some casual affection, and for the remainder of the reign her position eased. But as the price of this hard graciousness she was required to sign an acknowledgment of Henry's ecclesiastical supremacy, her mother's "incestuous marriage," and her own illegitimate birth.

Her nervous system was permanently affected by these experiences; "she was subject to a heart complaint," and she remained in frail health till the end of her life. Her courage returned when, under the Somerset protectorate, Parliament declared her heiress-apparent to the throne. Since her Catholic faith, bred into her childhood with Spanish fervor, and strengthened by her mother's living and dying exhortations, had been a precious support in her griefs, she refused to abandon it when she hovered on the edge of power; and when the King's Coun-

oil bade her cease hearing Mass in her rooms (1549) she would not obey. Somerset connived at her resistance; but Somerset fell, her brother the King approved the order, and three of her servants, for ignoring it, were sent to the Tower (1551). The chaplain who had said Mass for her was taken from her, and she finally agreed to forgo the beloved ritual. Her spirit broken, she begged the Imperial ambassador to arrange her escape to the Continent. The cautious Emperor refused to sanction the plan, and it fell through.

Her moment of triumph came at last when Northumberland could find no man to fight against her, and those who came in arms to uphold her cause asked no pay, but brought their own supplies and offered their personal fortunes to finance the campaign. When she entered London as queen (August 3, 1553) even that half-Protestant city rose almost unanimously to welcome her. Princess Elizabeth came diffidently to meet her at the city gates, wondering whether Mary would hold against her the indignities suffered in Elizabeth's name; but Mary greeted her with a warm embrace, and kissed all the ladies in her half-sister's train. England was as happy as when Henry VIII, young and handsome and generous, had mounted the throne.

Mary was now thirty-seven, and heartless time had already crossed her face with omens of decay. She had seldom known an adult year without a serious illness. She was troubled with dropsy, indigestion, and racking headaches; her body was thin and frail, her forehead wrinkled, her reddish hair streaked with gray. She was honest to the point of simplicity, incapable of diplomacy, and pitifully anxious to love and be loved. She was obstinate, but not proud; she recognized her mental limitations, and listened humbly to advice. She was inflexible only where her faith was concerned.

The best side of her character showed in the relative tolerance of her early reign. On August 13 the Queen issued an official declaration that she would not "compel or constrain consciences" in the matter of religious belief; this was one of the

first proclamations of religious tolerance by a modern government. Innocently hopeful of converting Protestants by argument, she arranged a public debate between opposed theologians, but it evaporated in bitter and inconclusive dispute. Shortly thereafter Bishop Bonner's chaplain had a dagger thrown at him from a crowd that resented his Catholic preaching. Frightened out of her tolerance, Mary ordered that until Parliament could meet and consider the problems raised by the conflict of faiths, no doctrinal sermons should be preached except in the universities. Cranmer, still Archbishop, was bidden keep to his Lambeth palace; he retorted with a blast against the Mass as an "abominable blasphemy"; he and Latimer were then committed to the Tower. All in all, Mary's conduct in these early months of her reign excelled, in lenience and tolerance, that of the other major rulers of her time.

The problems she faced might have overwhelmed one far superior to her in intelligence and tact. She was shocked by the confusion and corruption prevalent in the administration. She ordered the corruption to stop; it hid its head and continued. She gave a good example by reducing the expenses of the royal household, pledging a stable currency, and leaving parliamentary elections free from royal influence. But her reduction of taxes left government income lower than outgo; she could not find in her entourage men of the force and integrity required to implement her good will; and economic laws overrode her aims.

Even in religion she met with severe economic obstacles. There was hardly an influential family in England that did not hold property taken from the Church; such families, of course, opposed any return to the Roman faith. The Protestants, numerically a minority, were financially powerful. The Parliament that met on October 5, 1553, agreed to repeal all the legislation of Edward's reign concerning religion; it reduced to their earlier proportions the severe penalties prescribed in the laws of Henry VIII and Edward VI; and it graciously informed the Queen that "the illegitimation of your most noble

person" was now annulled, and she had ceased to be a bastard. But it refused even to consider the restoration of ecclesiastical property, it resisted any hint that papal sovereignty should be acknowledged, and it left Mary the unwilling head of the English Church.

By this authority she replaced Protestant bishops with the Catholic prelates that had been expelled; Bonner was again Bishop of London; Gardiner was again Bishop of Winchester, and a close adviser of the Crown. Married priests were dismissed from their parishes. The Mass was again allowed, then encouraged; and (says a Protestant historian) "the eagerness with which the country generally availed itself of the permission to restore the Catholic ritual proved beyond a doubt that except in London and a few large towns, the popular feeling was with the Queen." By an edict of March 4, 1554, the Catholic worship was completely reinstated, Protestantism and other "heresies" were made illegal, and all Protestant preaching or publication was prohibited.

The nation was much less disturbed by this return of the theological pendulum than by Mary's marriage plans. She was constitutionally fearful of marriage, but she faced the trial in the hope of having an heir who would prevent the accession of Protestant Elizabeth. Her Council recommended to her Edward Courtenay, great-grandson of Edward IV, but his debauched ways were not to Mary's taste. Rejected, he schemed to marry Elizabeth, depose Mary, enthrone Elizabeth, and rule England through her—never dreaming how little chance he had of dominating that lady. Emperor Charles V offered Mary his son Philip, to whom he was about to bequeath all but the Imperial title; and he pledged the Netherlands as a gift to any male issue of the marriage. Mary thrilled at the thought of having as her husband the ruler of Spain, Flanders, Holland, Naples, and the Americas; and her half-Spanish blood warmed at the prospect of a political and religious union of England with Spain. The Queen's Council feared that the marriage would make England an appendage of Spain, and would in-

volve England in recurrent wars against France. Charles countered by offering, in his son's name, a marriage contract by which Philip should bear the title King of England only so long as Mary lived; she was to retain sole and full royal authority over English affairs; she was to share all of Philip's titles; and if Don Carlos (Philip's son by an earlier marriage) died without issue, Mary or her son was to inherit the Spanish Empire; moreover, added the astute Emperor, Mary was to receive £60,000 a year for life from the Imperial revenues. All this seemed generous enough, and with a few minor provisions the English Council sanctioned the marriage. Mary herself, despite her modest timidity, looked forward to it eagerly. How long she had waited for a lover!

But the people of England resented her choice. The Protestant minority, which was bearing up under suppression in the hope that Elizabeth would soon succeed a fragile and barren Mary, feared for its life if the power of Spain should stand beside Mary in enforcing the Catholic restoration. Nobles rich in ecclesiastical property shivered at the thought of disgorging. Even Catholic Englishmen objected to putting upon the throne a dour foreigner who would doubtless use England for his own alien purposes. Protests were voiced everywhere in the land. The city of Plymouth, in panic, asked the King of France to take it under his protection. Four nobles laid plans for an uprising to begin on March 18, 1554. The Duke of Suffolk (pardoned father of Jane Grey) was to raise Warwickshire, Sir James Croft was to lead his Welsh tenants, Sir Peter Carew would rouse Devonshire, and Sir Thomas Wyatt the Younger would lead the revolt in Kent. The conspirators made the mistake of confiding their plans to Courtenay, whose task was to secure Elizabeth's co-operation. Bishop Gardiner, who had kept watch on Courtenay as a rejected and perhaps vengeful suitor for Mary's hand, had him arrested, and Courtenay, presumably under torture, betrayed the plot.

The conspirators, preferring to die in battle rather than on the block, rose hurriedly to arms. Wyatt led an army of 7,000

men toward London, and sent out an appeal to all citizens to prevent England from becoming an appanage of Spain. The Protestant part of the London populace set in motion a plan to open the gates to Wyatt. The Queen's Council hesitated to commit itself, and raised not one soldier in her defense. Mary herself could not understand why the country that had so welcomed her accession should refuse her the happiness and fulfillment that she had dreamed of through so many years of misery. If now she had not taken matters into her own hands with unwonted resolution, her reign and her life would have soon ended. But she went in person to the Guildhall, and faced an excited assemblage that was debating which side to take. She told it that she was quite ready to abandon the Spanish marriage if the Commons so wished, and indeed "to abstain from marriage while I live"; but meanwhile she would not let that issue be made "a Spanish cloak" for a political revolution. "I cannot tell," she said, "how naturally the mother loveth her child, for I was never the mother of any; but certainly if a queen may as naturally and earnestly love her subjects as the mother doth her child, then assure yourselves that I, being your lady and mistress, do as earnestly and tenderly love and favor you." Her words and spirit were warmly applauded, and the assembly pledged her its support. Agents of the government were able, almost in a day, to muster 25,000 armed men. Suffolk was arrested, Croft and Carew fled into hiding. Wyatt, so abandoned, led his small force to battle in the streets of London, and made his way almost to the Queen's palace at Whitehall. Mary's guards begged her to flee; she would not. Finally Wyatt's men were overcome; he yielded in exhaustion of body and soul, and was taken to the Tower. Mary breathed safely again, but she was never more the gentle Queen.

"BLOODY MARY": 1554-58

Her advisers had often condemned her policy of pardon. The Emperor and his ambassador had censured her for allowing life, even liberty, to persons who had conspired against her and

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would be free to do so again. How, she was asked, could Philip trust himself in a land where his enemies were left unhindered to plot his assassination? Bishop Gardiner argued that mercy to the nation required that traitors should be put to death. The Queen, in a panic of fright, veered to the views of her counselors. She ordered the execution of Lady Jane Grey, who had never wanted to be queen, and of Jane's husband, who had so wanted to be king. Jane, still but seventeen, went to her death stoically, without protest or tears (February 12, 1554). Suffolk, her father, was beheaded, and a hundred lesser rebels were hanged. Mary sent for Elizabeth, kept her in the palace of St. James for a month, then for two months imprisoned her in the Tower. During these fateful months Elizabeth's life hung in the balance, and this terror helped to form her character to suspicion and insecurity, and was echoed in the severity of her later reign, when she had the same worry about Mary Stuart that Mary Tudor now had about Elizabeth. On May 18 the future queen was moved to Woodstock, where she lived in loose confinement but under watch. Fear that another plot might raise Elizabeth to the throne urged Mary on to marriage in the hope of motherhood.

Philip was not so eager. Through a proxy in England he married Mary on March 6, 1554, but he did not reach England till July 20. The English were pleasantly surprised to find him physically and socially tolerable. Even for Elizabeth he had a kind word, perhaps foreseeing that Mary might prove childless, that Elizabeth would someday be queen, and that this would be a lesser evil than the accession of Mary Queen of Scots—long since bound to France—to the throne of England. Mary, though so much older than Philip, looked up to him with girlish admiration. Starved for affection through so many years, she rejoiced now to have won so charming and mighty a prince, and she gave herself to him with such unquestioning devotion that her court wondered whether England was not already subject to Spain.

Her desire to give Philip a son and England an heir was so absorbing that she soon conceived herself pregnant. For a long

time Mary rejoiced in the thought that she would bear a child, and we cannot imagine her desolation when her doctors finally convinced her that her swelling was dropsy. Broken with frustration and shame, Mary hid herself for months from the public view.

She was in a measure consoled by the return of Reginald Pole as papal legate to the land he had left twenty-two years before after disagreeing with her father on the question of his divorce from her mother. The warm welcome given Cardinal Pole by officials, clergy, and people attested the general satisfaction over renewal of relations with the papacy. When Parliament learned that Pole brought papal consent to the retention of confiscated Church property by the present holders, all went merry as a wedding should. Parliament, on its knees, expressed repentance for its offenses against the Church, and Bishop Gardiner gave the penitents absolution. The ecclesiastical supremacy of the pope was acknowledged, his right to annates and "first fruits" was reaffirmed, episcopal courts were re-established, and parish tithes were restored to the clergy. The old statutes against Lollardy were renewed, and censorship of publications was returned from state to Church authorities. After the turmoil of twenty years everything seemed as before.

Philip stayed with Mary thirteen months, hoping with her for a child; when no sure sign of it appeared he begged her to let him go to Brussels, where the planned abdication of his father required his presence. She consented sadly, went with him to the barge that was to take him down the Thames, and watched from a window till the barge disappeared.

Pole was now the most influential man in England. He busied himself with the reorganization and reform of the English Church. With Mary's help he restored some monasteries and a nunnery. Mary was happy to see the old religious customs live again, but she could not quite resurrect the past. The new ideas had aroused an exciting ferment in city minds; there were still a dozen sects clandestinely publishing their literature and their creeds. Mary was pained to hear of groups that denied the

divinity of Christ, the existence of the Holy Ghost, the transmission of original sin. To her simple faith these heresies seemed mortal crimes, far worse than treason.

Mary was by nature and habit merciful—till 1555. What transformed her into the most hated of English queens? Partly the provocation of attacks that showed no respect for her person, her faith, or her feelings; partly the fear that heresy was a cover for political revolt; partly the sufferings and disappointments that had embittered her spirit and darkened her judgment; partly the firm belief of her most trusted advisers—Philip, Gardiner, Pole—that religious unity was indispensable to national solidarity and survival. Philip was soon to illustrate his principles in the Netherlands. Bishop Gardiner had already (in the spring of 1554) vowed to burn the three Protestant bishops—Hooper, Ridley, Latimer—unless they recanted. Cardinal Pole, like Mary, was of a kindly disposition, but inflexible in dogma; he loved the Church so much that he shuddered at any questioning of her doctrines or authority. He did not take any direct or personal lead in the Marian persecution; he counseled moderation, and once freed twenty persons whom Bishop Bonner had sentenced to the stake. Nevertheless he instructed the clergy that if all peaceful methods of suasion failed, major heretics should be “removed from life and cut off as rotten members from the body.”

Some 300 persons died in the course of the persecution. As the holocaust advanced it became clear that it had been a mistake. Protestantism drew strength from its martyrs as early Christianity had done, and many Catholics were disturbed in their faith, and shamed in their Queen, by the sufferings and fortitude of the victims. Hundreds of English Protestants found refuge in Catholic France, and labored there to bring the sorry reign to an end. Henry II, while persecuting French Protestants, encouraged English plots against Catholic Mary, whose marriage with the King of Spain left France surrounded by hostile powers. In April 1556, British agents discovered a conspiracy, led by Sir Henry Dudley, to depose Mary

and enthrone Elizabeth. Several arrests were made, including two members of Elizabeth's household; one confession implicated Elizabeth herself, and the French King. The movement was suppressed, but it left Mary in constant fear of assassination.

Mary moved with somber fatality to her end. Her pious husband, now anomalously at war with the papacy as well as with France, came to England (March 20, 1557) and urged the Queen to bring Britain into the war as his ally. To make his mission less hateful to the English, he persuaded Mary to moderate the persecution. But he could not so easily win public support; on the contrary, a month after his arrival, Thomas Stafford, a nephew of Cardinal Pole, fomented a rebellion with a view to freeing England from both Mary and Philip. He was defeated and hanged (May 28, 1557). To fill the Queen's cup of misery the Pope in that month repudiated Pole as papal legate, and accused him of heresy. On June 7 Mary, anxious to please Philip, and convinced that Henry II had supported Stafford's plot, declared war against France. Having accomplished his purpose, Philip left England in July. Mary suspected that she would never see him again. "I will live the rest of my days without the company of men," she said. In this unwanted war England lost Calais (January 6, 1558), which it had held for 211 years; and the thousands of Englishmen and women who had lived there, and now fled as penniless fugitives to Britain, spread the bitter charge that Mary's government had been criminally negligent in defending England's last possession on the Continent. Philip made a peace favorable to himself, without requiring the restoration of Calais. It was an old phrase that that precious port was "the brightest jewel in the English crown." Mary added another *mot* to the tale: "When I am dead and opened you will find Calais lying in my heart."

In September 1558, ague struck the Queen; it so weakened her that her will to live fell away. On November 6 she sent the crown jewels to Elizabeth. It was a gracious act, in which love of the Church yielded to her desire to give England an orderly succession. She suffered long periods of unconsciousness. On

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November 17 she heard Mass early, and uttered the responses ardently. Before dawn she died.

On the same day died Cardinal Pole, as profoundly defeated as his Queen. In estimating him we must record the bitter fact that nowhere in contemporary Christendom—not even in Spain—were so many men and women burned for their opinions as during Reginald Pole's primacy of the English Church.

For Mary we may speak a more lenient word. Grief, illness, and many suffered wrongs had warped her mind. She listened too trustingly to ecclesiastics who, having themselves been persecuted, sought revenge. Till the end she thought she was fulfilling by murder her obligations to the faith which she loved as the vital medium of her life. She does not quite deserve the name of "Bloody Mary," unless we are to spread that adjective over all her time. It is her strange distinction that she carried on the work of her father in alienating England from Rome. She showed to an England still Catholic the worst side of the Church she served. When she died England was readier than before to accept the new faith that she had labored to destroy.

Scotland and John Knox: (1505?-1572)

THE BASIC FACT in the history of the Scottish state is fear of England. English kings, for England's safety from rear attack, time and again tried to annex Scotland to the English crown. Scotland, to protect itself, accepted alliance with England's perennial enemy, France.

James IV who came to the throne in 1488 married Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII; through that marriage Mary Queen of Scots would later claim the English throne. Nevertheless, when Henry joined Spain, Austria, Venice, and the papacy in attacking France (1511), James felt bound to help Scotland's old ally, now so imperiled, by invading England. On Flodden Field he fought with mad courage while many of his men turned and fled; and in that disaster he died (1513).

James V was then but a year old. An involved struggle ensued for the regency. David Beaton—an ecclesiastic distinguished by ability, courage, and appreciation of women—secured the prize, was made Archbishop of St. Andrews, then Cardinal, and trained the young King in fervent allegiance to the Church. In 1538 James married Mary of Lorraine, sister of Francis, Duke of Guise, the leader of the Catholic party in dogma-divided France. The Scottish nobility, increasingly anti-clerical, looked with interest at the current divorce of England from the papacy, envied English lords appropriating or receiving church property, and took "wages" from Henry VIII to oppose their King's alliance with France. When James V waged war on England the nobles refused to support him. Defeated at Solway Moss (1542), he fled in shame to Falkland, and died there on December 14. On December 8 his wife had given birth to Mary, who, six days old, became Queen of Scots.

Beaton produced a will in which the late King had named him regent for the infant Queen. The nobles questioned the

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authenticity of the document, and chose as regent James, Earl of Arran.

Arran renewed the alliance with France. To assure French help he promised the infant Queen Mary Stuart to the French dauphin; and to prevent her seizure by the English she was clandestinely sent to France (August 13, 1548). The accession of Mary Tudor in England ended for a time the danger of further English invasions; Catholicism now ruled on both sides of the border. French influences prevailed upon Arran to resign the regency (1554) to Mary of Lorraine, mother of the absent Queen. She was a woman of intelligence, patience, and courage, who yielded only to the overwhelming spirit of the age. Dowered with the culture of the French Renaissance, she smiled tolerantly at the rival religious dogmas that raged around her. She ordered the release of several imprisoned Protestants, and allowed such freedom of preaching and worship to "heretics" that many English Protestants, fleeing from Mary Tudor, found refuge, and were allowed to form congregations, under Mary of Lorraine.

The propaganda of reform was already a hundred years old in Scotland. In 1433 Paul Crawar was accused of importing the doctrines of Wyclif and Huss; he was convicted by the Church and burned by the state. In 1494 thirty "Lollards of Kyle" were summoned before the Bishop of Glasgow on charges of repudiating religious relics and images, auricular confession, priestly ordination and powers, transubstantiation, purgatory, indulgences, Masses for the dead, clerical celibacy, and papal authority; here was almost a summary of the Reformation twenty-three years before Luther's Theses.

About 1543 George Wishart translated the First Helvetic Confession; unfortunately this Protestant declaration ordered secular powers to punish heretics. From that time the Swiss forms of Protestantism more and more displaced Lutheranism in the Scottish movement. Wishart preached in Montrose and Dundee, bravely tended the sick in a plague, and expounded the new faith in Edinburgh at a time when David Beaton was hold-

ing a convocation of Scottish clergy there. The Cardinal had him arrested and tried for heresy; he was convicted, strangled, and burned (1546).

Among his converts was one of the most powerful and influential figures in history. John Knox was born between 1505 and 1515 near Haddington. His peasant parents destined him for the priesthood; he studied at Glasgow, was ordained (c. 1532), and became known for his learning in both civil and canon law.

After Wishart's arrest Knox wandered from one hiding place to another; then, at Easter of 1547, in the castle of St. Andrews, he joined the band that had killed Cardinal Beaton. Feeling a need for religion, the hunted men asked Knox to be their preacher. He protested his unfitness, and consented, and they soon agreed that they had never heard such fiery preaching before. He adopted the Lutheran doctrine that man is saved "only by faith that the blood of Jesus Christ purges us from all sins." In July a French fleet sailed up and bombarded the castle. For four weeks the besieged held out; finally they were overpowered, and for nineteen months Knox and the others labored as galley slaves.

When the captives were freed, Knox took service as a Protestant clergyman in England. We of today, who do not often enjoy sermons, can but faintly imagine the hunger that the sixteenth century felt for them. The parish priests had left preaching to the bishops, who had left it to the friars, who were occasional. In Protestantism the preachers became journals of news and opinion; they told their congregation the events of the week or day; and religion was then so interwoven with life that nearly every occurrence touched the faith or its ministers. They denounced the vices and errors of their parishioners, and instructed the government as to its duties and faults. In 1551 Knox, preaching before Edward VI and Northumberland, asked how it was that the most pious princes had so often the most ungodly councilors. The Duke tried to silence him with a bishopric, but failed.

Mary Tudor was more dangerous, and after some cautious dallying Knox fled to Dieppe and Geneva (1554). Knox described Geneva under Calvin as "the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the Apostles." Calvinism suited his temper because that faith was sure of itself, sure of being inspired by God, sure of its divine obligation to compel the individual in conduct and creed, sure of its right to direct the state. All this sank into Knox's spirit, and through him into Scottish history. His years in Geneva confirmed his own tendency toward stern literalism and proud certainty.

In 1559, when England was under a Protestant queen, Knox sent to its people *A Brief Exhortation* advising them to atone for the Marian persecution by making the Calvinist creed and its moral discipline compulsory throughout the land. England rejected the advice. In that year Knox returned to Scotland to preside over the ideology of its revolution.

His appeals to the Scots to throw off the yoke of Rome had combined with the preaching of other reformers, the influx of Protestants from England, the infiltration of Bibles and pamphlets from England and the Continent, the land-hunger of Scottish nobles, and their irritating displacement by powdered Frenchmen at the court, to raise the temperature of revolt to the bursting point. The populace of Edinburgh, firmly Catholic in 1543, bore most directly and resentfully the influx of supercilious Gauls during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. Everything was done to make life miserable for the intruders. Feeling rose on both sides, and as the clergy supported the French, the spirit of nationalism took on anti-Catholic overtones.

On December 3, 1557, a "Common Band" of anticlerical nobles—Argyll, Glencairn, Morton, Lorne, and Erskine—met at Edinburgh (which had become the capital in 1542), and signed the "First Scottish Covenant." They called themselves "Lords of the Congregation of Jesus Christ," as opposed to the "Congregation of Satan"—i.e., the Church. They pledged themselves to maintain "the most blessed Word of God," called for a "reformation in religion and government," and demanded

from the Regent the liberty to "use ourselves in matters of religion and conscience as we must answer to God." They resolved to establish reformed churches throughout Scotland, and announced that the Book of Common Prayer, prescribed for England under Edward VI, was to be adopted by all their congregations. The Catholic bishops protested against this bold schism, and urged Archbishop Hamilton to suppress it. Reluctantly he ordered the burning (April 28, 1558) of Walter Milne—an aged priest who had unfrocked himself, married, and taken to preaching the Reformed faith among the poor. The people had high respect for the old man; they voiced their horror at this last burning of a Scottish Protestant for heresy, and raised a cairn of stones over the site of his death. When another preacher was summoned to trial his defenders took up arms, forced their way into the Regent's presence, and warned her that they would allow no further persecution of religious belief. The Lords of the Congregation notified the Regent (November 1558) that unless liberty of worship were granted they would not be responsible "if it shall chance that abuses be violently reformed." In that month they sent word to Knox that they would protect him if he returned.

He took his time, but on May 2, 1559, he reached Edinburgh. On May 3 he preached at Perth the sermon that let loose the revolution. It was a sermon, he tells us, "vehement against idolatry"; it explained "what idolatry and what abomination was in the Mass," and "what commandment God had given for the destruction of the monuments thereof." The "rascal multitude," as he describes it, got out of hand. The crowd poured into three monasteries, pillaged them, smashed the images, but allowed the friars to carry away whatever their shoulders could bear. "Within two days these three great places . . . were so destroyed that the walls only did remain."

The Regent was between fires. Her brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, advised her to imitate Mary Tudor and cut down the leading Protestants; while in and around Perth the victorious rebels were threatening to kill any priest who dared to say

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Mass. And on May 22 the Lords of the Congregation, now backed by their armed retainers, sent her an ominous ultimatum. At the same time the Congregation dispatched an appeal to the nobles to support the revolt.

Regent Mary entered Perth with what troops she could muster. But the friends of the Congregation gathered in armed array, and Mary, perceiving that she could not overcome them, signed a truce (May 29, 1559). Knox retired to St. Andrews, and, over archiepiscopal prohibitions, preached in the parish church against idolatry (June 11-14). Moved by his fervor, his hearers removed "all monuments of idolatry" from the churches of the city, and burned these images before the eyes of the Catholic clergy. The archbishop fled to Perth; but the forces of the Congregation, claiming that Mary had violated the truce by using French funds to pay her Scottish troops, attacked and captured that citadel (June 25). On the twenty-eighth they sacked and burned the abbey of Scone.

Mary of Lorraine, now so seriously ill that she momentarily expected death, fled to Leith, and tried to delay the victorious Protestants with negotiations until aid might come from France. The Congregation outplayed her by winning support from Elizabeth of England. William Cecil, Elizabeth's first minister, advised her to help the Scottish revolution as a move toward bringing Scotland into political dependence upon England; this, he felt, was a legitimate protection against Mary Stuart, who, on becoming Queen of France (1559), had claimed also the throne of England on the ground that Elizabeth was a bastard usurper. Soon an English fleet in the Firth of Forth blocked any landing of French aid for the Regent, and an English army joined the Congregation's forces in attacking Leith. Mary of Lorraine retired to the castle of Edinburgh, and—having kissed her retinue one by one—died (June 10, 1560). She was a good woman cast for the wrong part in an inescapable tragedy.

Her last defenders, blockaded and starving, surrendered. On July 6, 1560, the representatives of the Congregation, of Mary Stuart, France, and England, signed the Treaty of Edinburgh,

whose articles were to enter deeply into the later conflict between Mary and Elizabeth. All foreign troops except 120 French were to leave Scotland; Mary Stuart and Francis II relinquished claim to the English crown; Mary was acknowledged Queen of Scotland, but she was never to make war or peace without the consent of the Estates; these were to name five of the twelve men in her privy council; no foreigner or clergyman was to hold high office; and a general amnesty was to be declared, with exceptions to be specified by the Estates. It was a humiliating peace for the absent Queen, and a remarkable and almost bloodless triumph for the Congregation.

The Parliament that met on August 1, 1560, accepted, with only eight dissenting votes, a Confession of Faith drawn up by Knox and his aides.

Pursuant to this Confession the Scottish Reformation Parliament repudiated the jurisdiction of the pope, made the Reformed creed and ritual compulsory, and forbade celebration of the Mass. Most of the Scottish monasteries were closed, and their wealth was taken by the nobles. At first no provision was made by the government for the Calvinist ministers; these had been used as ideological aides in the revolution, but the nobles had now lost interest in theology. Knox and his fellow preachers, who had risked and sacrificed so much for the new order, had expected the property of the Church to be applied to the support of the Kirk and its clergy. They petitioned Parliament for such an arrangement; they received no reply, but were finally allotted a sixth of the spoils. Finding this inadequate, they turned against the grasping aristocracy, and began the historic alliance of Scottish Presbyterianism with democracy.

Of all the Reformations, the Scottish shed the least blood, and was the most permanent. The Catholics suffered silently; their bishops fled; most parish priests accepted the change as no worse than episcopal exactions and visitations. Rural districts lost their wayside crosses, ancient shrines of pilgrimage were deserted, the saints no longer provided easeful holydays. Many spirits must have mourned and idealized the past, many

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must have waited hopefully for the coming of their young queen from France. But the change had to be. When the re-criminations died down, and men adjusted themselves to the new order, it would be a boon that some likeness of faith joined with converging lines of royalty to end the bitter wars between Scots and Englishmen. Soon the weaker nation would give the stronger land a king, and Britain would be one.

The Counter-Reformation: (1517-65)

IN climatically pagan Italy, populated with undying saints whose awesome or beloved effigies moved annually through the streets, and enriched by the gold that came to the Church from a dozen subject lands, one should not have expected to find men and women dedicated, sometimes at mortal risk, to the replacement of that picturesque and hallowed faith by a somber creed whose political support was the reluctance of northern nations to fatten Italy with the proceeds of their piety. Yet everywhere in Italy there were people who felt, even more keenly and intimately than the Germans, the Swiss, or the English, the abuses that were demoralizing the Church.

It was of course impossible that Italy should go Protestant. The common people there, though anticlerical, were religious even when they did not go to church. They loved the time-hallowed ceremonies, the helping or consoling saints, the seldom-questioned creed that lifted their lives from the poverty of their homes to the sublimity of the greatest drama ever conceived—the redemption of fallen man by the death of his God. The political domination of Italy by an intensely religious Spain conspired to keep both peninsulas Catholic. The wealth of the papacy was an Italian heirloom and vested interest. The upper classes quarreled with the papacy as a political power over Central Italy, but they cherished Catholicism as a vital aid to social order and peaceful government. They realized that the glory of Italian art had been bound up with the Church; stained glass, music, architecture, sculpture, painting, even drama—these were all in the Church and of her, and in their marvelous ensemble they seemed inseparable from her. The artists and the scholars of Italy did not have to be converted from Catholicism, for they had converted Catholicism to scholarship and art.

Consequently the Italian argument was all for reform *within* the Church. And indeed, loyal churchmen had for centuries

admitted—proclaimed—the need for ecclesiastical reform. The outbreak and progress of the Reformation gave new urgency to the need and the demand. "A vast torrent of abuse in hundreds and thousands of pamphlets and caricatures poured down upon the clergy." The Sack of Rome by Charles V touched the conscience and income of terrified cardinals and populace; a hundred priests pronounced the calamity a warning from God.

Several of the heroes of the orthodox reform were later canonized by the Church they had helped to save. St. Philip Neri, a young Florentine noble, founded at Rome (c. 1540) a peculiar *Trinità de' Pellegrini*: twelve laymen who, after attending Mass on Sundays, would make a pilgrimage to one of the basilicas, or to some rural green, and there give or hear pious talks, and sing religious music. Many of the members became priests, and took the name of Fathers of the Oratory; from their musical propensities the word *oratorio* added to its old meaning—place of prayer—the new meaning of choral song. St. Charles Borromeo, nephew of Pope Pius IV, resigned his high place as a cardinal in Rome to cleanse the religious life of Milan. As archbishop there he maintained discipline among the clergy, and showed the way by his own austerities and devotion. Within his lifetime and his archdiocese, decency was made fashionable among clergy and laity alike. His influence was felt throughout Italy, and shared in transforming the cardinals from worldly aristocrats into devoted priests.

Stimulated by such men, the popes began to give determined attention to ecclesiastical reform. In July 1536, Paul III invited to a reform conference at Rome Contarini, Caraffa, Sadoletto, Cortese, Aleander, Pole, Tommaso Badia, and Bishop Federigo Fregose of Gubbio, all committed to reform, and bade them put into writing the abuses in the Church, and the means they would recommend to mitigate them. The conference met almost daily for three months. Its leading spirit, Gasparo Contarini, was the finest figure in the Counter Reformation. All Italy recognized him as a rare combination of intellect and character.

In March 1537, the commission presented to the Pope its

unanimous *Consilium dilectorum cardinalium de emendanda Ecclesia*. This "Counsel of the Appointed Cardinals on Reforming the Church" exposed with astonishing freedom the abuses in the papal government, and boldly ascribed them chiefly to "reckless exaggeration of the papal authority by unscrupulous canonists." The report urged strict supervision of all Curial activities, a check on dispensations, an end to money payments for them, a higher standard in all appointments and in eligibility to the cardinalate and the priesthood, and a prohibition of plural or absentee holding of benefices. "Throughout the whole world," the report added, "almost all the shepherds have deserted their flocks and entrusted them to hirelings." Monastic orders must be regenerated, and nunneries should be subject to episcopal supervision, for their visitation by monks had led to scandal and sacrilege. Indulgences should be proclaimed only once a year.

Paul took in good spirit this *aureum consilium*, this "golden counsel," as many called it, and sent a copy to every cardinal. On April 20, 1537, Paul appointed four cardinals—Contarini, Caraffa, Simonetta, and Ghinucci—to reform the Dataria, that department of the Curia which had become especially venal in granting those dispensations, graces, privileges, indults, and benefices which were reserved to the papal power. The undertaking required courage, for the Dataria yielded 50,000 ducats yearly to the Pope—nearly half his income. At once a cry of anguish rose from the officials and their dependents; they complained of the high cost of living in Rome, and alleged that if they were made to keep to the letter of the law their families would soon be destitute. Paul proceeded cautiously nevertheless.

The movement for internal reform triumphed when its leader, Caraffa, became Paul IV (1555). On the night of August 22, 1558, the Pope ordered all the gates of Rome closed, and all vagrant monks arrested; similar procedures were followed throughout the Papal States, and some offenders were sent to the galleys. Monasteries were no longer to be assigned *in commendam* to support absentee officials with their revenues.

Bishops and abbots not actually serving the Curia in a fixed office were required to return to their posts or forfeit their income. The holding of plural benefices was prohibited. All departments of the Curia were bidden to reduce their fees, and to eliminate any suspicion of simony in appointments to clerical positions. Having so diminished his own income, Paul made a further sacrifice by ending the payment of a fee for confirmation to archiepiscopal dignity. In Italy—less visibly beyond it—the Church reformed her clergy and her morals, while leaving her doctrines proudly intact. The reform had been long delayed, but when it came it was sincere and magnificent.

A moral regeneration was simultaneously taking place in the monastic orders. Gregorio Cortese set himself patiently to reform the Benedictines at Padua; Girolamo Seripando the Austin Canons; Egidio Canisio the Augustinian Eremites; Paolo Guisliniani the Camaldolites.

New monastic orders stressed reform. Antonio Maria Lacaria founded at Milan (1533) the Clerks Regular of St. Paul, a community of priests pledged to monastic poverty. In 1535 St. Angela organized the Ursuline nuns for the education of girls and the care of the sick or the poor; and in 1540 St. John of God established in Granada the Brothers of Mercy for hospital ministrations. In 1523 Matteo de' Bassi, in fervent emulation of St. Francis of Assisi, determined to observe to the letter the final rule that their founder had left to the Franciscans. Other friars joined him, and by 1525 their number encouraged Matteo to ask papal sanction of a new branch of the Franciscans dedicated to the strictest rule. The provincial of his order had him imprisoned for disobedience, but Matteo was soon freed, and in 1528 Clement VII confirmed the new order of Capuchins—so named because the friars wore the same kind of *cappuccio* or cowl that Francis had worn.

One of the most interesting figures in this epoch of monastic reform was a frail and masterful abbess of Spain, Teresa of Ávila. Meanwhile a figure greater even than Teresa had come out of Spain to reform the Church and move the world.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

Don Iñigo de Oñex y Loyola was born in the castle of Loyola in the Basque province of Guipuzcoa in 1491. He was one of eight sons and five daughters begotten by Don Beltran de Oñez y Loyola, a member of the higher Spanish nobility. Brought up to be a soldier, Iñigo received little schooling, and showed no interest in religion. His reading was confined to *Amadis of Gaul* and like romances of chivalry. At seven he was sent to serve as a page to Don Juan Velasquez de Cuellar, through whom he had some access to the royal court.

His carefree youth came to an end when he was assigned to active military service at Pamplona, capital of Navarre. Four years he spent there, dreaming of glory and waking to routine. A chance came to distinguish himself: the French attacked Pamplona, Iñigo heartened the defense with his bravery; the enemy captured the citadel nevertheless, and Iñigo's right leg was fractured by a cannon ball (May 20, 1521). The victors treated him kindly, set his bones, and sent him on a stretcher to his ancestral castle. But the bones had been wrongly set; they had to be rebroken and reset. The second operation proved more incompetent than the first.

During the weary months of convalescence he asked for books, preferably for some exciting tale of knighthood and imperiled princesses. But the castle library was composed of two books only: Ludolfus's *Life of Christ*, and *Flos sanctorum*, recounting the lives of the saints. Gradually the thought formed in his mind that the noblest war of all was that of Christianity against Islam. In him, the intensity of Spanish faith made religion no quiet devotion as in Thomas à Kempis, but a passion of conflict, a holy war. He resolved to go to Jerusalem and free the sacred places from infidel control. One night he had a vision of the Virgin and her Child. He rose from his bed, knelt, and vowed to be a soldier of Christ and Mary till his death.

He had read that the Holy Grail had once been hidden in a

castle at Montserrat in the province of Barcelona. There, said the most famous of all romances, Amadis had kept a full night's vigil before an image of the Virgin to prepare himself for knighthood. As soon as Iñigo could travel he mounted a mule, and set out for the distant shrine. For a while he still thought of himself as a soldier accoutered for physical combat. But the saints he had read about had had no weapons, no armor, only the poorest clothes and the firmest faith. Arrived in Montserrat, he cleansed his soul with three days of confession and penance; he gave his costly raiment to a beggar, and donned a pilgrim's robe of coarse cloth. All the night of March 24-25, 1522, he spent alone in the chapel of a Benedictine monastery, kneeling or standing before the altar of the Mother of God. He pledged himself to perpetual chastity and poverty. The next morning he received the Eucharist, gave his mule to the monks, and set out on limping foot for Jerusalem.

The nearest port was Barcelona. On the way he lived on such food as he could beg, but never meat; he fasted for days at a time; he scourged himself thrice daily, and each day spent hours in prayer. His remembrance of past sins terrified him; he waged war against his body as the agent of his sins; he was resolved to beat all thought of sin out of his flesh. At times the struggle seemed hopeless, and he thought of suicide. Then visions came and strengthened him; at communion he believed that he saw not a wafer of bread but the living Christ; at another time Christ and His Mother appeared to him; once he saw the Trinity, and understood by a flash of insight, beyond words or reason, the mystery of three persons in one God.

He set sail from Barcelona in February 1523. He suffered a host of calamities before reaching Palestine, but his continuing visions sustained him. Jerusalem itself was a tribulation: the Turks who controlled it allowed Christian visitors, but no proselytizing; and when Iñigo proposed to convert the Moslems nevertheless, the Franciscan provincial who had been charged by the Pope to keep the peace bade the saint return to Europe. In March 1524, he was back in Barcelona.

Perhaps he felt now that though he was master of his body he was subject to his imaginations. He determined to chasten his mind with education. Though now thirty-three, he joined schoolboys in studying Latin. But the itch to teach is stronger than the will to learn. Soon Ignatius, as he was scholastically called, began to preach to a circle of pious women. He moved to Alcalá (1526), and took up philosophy and theology. Here too he taught a little private group, chiefly of poor women, some of them prostitutes hungering for redemption. He tried to exorcise their sinful propensities by spiritual exercises, but some of his pupils fell into fits or trances, and the Inquisition summoned him. He was imprisoned for two months, but he finally convinced the inquisitors of his orthodoxy, and was released; however, he was forbidden to teach. Disappointed with Spain, he set out for Paris.

At Paris he lived in the poorhouse, and begged in the streets for his food and tuition. He entered the Collège de Montaigu, where his sallow, haggard face, starved body, unkempt beard, and aged clothing made him a cynosure of unsympathetic eyes; but he pursued his purposes with such absorbed intensity that some students began to reverence him as a saint. Under his lead they engaged in spiritual exercises of prayer, penance, and contemplation. In 1529 he transferred to the Collège Ste.-Barbe, and there too he gathered disciples. His two roommates came by different routes to believe in his sanctity. Pierre Favre—Peter Faber—as a shepherd in the Savoyard Alps, had suffered deeply from fears superstitious or real, and under their influence he had vowed perpetual chastity. Now, aged twenty, he concealed under his disciplined manners a soul struggling feverishly against temptations of the flesh. Ignatius, though making no pretensions to intellect, had the power of sensing the interior life of others through the intensity of his own. He surmised the problem of his younger friend, and assured him that the impulses of the body could be controlled by a trained will. How train the will? By spiritual exercises, answered Ignatius. Together they practiced them.

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The other roommate, Francis Xavier, came from Pamplona, where Loyola had soldiered. He had a long line of distinguished ancestors; he was handsome, rich, proud, a gay blade who knew the taverns of Paris. He laughed at the two ascetics, and boasted of his successes with women. Yet he was clever in his studies; he already had the master's degree, and was aiming at a doctorate. One day, when he was expounding his ambition to shine in the world, Ignatius quietly quoted the Gospel to him: "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Xavier resented the query, but he could not forget it. He began to join Loyola and Faber in their spiritual exercises; perhaps his pride stirred him to equal the other two in power to bear deprivation, cold, and pain.

The spiritual exercises that had first taken shape at Manresa now reached a more definite form. Ignatius modeled them on the *Exercitatorio de la vida espiritual* (1500) of Don Garcia de Cisneros, Benedictine abbot at Monserrat; but he poured into that mold a fervor of feeling and imagination that made his little book a moving force in modern history. Loyola took as his starting point the infallibility of the Bible and the Church; individual judgment in religion, he held, was the vain and chaos-breeding pretense of proud, weak minds. To avoid damnation we must train ourselves to be unquestioning servants of God, and of God's vicar on earth, the Church.

This call to lifelong devotion found nine students at Paris ready to accept it. Earnest young men feeling for the first time the unintelligibility of the world, and longing for some anchor of belief and hope in a sea of doubts and fears, may have been moved, by the very extent of the demands made upon them, to put their fate, their lives and salvation, in Loyola's plan. He proposed that in due time they should go together to Palestine, and live there a life as nearly as possible like Christ's. On August 15, 1534, Loyola, Faber, Xavier, Diego Laynez, Alonso Salmeron, Nicolas Bobadilla, Simon Rodriguez, Claude Le Jay, Jean Codure, and Paschase Broet, in a little chapel in Montmartre, took the vows of chastity and poverty, and pledged

themselves, after two years of further study, to go and live in the Holy Land. They had as yet no apparent notion of combating Protestantism; Islam seemed to them the greater challenge. They had no interest in theological disputes; their aim was sanctity; their movement was rooted in Spanish mysticism rather than in the intellectual conflicts of the time.

In the winter of 1536-37 they walked through France, over the Alps, and across Italy to Venice, where they hoped to find passage to Jaffa. But Venice was at war with the Turks; the trip was impossible. During the delay Ignatius met Caraffa, and for a time joined the Theatines. His experience with these devoted priests had some influence in changing his plan from life in Palestine to service of the Church in Europe. He and his disciples agreed that if, after a year of waiting, Palestine should still be closed to them, they would offer themselves to the Pope for any service that he might assign to them. Faber secured permission for all of them to be ordained priests.

By this time Loyola was forty-six. His dream was to win converts not by the pyre or the sword but by catching character in malleable youth and forming it immovably to faith. Founder of the most successful educational order in history, he laid little emphasis on learning or intellect. He was not a theologian, took no part in the arguments and refinements of the Scholastics; he preferred direct perception to rational understanding. He did not have to argue about the existence of God, of Mary and the saints; he was convinced that he had seen them; in his own way he was a God-intoxicated man. Yet his mystical experiences did not make him impractical. He could combine pliancy of means with inflexibility of ends. He would not justify any means for an end that he held good, but he could bide his time, moderate his hopes and demands, adjust his methods to characters and conditions, use diplomacy where needed, judge men shrewdly, choose fit aides and agents, and manage men as if he were—as he actually thought himself—a general leading a martial company. He called his little band by a military term, *Compañía de Jesús*; they were soldiers enlisted for life in the war against un-

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belief and the dissolution of the Church. For their part, as a matter of course and necessity, they accepted the military discipline of co-ordinated action under absolute command.

In the fall of 1537 Loyola, Faber, and Laynez set out from Venice to Rome to ask papal approval of their plans.

THE JESUITS

Arrived in Rome they did not at once ask audience with the Pope, for Paul III was immersed in critical diplomacy. They took service in the Spanish hospital, tended the sick, taught the young. Early in 1538 Paul received them, and was impressed by their desire to go to Palestine and live there as exemplary monks; he and some cardinals contributed 210 crowns (\$5,-250?) to pay the passage of the band. When the devotees had to abandon the idea as impracticable, they returned the money to the donors. Those members who had remained in the north were summoned to Rome, and the company now numbered eleven. Paul appointed Faber and Laynez to professorships in the Sapienza (the University of Rome), while Ignatius and the rest devoted themselves to works of charity and education.

As new candidates were received into the company, it became desirable to define its principles and rule. The vow of obedience was added to those of chastity and poverty; the "general" chosen by them was to be obeyed only next to the Pope. A fourth vow was taken: to "serve the Roman Pontiff as God's vicar on earth," and "to execute immediately and without hesitation or excuse all that the reigning Pope or his successors may enjoin upon them for the benefit of souls or for the propagation of the faith" anywhere in the world. In 1539 Loyola asked Cardinal Contarini to submit these articles of organization to Paul III, and to request the papal confirmation of the company as a new order. The Pope was favorable; some cardinals dissented, thinking the group to be unmanageable extremists; but Paul overcame their objections, and by the bull *Regimini militantis ecclesiae* ("For the rule of the Church Militant") he formally established what the bull called *Societas Jesú*, the "Society of

Jesus" (September 27, 1540). The members were properly called "Clerks Regular of the Society of Jesus"; the name "Jesuit" did not appear till 1544, and then chiefly as a satirical term used by Calvin and other critics; it was never used by Ignatius himself. After his death the success of the new order deprived the term of its early sting, and in the sixteenth century it was a badge of honor.

On April 17, 1541, Ignatius was elected general. During his remaining years (he was now fifty) he made Rome his home, and the city became the permanent headquarters of the society. Between 1547 and 1552, after much thought and experiment, he drew up the Constitutions which, with minor changes, are the Jesuit rule today. The ultimate authority in the order was to lie in the fully "professed" members. These would choose two delegates from each province, and these delegates—together with the provincial heads, the general, and his aides—were to compose the "General Congregation." This would, when occasion required, elect a new general, and then it would delegate its authority to him as long as he should commit no grave offense. He was given an "admonitor" and four assistants, who were to watch his every act, warn him of any serious fault, and, if need appeared, convene the General Congregation to depose him.

Candidates for admission were required to pass through two years of novitiate, in which they would be trained in the purpose and discipline of the society, go through the spiritual exercises, perform menial duties, and submit to the superiors in absolute "holy obedience." They must put aside their own individual wills, and allow themselves to be ordered like soldiers and moved about "like corpses"; they must learn to feel that in obeying their superiors they are obeying God. This discipline was rigorous but discriminating and flexible; rarely did it break the will or destroy initiative. Apparently the willingness to obey is the first step in learning to command, for this training produced a great number of able and enterprising men.

Those who survived this trying novitiate would take "simple"

—revocable—vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and would enter the “second class.” Some of these would remain in that status as lay brothers; some, as “formed scholastics,” aspiring to the priesthood, would study mathematics, the classics, philosophy, and theology, and would teach in schools and colleges. Those who passed further tests would enter the third class—“formed coadjutors”; and some of these might rise into the fourth class—the “professed”—all priests, and specially pledged to undertake any task or mission assigned them by the Pope. The “professed” were usually a small minority—sometimes hardly more than a tenth—of the entire society. All four classes were to live in common like monks, but no ascetic practices were required, though they might on occasion be advised. There was to be moderation in eating and drinking, but no stringent fasting; body as well as mind was to be kept fit for all tasks. A member might retain title to such property as he owned when entering the order, but all income from it was to go to the society, which hoped to be the ultimate heir. Every Jesuit possession and action must be dedicated *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*—to the greater glory of God.

Seldom has an institution borne so definitely the stamp of one personality. Loyola lived long enough to revise the Constitutions into a successfully functioning rule. From his small, bare room he guided with severe authority and great skill the movements of his little army in every quarter of Europe, and many other parts of the globe. The task of governing the society, and of establishing and administering two colleges and several charitable foundations in Rome, proved too much for his temper as he aged; and though kind to the weak he became cruelly harsh to his closest subordinates. When he died (1556) many Romans felt that a sharp wind had ceased to blow, and perhaps some of his followers mingled relief with grief. Men could not realize, so soon, that this indomitable Spaniard would prove to be one of the most influential men in modern history.

At his death the society had approximately a thousand members, of whom some thirty-five were “professed.” Europe was

but a small sector of its activities. It sent missionaries to India, China, Japan, and the New World. In North America they were venturesome and undiscourageable explorers, suffering every tribulation as a gift of God. In South America they did more than any other group to develop education and scientific agriculture.

In 1541 St. Francis Xavier left Lisbon on a Portuguese vessel, and after a year of travel and travail reached Goa. There he walked up and down the streets ringing a hand bell to gather an audience; this accomplished, he expounded the Christian creed with such sincerity and eloquence, and illustrated the Christian ethic with such cheerful sharing of his poorest listeners' life, that he made thousands of converts among Hindus and Moslems, and even convinced some hardship-hardened expatriated Portuguese Christians. The papal bull that canonized him (1622) credited him with the "gift of tongues"—the ability to speak any language at need; but in truth the heroic saint was a poor linguist, who spent hours memorizing sermons in Tamil, Malay, or Japanese. In 1549 he set out for Japan, studying Japanese on the way. Landing at Kagoshima, he and his associates preached in the streets, and were courteously heard by the people. Two years later he returned to Goa; he settled some disorder that had arisen among the Christians there, and then sailed off to convert China (1552). After much suffering he stopped on the island of Chang-Tschouen, below the mouth of the Canton River. The Chinese emperor had made it a capital crime for a European to enter China; yet Xavier would have dared it, had he been able to find passage. While he waited he fell sick. He died on December 2, 1552, crying, "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me not be confounded forever." He was forty-six years old.

The same devotion which the Jesuits showed in foreign missions was displayed in their work in Europe. They kept to their posts, and tended the sick, in times of plague. They preached to all classes, and accommodated their language to every situation. They mingled actively in the affairs of the world, but with

prudence and tact. Though they corporately approved of the Inquisition, they stood aside from it, preferring to work through education. Their limited number compelled them to leave to others the instruction of children; they concentrated on secondary education; and finding the universities pre-empted by other orders, or the secular or Protestant clergy, they organized their own colleges, and sought to train selected youths who would be centers of influence in the next generation. They became the greatest educators of their time.

By the time of Loyola's death there were a hundred Jesuit colleges. Through education, diplomacy, and devotion, through fervor directed by discipline, through co-ordination of purposes and skillful variation of means, the Jesuits turned back the Protestant tide, and recaptured much of Germany, most of Hungary and Bohemia, all of Christian Poland, for the Church. Rarely has so small a group achieved so much so rapidly. Year by year its prestige and influence grew, until, within twenty years of its formal establishment, it was recognized as the most brilliant product of the Catholic Reform. When at last the Church dared to call that general council to which all Europe had so long looked for the quieting of its theological strife and the healing of its religious wounds, it was to a handful of Jesuits—to their learning, loyalty, discretion, resourcefulness, and eloquence—that the popes entrusted the defense of their own challenged authority, and the undiminished preservation of the ancient faith.

THE COUNCIL OF TRENT: 1545-63

A thousand voices, long before Luther, had called for a council to reform the Church. Luther appealed from the pope to a free and general council; Charles V demanded such a synod in the hope of getting the Protestant problem off his hands, and perhaps of disciplining Clement VII. That harried Pope could find a hundred reasons for postponing a council until he should be beyond its reach. He recalled what had happened to the papal power at the councils of Constance and Basel. Besides, had not Luther repudiated councils as well as

popes? If the Protestants were admitted to a council and were allowed freedom of speech, the consequent dispute would widen and embitter the schism and would disturb all Europe; and if they were excluded they would raise a rebellious furor. Charles wanted the council held on German soil, but Francis I refused to let the French clergy attend a gathering subject to Imperial domination; moreover, Francis wanted to keep the Protestant fires burning in the Imperial rear. It was a witches' brew.

Paul III had all of Clement's fears, but more courage. In 1536 he issued a call for a general council to meet at Mantua on May 23, 1537, and he invited the Protestants to attend. He assumed that all parties in attendance would accept the conclusions of the conference; but the Protestants, who would be in a minority there, could hardly accept such an obligation. Luther advised against attending, and the congress of Protestants at Schmalkalden returned the Pope's invitation unopened. The Emperor still insisted that the council should meet on German soil; on Italian soil, he argued, it would be crowded with Italian bishops and become a puppet of the Pope. After many negotiations and delays Paul agreed to have the council meet at Trent, which, though predominantly Italian, was in Imperial territory and subject to Charles. The council was summoned to meet there on November 1, 1542.

But the King of France would not play. He forbade the publication, in his realm, of the papal summons, and threatened to arrest any French clergyman who should try to attend a council held on his enemy's terrain. When the council opened, only a few bishops, all Italian, were present, and Paul adjourned the meeting to some time when Charles and Francis would allow a full assembly. The Peace of Cr py seemed to clear the way, and Paul called for the council to reconvene on March 14, 1545. But now the renewal of danger from the Turks compelled the Emperor again to conciliate the Protestants; he asked for another postponement; and it was not till December 13, 1545, that the "Nineteenth Ecumenical Council of the Christian Church" began its active sessions at Trent.

Even that beginning was unpropitious, and far from "half the

deed." The Pope, nearing eighty, stayed in Rome, and presided, so to speak, *in absentia*; but he sent three cardinals to represent him—Del Monte, Cervini, and Pole. Cardinal Madruzzo of Trent, four archbishops, twenty bishops, five generals of monastic orders, some abbots, and a few theologians made up the gathering; it could hardly claim as yet to be "ecumenical"—universal. Whereas at the councils of Constance and Basel priests, princes, and certain laymen, as well as prelates, could vote, and voting was by national groups, here only the cardinals, bishops, generals, and abbots could vote, and the voting was by individuals; hence the Italian bishops—most of them indebted or for other reasons loyal to the papacy—dominated the assembly with their numerical majority.

The first debate was on procedure: should the faith be first defined and then reforms considered, or vice versa? The Pope and his Italian supporters desired first a definition of dogmas. The Emperor and his supporters sought first reform. A compromise was reached: concurrent commissions would prepare resolutions on dogma and reform, and these would be presented to the Council alternately.

In May 1546, Paul sent two Jesuits, Laynez and Salmeron, to help his legates in matters of theology and papal defense; later they were joined by Peter Canisius and Claude Le Jay. The unequaled erudition of the Jesuits soon gave them paramount influence in the debates, and their unbending orthodoxy guided the Council to declare war against Reformation ideas rather than seek conciliation or unity. It was apparently the judgment of the majority that no concessions to the Protestants would heal the schism; that any substantial alteration of traditional dogmas would weaken the whole doctrinal structure and stability of Catholicism; that the admission of priestly powers in the laity would undermine the moral authority of the priesthood and the Church; that that authority was indispensable to social order; and that a theology frankly founded on faith would stultify itself by submitting to the vagaries of individual reasoning. Consequently the fourth session of the Council (April

1546) reaffirmed every item of the Nicene Creed, claimed equal authority for Church tradition and Scripture, gave the Church the sole right to expound and interpret the Bible, and declared the Latin Vulgate of Jerome to be the definitive translation and text. Thomas Aquinas was named as the authoritative exponent of orthodox theology, Catholicism as a religion of infallible authority dates in practice from the Council of Trent, and took form as an uncompromising response to the challenge of Protestantism, rationalism, and private judgment.

But if faith was so vital was it also sufficient of itself to merit salvation, as Luther claimed? The fifth session (June 1546) heard violent debates on this point. Laynez persuaded the Council to stress, in full opposition to Luther, the importance of good works and the freedom of the will.

Measures of ecclesiastical reform moved less actively than definitions of dogma. The only substantial reform accomplished in these early sessions was one forbidding bishops to reside away from their sees, or to hold more than one. The Council suggested to the Pope that the reform of the *Dataria* should advance from theoretical recommendations to actual directives. Paul, however, wished matters of reform to be left to the papacy; and when the Emperor insisted on greater speed in reform discussions at the conference, the Pope ordered his legates to propose the removal of the Council to Bologna—which, being in the Papal States, would allow a more expeditious control of conciliar actions by Rome. The Italian bishops agreed; the Spanish and Imperial prelates protested; a minor plague conveniently appeared in Trent and killed a bishop; the Italian majority moved to Bologna (March 1547); the rest stayed at Trent.

The situation was eased by Paul's death. Julius III came to an understanding with the Emperor: in return for Charles's promise to withhold support from any measure that would reduce papal authority, he summoned the Council to meet again at Trent.

The thirteenth session of the Council (October 1551) re-

affirmed the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. Thereafter it seemed useless to hear the Protestants, but Charles insisted on it. The Duke of Württemberg, Elector Maurice of Saxony, and some south German towns chose the members of a Protestant delegation, and Melanchthon drew up a statement of Lutheran doctrine to be submitted to the Council.

On January 24, 1552, the Protestant deputies addressed the assembly. They proposed that the decrees of the Councils of Constance and Basel on the superior authority of councils over the popes should be confirmed; that the members of the present body should be released from their vows of fealty to Julius III; that all decisions hitherto reached by the Council should be annulled; and that fresh discussions of the issues should be held by an enlarged synod in which the Protestants would be adequately represented. Julius III forbade consideration of these proposals. The Council voted to postpone action on them till March 19, when additional Protestant delegates were expected.

During this delay military developments supervened upon theology. In January 1552, the King of France signed an alliance with the German Protestants; in March Maurice of Saxony advanced toward Innsbruck; Charles fled, and no force could prevent Maurice, if he wished, from capturing Trent and swallowing the Council. The bishops one by one disappeared, and on April 28 the Council was formally suspended. By the treaty of Passau (August 2) Ferdinand conceded religious freedom to the militantly victorious Protestants. They took no further interest in the Council.

Paul IV thought it prudent to let the Council hibernate during his pontificate. Pius IV, a kindly old man, played with the thought that the granting of communion in both kinds might appease the Protestants, as it had done the Bohemians. He summoned the Council to reconvene at Trent on April 6, 1561, and invited to it all Christian princes, Catholic or Protestant. To this new session the French delegates brought an imposing list of the reforms they desired: Mass in the vernacular, communion in bread and wine, the marriage of priests, the subor-

dination of the papacy to general councils, and an end to the system of papal dispensations and exemptions; apparently the French government was for the moment in a semi-Huguenot mood. Ferdinand I, now Emperor, seconded these proposals, and added that "the Pope . . . should humble himself, and submit to a reform in his own person, his state, and the Curia"; the legends of the saints should be purified of absurdities, and monasteries should be reformed so "that their great wealth might no longer be expended in so profligate a manner." Matters loomed perilous for Pius, and his legates looked with some trepidation to the opening of the session.

After leisurely or strategic delays the seventeenth session of the Council convened on January 18, 1562. At Ferdinand's request a safe-conduct was offered to any Protestant delegate who might care to attend; none came. The Archbishop of Granada and Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, led a movement to reduce the prerogatives of the pope by asserting that the bishops held their power not through him but by direct "divine right"; and the Bishop of Segovia repeated one of Luther's heresies by denying that the pope was supreme over the other bishops in the early Church. This episcopal uprising was snuffed out by the parliamentary skill of the papal legates, the loyalty of the Italian and Polish bishops to the Pope. In the end the papal authority was not lessened but enlarged, and every bishop was required to take an oath of complete obedience to the Pope. Ferdinand was appeased by the promise that on the termination of the Council the Pope would allow administration of the Eucharist in both kinds.

This basic quarrel over, the Council quickly dispatched its remaining business. Clerical marriage was forbidden, and severe penalties were decreed against priestly concubinage. Many minor reforms were enacted to improve the morals and discipline of the clergy. Seminaries were to be established where candidates for the priesthood could be trained to habits of austerity and piety. The powers of the Curia were curbed. Rules were laid down for the reform of Church music and art;

nude figures were to be sufficiently covered to avoid stimulating the sensual imagination. A distinction was drawn between the worship of images and the worship of the persons represented by them; in the latter sense the use of religious images was upheld. Purgatory, indulgences, and the invocation of the saints were defended and redefined.

On December 4, 1563, when the Council was finally dissolved amid the happy acclamations of the wearied delegates, the course of the Church had been fixed for centuries.

The Counter Reformation succeeded in its principal purposes. Men continued, in Catholic as much as in Protestant countries, to lie and steal, seduce maidens and sell offices, kill and make war. But the morals of the clergy improved, and the ecclesiastical reforms were real and permanent. Though the papal monarchy was exalted as against the episcopal aristocracy of the councils, this was in the spirit of the times, when aristocracies everywhere, except in Germany, were losing power to the kings. The popes were now morally superior to the bishops, and the discipline required for ecclesiastical reform could be better effected by a centralized than by a divided authority. The popes ended their nepotism, and cured the Curia of its costly procrastinations and flagrant venality. The administration of the Church, according to non-Catholic students of the matter, became a model of efficiency and integrity. Indulgence peddlers disappeared; indulgences, for the most part, were reserved for pious devotions and works of charity rather than for financial contributions. Instead of retreating before the advance of Protestantism or free thought, the Catholic clergy set out to recapture the mind of youth and the allegiance of power. The spirit of the Jesuits, confident, positive, energetic, and disciplined, became the spirit of the militant Church.

All in all it was an astonishing recovery, one of the most brilliant products of the Protestant Reformation.

The Unforgiven

ALAN LE MAY



AN ABRIDGEMENT

The Author

ALAN LE MAY'S parents were raised on the plains frontier so his sympathy with and understanding of the early settlers is his natural heritage. Mr. Le May graduated from the University of Chicago. But he sold his first short story when he was sixteen years old and he has been a professional writer ever since. In one seven year period he made 163 appearances in magazines such as *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. Mr. Le May now lives in Pacific Palisades, California.

THE UNFORGIVEN

Alan Le May

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DANCING BIRD RIVER WAS THE ZACHARY FAMILY'S name for a little run of live water ten miles below the Red, in the unsettled country west of the Wichita. Their soddy was cut into a slope beside it, in the last miles before the deep-grass petered out into the flinty apron of the cap rock. Some sketchy pole corrals marked this place as a cattle stand, but the house itself hardly showed. Its forward walls were built of the same mud and grass-roots into which it was dug, and so was its roof, which had a good stand of feed. It squatted low and lonely, backed like a badger into the hill; and its nearest neighbor was eighteen miles away.

Inside this hole in the ground, late in the afternoon of March 15, 1874, a dark-haired girl of seventeen was getting ready to put supper on. Her name was Rachel Zachary.

Her brothers had saddled before daylight, and had been gone ever since; but through most of this day, Rachel and her mother had found their absence a relief. The soddy was not a cramped one, as soddies went. The slit of a bedroom Rachel shared with her mother wasn't much, but the main room was big for a dugout, even with bunks for the three boys filling one end. Yet with five people in one room and a fraction, the paraphernalia of even the simplest living hung from the beams, dripped from the walls, and kept the place forever cluttered.

High above the prairie a mat of black rainless clouds moved steadily across the world in a seemingly inexhaustible supply, dimming the afternoon to a twilight that would merge imperceptibly with the early dark. Under this overcast a wind from the north blew tirelessly, as it had for many days.

That wind might have come a thousand miles, Rachel knew, without finding many people in its path to be bothered by it.

Up in Indian Territory, along the tributaries of the Washita, it must be ripping at some hundreds of buffalo-hide lodges, sheltering such of the Wild Tribes as were insolent enough to be wintering on Agency rations. The mile-long villages of those hostiles could have mounted enough warriors to engulf a brigade, yet made no more impression upon the vast emptiness of the Territory than a dribbled pinch or two of sand. Surely the wind-moan in the cottonwoods along the Dancing Bird River must have been the loneliest sound on earth.

About midafternoon Mama had gone to their bedroom for a nap. The partition was no strung-up horse blanket, such as was common to soddies, but a decently solid turf wall, plastered with homeburnt-lime. Once the heavy door had closed, Rachel was alone with the sound of the wind. She didn't mind that; at least, not for a while. Rachel Zachary was a shy, thin girl, lightly boned and not very big, but with considerable wire built into her by the kind of places in which she had been raised. The Zacharys had shifted ground a good deal, though not all of them understood why, always toward untamed land. Now, though, they had stuck it out in this one remote soddy for going on five years—more nearly a third, than a quarter, of Rachel's entire life.

This year had begun with high hopes. Just lately, in January, Texas had got hold of its own government at last, for the first time since the War. Now the Rangers would come back, and the Border Battalions, and settlers would get some help in their everlasting defense against the Wild Tribes. At the same time, the beef market at Wichita was winding up to boom again, after a series of collapses that had left the Zacharys about as cattle-poor as they could stand. They were going to be rich, like as not—soon, this year, this very summer.

Ben, Rachel's oldest brother, had ridden down the Trinity a month ago to look for trail hands. He should get back any day now, with a corral of at least twenty men—thirty, if he could find them.

Ben was twenty-four, old enough to seem at the full power of

maturity from the standpoint of seventeen. He had been head of the family since he was twenty, when they had lost their father in the roily waters of a cattle crossing, far to the north. He was their rock of strength, upon whom they leaned in every situation of doubt. Perhaps they all felt at loose ends when Ben was gone. Certainly he could take care of himself anywhere on the frontier if anybody could—even in a wolfhowl of a town of three or four hundred people, like Fort Worth. Yet sometimes Rachel's throat hurt as her thoughts skirted the possibility that they might never see him again, for this could happen out here, as Papa had already proved. Was he overdue? Well—not really; not quite yet.

She looked at the clock on the mantel beam. It was one of the few truly nice things they had, with a little ship rocking away on painted waves where the pendulum might be expected.

It said exactly eleven minutes of four. She remembered that hour all the rest of her life.

She went to one of their two real windows. These, even more than the clock, were their special pride, for they had eighteen panes of real glass apiece. They looked south across the Dancing Bird, so Rachel had to lean her temple against a cold pane to look eastward, past the corrals and downstream. She was hoping, for about the thousandth time, to sight a distant disturbance that would be Ben, at the head of his grand corrida.

He wasn't coming, of course. Men never did come while their women watched for them. Only when least expected. But they always watched, nevertheless, so now Rachel went to their north lookout, to see if Cassius and Andy were riding in. The lookout was no more than a tiny-paned tunnel through the sod wall. It was set high, and though Cash could stand flat-footed to fire through it, and Ben might even have to stoop a little, Rachel had to stand on a box to see out. This brought her eyes only a few inches above the ground at the back. Yet this worm's-eye view commanded a surprising reach of prairie, for the land fell away behind the soddy, to rise again in swells and gentle ridges rolling northward to the end of sight.

Most of the time the prairie was worth looking at, for it changed constantly, like the sea, to which so many have compared it. People thought of the deep-grass as brown, but usually it looked almost anything else—purple, or gold, or red, or any kind of blue; for a little while each year, as spring came on, it even looked green. Often, when cloud shadows crossed the long swells, the whole prairie stirred, and seemed to mold and flow, as if it breathed. But nothing like that was to be seen out there now. The land lay winter-defeated, lightless and without color.

Just as she turned away from the lookout, something out there changed, and she looked again without knowing what she had seen. The first ridge was scarcely a furlong off, and they kept its crest burned off, to deprive horse-thieving enemies of cover commanding the house. On this burn had appeared a dark, narrow object, about three feet high. It looked a little like a scorched rock; only, it had never been there before. "What *is* that?" she whispered; and her whisper was lost in the sound of the wind.

Now the object moved, and the mystery cleared, but without reassurance. She had been looking at the upper half of a man, whose horse was hidden by the swell of ground. The oddly behaving visitor now pushed onto the crest of the burn, and stopped again. Even at an eighth of a mile, Rachel could judge that there stood about the sorriest horse she had ever seen in her life; and somehow she knew that the rider was old too, and in all ways as poorly as his horse.

She watched him as long as he was there, yet somehow she never saw him leave. He was there, and then he was gone. Rachel whipped on a coat, meaning to saddle a pony and ride that ridge. At the door she took the Sharp & Hankins carbine from its pegs, and clashed open its sliding barrel, to load. Then she heard her mother moving about in their bedroom. Soundlessly she eased the sliding barrel back into its seat, and returned the Sharp & Hankins to its pegs. She was building up the fire by the time Matthilda Zachary appeared, misty-eyed and

yawny from her nap. "Did I hear a sound?" she inquired vaguely.

Rachel was silent a moment, then blurted it out. "There's something spooky going on out there! Back of the north ridge." She saw she had her mother's startled attention. "Some awful old long-hair—he's been watching us. Sitting the dreadfulest old horse, out on the burn . . ." She put a lot more to it, about how she came to look, and all, but actually she hadn't seen much more.

"Some old hunter, doubtless; been alone so long he was likely too shy to come in. No matter how much he wanted. What a shame! We'd have fed him, so gladly, if only he'd known."

"Yes, and filled the house with smells," Rachel said sharply. "And fleas, too! I bet he's been with every fat old squaw that never heard of soap between here and—"

"Rachel! I won't have you speaking so unkindly!"

Rachel bided her time in a sulk, confident of getting more of a hooraw out of her brothers. They jogged in pretty late, and took a while shoveling nubbin corn to a dozen winter horses that had come in to be fed. Matthilda set out candles, and as she lighted them with a fatwood splinter, her hair caught their yellow glow in its silver mist. Rachel closed the heavy shutters, as they must always do when they made a light inside. The north lookout was now a lightless eye, staring in at them. Rachel stepped onto the chest to pull shut its slide, and a shiver crossed her shoulders.

"What *are* they doing out there?" she complained, her patience dwindling.

But when her brothers finally came in, their reaction to her story was just as big a letdown as her mother's had been. She built it up all she could, this time, but Cassius was washing and spluttering, and Andy was noisily trying to straighten a spur, all the way through.

"Cash! Did you by any chance," Rachel demanded, "hear one word I said?"

"Oh, sure. Sounds a little like some old joker stands in need of horse flesh. Andy, remind yourself to go put up the bars. So's we'll know where at to start tracking from, come morning."

Rachel could have killed him. Cassius Zachary, twenty-one, was slim, black-haired, and was starting a mustache, not long enough to twist, yet, but sharply trimmed. He did nearly everything well, and carried himself as if he knew it. Ben often said Cassius had most of the brains in the family, and sometimes this seemed to be true. Matthilda said he had learned to read when he was three. And hadn't cracked a book since, Ben sometimes added. Cassius liked raising hell and cattle. Didn't want to know anything else.

And he could come up just a little bit too happy-go-lucky for any use, Rachel was thinking now.

But Andy, by his want of sense, went back on her worst of all. He was not yet sixteen, but already tall, and moved well, so that strangers must have thought him older. As small children he and Rachel had stood together against a world of adults, consoling each other when wronged and left out of things. All this made him the more exasperating when he came up with something stupid, and he was an expert at it. So now he looked as owlish as he ever had at eight years old.

"Don't you know what that was you saw? That—" he made it weighty—"was the Ghost of the Bandit!"

This sober idiocy left Rachel speechless, so Cassius took it up. "Ghost? In all this wind? He'd blow away."

"What about the Skeleton in Spanish Armor, down on Devil's River? *He* don't blow away."

Cassius pretended uncertainty. "Well—no; but—you take all that ironware he's got up in—"

"How about that whole platoon of spooks, down on Phantom Hill? Seen time and again, drilling in line!"

"I know, but is it a good *straight* line? Weather regardless?"

"It's perfect," said Andy stoutly.

Most of the feel of danger had left since the men came in.

But they had spoiled her story, and Rachel was hurt. She drew into herself, and shut up. Next evening, as twilight closed off another dark, windy day, she felt haunted for a little while, and stole a few glances at the north ridge, to see if the sinister figure would reappear. Nothing happened, though, for two days more.

Then, at the end of the third day, the stranger came again.

2

MATTHILDA SAW HIM FIRST. SHE HAD TAKEN her sewing basket to a south window, and as her hands worked she kept glancing at the prairie across Dancing Bird River, in hope of seeing Ben coming in.

Rachel was in the root cellar, a sort of pit they had dug as an afterthought into the hill behind. It went down four feet below the level of the floor, and could be got into, awkwardly, through a hole at the base of the wall, behind a wooden slide. Fumbling down there in the dark, Rachel had filled her apron with potatoes, when she heard her mother gasp. Rachel bumped her head as she came scrambling out. Matthilda stood at the window, so motionless that she looked rigid.

Just outside, no more than two long steps from the window, sat a strange-looking rider; and Rachel knew at once that this was the man she had seen on the ridge. The startling thing was the concentration with which he leaned from the saddle to peer in. Rachel saw a colorless straggle of beard, some stringy long hair flying loose from under a pulpy wool hat, and an Indian-trade kind of rifle too long for a saddle boot, carried across the withers. And the horse—how could so old a horse be living, let alone worked? Even in that first moment of shock—was there something familiar about him? This frightened instant had a feeling of being relived, as if the same thing had happened someplace else, long ago.

"Pull back," Rachel whispered. "Mama—come away!"

Matthilda said uncertainly, "Can he—can he see us?"

Perhaps there was some doubt of it, what with the darkness of the room, and a possible sky reflection on the panes between, but Rachel felt him to be looking straight into her face. "Of

course he can! *Please* don't stand there—" She drew her mother out of line.

"I didn't hear a thing," Matthilda said, bewildered. "I just looked up and—"

Her daughter whisked to the door, and the Sharp & Hankins came off its tree nails into her hands. The sliding barrel clashed twice, chambering a cartridge. Matthilda cried out, "Wait—don't—"

"Ben said to—" Rachel jumped the heavy bar from its slot, and forgot what she was saying as the door creaked wide.

"Rachel! Don't go out there!"

But Rachel was only standing on the stoop, looking frightened, and a little silly, as she stared upcreek and down. No one was in sight as Matthilda came to her side.

"Come in here—please, Rachel, please—"

Rachel hesitated, listening for a sound of hoofs, but the great organ-toned wail of the wind through the cottonwoods scoured away all sounds. Strands of hair whipped across her face, stinging her eyes. Suddenly Rachel wanted to be inside, behind the heavy door, within the thick walls. She was looking meek as she obeyed.

Matthilda's hands were unsteady as she barred the door; she crossed to warm them by the fireplace, so that her back was to the room.

Rachel said, "We know that man, from someplace. I've seen him before, a long while back."

"Fiddle," said Matthilda absently.

But Rachel was beginning to remember, not the man, but a happening that was the same. Long ago—six or seven years?—when they lived on the San Saba. . . . She began setting the table in shaky silence.

She held her tongue when the boys came in, waiting to see what her mother would tell them; for she had a wicked little plan. A name that had been playing tag with her, teasing her by dancing just out of her reach, had now come clear into her

mind. She judged it would serve to get Cash's attention this time. Certainly there had been enough fuss and to-do—yes, and mystery made of it, too—that time on the San Saba, long ago.

"Any word of Ben yet? Any sign at all?" Matthilda always asked that first, nowadays.

"Nope." Cassius began to wash. "You all have a good day around here?" He always asked that, too.

"Well . . ." Matthilda wavered, and would not meet Rachel's eyes. "Just a middling ordinary day, I reckon."

Quiet again, under the sound of wind, while Cassius bent low to souzle his face and hair. Rachel waited a moment more, watching her mother. Then—"Abe Kelsey was here," she said.

The effect was explosive. Cassius straightened so sharply his heels lifted off the floor. His eyes went to his mother, not to Rachel, and held with a hard questioning.

She had been stretching it, of course; she had no memory of what anybody named Kelsey looked like, way back yonder. She had meant to admit, in a minute, that she hadn't really recognized the stranger. Then suddenly it was too late for that.

"I was going to tell you," Matthilda said to Cassius, and her voice was coaxing him not to be mad.

Rachel's heart contracted. Her mother had recognized the stranger and had not let on. When you live so close to people, and they hold things back from you, it makes half-seen things stir in shadows that come all around you. Cash still stood there, water from his face running down his limp old buckskin shirt, and puddling on the floor from his dropped hands.

"She doesn't mean he came in," Matthilda said. She was faltering now, and near to tears. "He—just sat out there and—looked—"

"How long ago?"

"Twenty minutes," Rachel said clearly.

Cash shifted as if he would rush outside, but changed his mind without moving a step. "How come *she* knew him?" he demanded of his mother. "Did you tell her who—"

Matthilda shook her head, and her eyes were ominously shiny.

Aloud Rachel said, "A man of that name had an ambuscade with Papa, back in the earlies."

"Papa had falling-outs with a lot of people." Cash reached for a towel, wishing he were shed of the whole thing.

"There was something more to it," Rachel said. "Something queer, that I was never let to know."

"All you need to know is I don't want him around! Let him smell gunpowder—you all hear me?"

Cassius and Andy had to wait for daylight to pick up Abe Kelsey's trail. They followed it easily enough, until they had gone about four miles. Then it disappeared. Cassius blew up, and sat cussing so long he turned red in the face.

The trouble with Cash was that he knew exactly who he was after, and why. He thought of Abe Kelsey as a varmint that had to be killed before a worse thing happened, and he was in a sweat to get it over with. But he didn't know how much Andy knew. Nothing, he hoped.

Actually, Abe Kelsey was a most unfortunate man; about as unfortunate as a man can get, perhaps. He was even famous for it, in his own part of the world, which was limited to the prairies south of the Arkansas. Andy and Rachel may have been the only natives of the Texas frontier over ten years old who did not know who he was.

For his story had a riddle in it, and this kept it alive. He had once had a wife and a young son. But he located at Burnt Tree, a tiny settlement of three or four families thirty miles out of Round Rock; and the Kiowas destroyed it in 1863. Kelsey must have married late, for he had been middle-aged even then, and his little boy was only seven when Abe lost him, along with his mother, in the Burnt Tree Massacre.

Supposedly. Two years later somebody brought Abe a rumor that his son was alive, a captive in the lodge of a Kiowa named

Pacing Wolf. Abe went up there—and swore forever that he found his son. The boy had even answered to his name. And now a queerness came up. That the Kiowas claimed the boy to be neither white nor a captive, but of mixed blood and their own, was surprising to nobody. But men who had known the Kelsey boy came forward to declare that they had seen the boy dead and had helped to bury him.

But the lower counties were well salted with men who had themselves lost wives or children, or had otherwise been brought too close to the persistent massacres. These were very ready to believe Abe's story without any special scrutiny at all. Hell-bent couriers raced out in five directions, carrying Abe's appeal for help in recovering his little son. And a posse of more than thirty riders swarmed into their saddles in answer to the call.

William Zachary, then of Round Rock, was one of those who believed Abe. Zack did not see how Abe could mistake his own son, only two years gone.

With Abe to guide him, Zack rode on ahead to scout Pacing Wolf's village, days before the posse was complete. He hoped to make a deal for the boy without a fight that would put the captive child himself in deadly danger; or failing that, he wanted to form a strategy of attack that would promise success. He named a rendezvous on Cache Creek where Abe and he would meet the posse.

Abe and Old Zack beat the more unwieldy posse across the Red by more than a week; found Pacing Wolf; and rode openly into his camp.

The instant Zack laid eyes on the boy he knew they had wasted their time. The Pacing Wolf boy was white, or nearly so, but there all resemblance ended, so far as Zack could see. Young Kelsey would have been only nine, in 1865, and all Abe had hold of was a great lout at least thirteen years old. He had actually been on the war trail already, and had the scalp of a little Negro child, to prove it.

Zack talked to the boy in two languages, neither of which

Abe Kelsey understood. The boy was fluent in Kiowa, and knew a little Spanish, but about the only English word Zack could trap him into recognizing was "squaw." He said he had always lived in the lodge of Pacing Wolf, his father, and knew nothing at all about Kelsey except that he was a bad nuisance and got him laughed at. He offered Zack a Mexican concho to shoot Kelsey; couldn't do it himself, for a Kiowa believed that his own medicine would turn on him if he killed a crazy person, or even seriously harmed one.

As for answering to his name—the young savage answered to Set, for Set-Tayhahnnna-tay, which means Texan bear. And Kelsey's boy happened to be named Seth.

Zack was convinced that Abe was absolutely wrong, beyond any shadow of doubt, and he told him so, in no uncertain terms. Abe was thrown into an uncontrollable rage, in which he tried to kill Zack, and Zack had to take his carbine away from him. Unfortunately, Zack lost his own patience in this flurry, and smashed the lock of the carbine on a rock. Kelsey carried the broken breechlock with him a long time, and it gave his own version of the story substance for unimaginative listeners.

But a far more unlucky thing happened before Zack got back to Texas. Instead of turning back across the Red, Zack pointed his pony toward Fort Cobb. He carried a list of brands worn by some hundreds of horses known to be in the hands of Indians under Federal protection. Zack's bold demand upon the Fort Cobb commandant was for a release of the horses—or a strapping indemnity. He had a case, and later it was going to rage in the courts for a quarter of a century. Zack almost, but not quite, got something on account.

What he did not know was that the Fort Cobb cavalry was out on one of its recurrent patrols along the Red. Abe's belated posses, charging out of Texas to rescue little Seth, ran smack into a squadron of yellowlegs on Cache Creek. The handful of Texans were told to get the hell back where they came from, and fast—before they were set upon for taking

military action, and out of uniform at that. Whatever opportunity for rescue there had been was destroyed in five minutes, and never recurred again.

Abe Kelsey forever believed, and persuaded whom he could, that Old Zack had betrayed the rescue party to the dam-yankees; thereby purchasing the friendship of the Kiowas, and perpetual immunity to their raids, at the price of Abe's son.

Delusion and frustration seemed to unhinge Kelsey's mind, after that. He became hipped on at least winning the confidence of the supposed son who denied him. Endless failure only narrowed and hardened his obsession, until he was willing to become an Indian himself, if that would do it. He tagged the Kiowas around, living on what scraps they threw him. He ran whisky to them when he could get whisky, guns when he could get guns. He even scouted out easy kills for them among his own people, which would have made him deadly dangerous if the Indians had trusted a word he said.

And still the Kiowas would have none of him. Fearing to kill or maim a crazy man, they abused him in every other way they could think of, in hopes of driving him away. They robbed him of everything he got hold of, they dumped him in rivers, they played games in which they threw him about. And the boy he thought was his son would do nothing but spit on him.

For all this, Abe blamed William Zachary.

And presently he found another weapon to use against the Zacharys—a far more potent one than his unprovable charge of betrayal. It was a weapon so strange to them that they knew no defense against it; yet so deadly that Kelsey could punish and drive them with it. Even if they killed him—which Old Zack would have done if Abe had not eluded him—it might someday destroy them.

3

BEN GOT BACK AT LAST, TO THE GREAT SECRET relief of Cassius. Cash and Andy, having trailed Kelsey and lost him, were cow-hunting to the south that day, toward the Little Beaver, trying to bunch the scattered and winter-driven cattle for a ready gather. As they rode they looked often to the southeast, hoping for a dust that would mean Ben was finally coming in from Fort Worth, and points beyond.

They were looking the wrong way. In the middle of the morning they were puzzled by a considerable dust, big enough for a company of cavalry, but far to the southwest.

They rode toward the dust, and closed on the corrida in a couple of hours. They saw from a long way off that Ben had fetched home some thirty riders and a wagon—about the most successful hiring of hands they had accomplished yet.

Ben himself loped ahead to meet them at near half a mile, and the brothers exchanged a brief, hard handshake.

"I guess they must have moved Fort Worth," was Cash's opening comment. "I always thought of it as more to the eastward, like."

Ben explained that he had picked up a few hands there, but not enough. So he had turned southwest, racking down the ruts of the old Overland Mail another hundred miles, past the ruins of old Fort Belknap, all the way to Fort Griffin.

Both brothers had things they wanted to talk about, but not in front of Andy, or with the overemphasis of haste. So, "Come have a look," Ben said.

They rode back, now, along the straggle of newly hired cow-hands, who numbered twenty-eight, plus a cook who drove a six-horse team in the drag. In the performance of these men could lie the difference between calamity and a great year.

ALAN LE MAY

From the Dancing Bird to Wichita was a drive of only two hundred and sixty or seventy miles—no drive at all, compared to some Old Zack had made to Abilene from below the Neuces River; and they could expect wohaw—a tribute paid in gifts of beef—to satisfy the roving bands of Indians, who had no stomach for a fight with an armed crew anyway. Nevertheless, several thousand head of wolf-wild stock must not only be moved, but in some degree coddled, through uneasy country every mile of the way. The herd could get into big trouble any time, any place, if its trail hands were not up to snuff.

Seen from this standpoint, the new hands Ben had to show his brother looked none too encouraging. As usual, the greater number were youngsters; born misfits, mostly, hangdog and unsure of themselves, but with wretched hats cocked jauntily, as if they hoped they were dangerous. Yet Ben believed he saw a certain toughness, or the makings of it, in these downwind drifters; and he was hoping his brother would see it too.

Cash looked them over with a show of indifference. He had bossed a trail herd when he was nineteen, and believed he had proved himself a cowman. But Zeb Rawlins, with whom they pooled their drives, had been disappointed in the returns, and had never okayed Cash to drive again. Ben might blame himself, but actually most of the ill-nature with which Cash had greeted Ben's return grew out of Cash's resentment over having been unfairly shelved.

"Looks like you did all right," he finally brought himself to say.

So much for that. Ben now sent Andy back to the remuda to cut out any five of the new horses he wanted, for his own string. And the two older brothers drifted off to the flank, where they could talk alone.

Cassius waited until they were beyond earshot of the corrida, before he fired his cannon. "Abe Kelsey was here."

Ben's startled glance acknowledged that he had heard, but he didn't say anything right away.

"What kind of a horse was he on?" he asked at last.

"A mighty sorry horse, the way they tell it. I didn't see him. Mama and Rachel saw him."

Ben nodded, gravely. If Kelsey rode a bad horse, it meant the Kiowas still took away his horses as fast as he could steal them; so he had gained no influence with them, or favor. Well, that was something.

And his other questions: "Does Rachel—?"

Cassius shook his head. "She hasn't found out anything. Only—this floored me, Ben—she did call off his name. Whether Mama let something slip, or she guessed it from—well, that ain't what signifies."

"No," Ben said slowly. "That ain't what signifies."

"We've got to catch this Kelsey and hang him," Cassius said. "We should have tracked him down long ago. I'm thinking of the Rawlinses. No scale-horn on earth ever come stubbornner than old Zeb. And nobody hates Indians worse. If Kelsey ever stirs him up we'll have a finish fight on our hands. Else he'll gore us off the range."

"Damn the range," Ben said.

"What?"

Ben held his voice low, but a shake came into it, beyond his control. "Cash, I know, I know in my heart, I'll go after them, and I'll kill them, every man . . . the day they turn on her."

A shade of emphasis fell on the last word, "her," and that was where it belonged. It was Rachel whom Kelsey had been able to turn into a hostage, and a way to get at the Zacharys. In a dozen pioneer crises, the Zacharys had been held defenseless by the special vulnerability of this girl. And their great fear, keeping them forever on their guard through these years, was that she herself would find it out. Their perpetual vigilance in itself had made her far more precious to them than another child could ever have been.

Rachel, called Rachel Zachary, had been raised in the belief that she was their own. But she was not a Zachary, nor of any kin. Nobody knew who she was, or could ever know. It was not even known of what blood she might have come.

ALAN LE MAY

Abe Kelsey claimed he knew. He, and he alone, had been present when Old Zack found a naked baby on the prairie, seventeen years ago; and this gave him the color of authority, for some. After Kelsey turned on Old Zack, these listened when Abe pointed to what he claimed was the Zacharys' strange immunity to raids.

"Kiowas won't touch 'em. Never have, and never will! Bought themselves Scott free when they sold out my boy. Even took in a red-nigger whelp on swap, to bind the deal. Go see for yourself! A squaw young'n as ever was—growing up in the Zachary name!"

No worse nonsense was possible. If the Kiowas had believed for a moment that the Zacharys were holding a Kiowa child, however fractional of blood, they would have attacked without let-up. Yet it was the kind of theory that easily took root in this blood-soaked ground. In the past twenty years Kiowa and Comanche raiding parties had killed more than eight hundred Texas settlers. Among them had been a great number of women killed by incessant rape; and a lot of stolen children who died most pitifully in captivity.

Yet people in the worst-hurt counties still built houses with bullet-leaky walls and tinder roofs, without lookouts, rifle loops, or battle shutters. They let their children wander unwatched, and left their women alone for days while they fogged off on senseless errands. They couldn't learn and wouldn't be told, and no amount of bloody murder ever changed that.

Perhaps a man whose family had been chopped up could not be expected to blame his own negligence. Easier on his peace of mind if he assumed he had done the best possible job, and found other explanations for the better results of others. There were people who asked too recklessly and too often why war parties always passed up the Zacharys, exposed in handy reach, to jump families two hundred miles beyond.

Ben himself never feared the Kiowas much. What he feared was a moment of carelessness, at the wrong place or the wrong time, by one of his own people.

They watched the moon. Kiowas on raid might attack by night or by day, but traveled only by moonlight. When the moon was full, you could figure war parties were sifting all over Texas, unseen; while in the dark of the moon you wouldn't cut fresh sign of a single band. The Zacharys allowed twelve days a month for the full moon, and lived differently, then.

They watched the grass. Kiowas wouldn't try a long foray, or any at all, until their war ponies were in shape. So the grass could tell you when the danger time had come.

Most important thing to know of all was that Horse Indians never fought well against walls. They raided for loot, which meant horses, and glory, which meant scalps, and they liked to get them cheap. If your house was proof against bullets and fire, its doors and shutters few and heavy, the Kiowas were unlikely to come against you at all. Only—

Ben now saw something ahead that might change the whole quality of danger on the Dancing Bird, past hope of survival. Suddenly he felt sick in the pit of his stomach, and sick in his heart. A decision he had put off for a long time, and that his father had put off before him, would have to be stood up to, now.

SOMETIMES BEN FELT AWKWARD, AND A LITTLE bit embarrassed, as he came in sight of the house after being away for a while, for no more reason than that they were always so danged glad to see him. But he forgot that in the first moment he was there, for everything seemed natural, easy, and familiar. He never supposed he knew how to be homesick, nor realized how much he missed the people whom he left behind, until he saw them again.

Tears were running down Matthilda's cheeks, and Rachel's eyes had a wet shine, as Ben stepped from the saddle to the stoop. They hung around his neck, asking stupid questions, and making all the fuss they knew how.

In the house, where everything was shined up fit to eat and sleep the Governor, the best they had was ready to go onto the table, as soon as the women could leave Ben alone long enough to get it on.

Tonight they were all together again, all there were left of them, safe, and snug, and fed; and Rachel was truly thankful. Ben saw how happy she was, seemingly in all ways trustful of her world. He felt a hard twinge of pity, of anger, seeing her so innocently unaware of the black hostility that was hanging over her, ugly enough to darken the lives of them all.

But if any except Ben had a worry it didn't show. Ben's return with the corrida ended the long tyranny of winter for everybody. He brought the spring, and the rebirth of their world. Rachel and Matthilda had seen no women except each other for many long months on end. Now they would see the Rawlinses, at least, practically all the time, for the two families must work together closely, from here on. Or so they thought then; because it had always been that way before.

After supper, when their mother had gone to bed, Ben drew Cash aside. "You saw the hands I hired," he said.

"They look all right to me. I told you that."

"Could you take about twenty of 'em, and get four thousand head to Wichita?"

Cassius flared up, rowled on the same old gall. "What the hell you want to ask a thing like that for? You know it damn hootin' well!"

"All right," Ben said. "It's your herd, Cash."

"It's what?"

"I'm staying back."

Five of the Rawlinses arrived next day, to visit overnight while Zeb Rawlins and Ben straightened out their affairs.

"Let's not mention Abe Kelsey to them," Matthilda asked of Rachel. She made it oddly confidential, and urgent.

"Why?"

"It just isn't needful. I can't see it's needful at all!" Tears came easily to Matthilda's eyes, but Rachel was surprised, and a little shaken, to see them appear now. "Promise me. Please promise!"

It was the last thing she said to Rachel before their visitors came.

Zeb Rawlins and his wife, Hagar, appeared first, with a team and rig. All hands but Rachel and Matthilda were out horse hunting; they used ten horses to the man, so driving in a hundred and fifty head more was the first task of the spring work. The Rawlinses' two grown boys were out with the hands, and Georgia Rawlins, nineteen, had tagged along, as Rachel would have done had she been allowed. Zeb and Hagar Rawlins made a peculiar couple, unlike in most ways, yet held uncommonly close together by the circumstance that each had a handicapping "infirmity."

The nature of Zeb's infirmity had been unclear. Zeb was tall sitting down, and short standing up; his thick arms and shoulders had the great strength that sometimes goes with this build.

ALAN LE MAY

But he moved with a slow, ponderous step, and always traveled by team, unable to mount a horse or sit a saddle. The Zacharys, inventing an explanation, had once believed that Zeb carried a bullet in his heart. Later the boys had learned what Zeb had was a "rupture"—a hernia of the type for which outcountry folk knew no remedy but the truss.

Hagar Rawlins was taller than her husband, gaunt, grim-jawed, with hollowed cheeks and deep-set eyes. Rachel was afraid of her, for she had often caught Hagar eyeing her strangely, as if with antipathy, or perhaps with some nameless suspicion. As soon as Hagar was afoot, her own physical handicap was plainly visible, though puzzling as to origin. She was not the sort of person you asked about such things. Something was wrong with her ankles, as if the tendons had been cut; she painfully shuffled and flapped, dragging or slinging her helpless feet in misshapen moccasins.

Today Hagar brought news. The Rawlinses had an older daughter called Effie, who had been gone from the Dancing Bird country for a year and a half. She had taken down with lung fever, and gone into a decline; as a last resort she had been sent to Fort Worth for a prolonged doctoring. Hagar now had word that her daughter's recovery was complete, and she was coming home.

And more. While convalescent in Fort Worth, Effie had made good her time by catching herself a young man, of pretty good family at that, by all reports. She was bringing him home with her; they were to be married—out here, in her father's house. The Zachary women spent little time regretting the monotony of their lives; perhaps they did not even know how barren of reward their lives actually were. Yet they treasured every least diversion, and made the most of it. Now, suddenly, they had a wedding to look forward to.

Along toward sundown they heard the first day's horse-gather coming in. Georgia Rawlins was with them. She was a big girl a couple of years older than Rachel, tall as her mother, and strongly made; handsome, rather than pretty, but bright-eyed and full of bounce.

This was the girl who would normally have been Rachel's best friend; there was no choice of others. But both families tacitly understood that Georgia was Cash's girl. Supposedly they would marry at some undetermined time, when Cash got around to building a place to live. This threat stirred up a certain amount of possessiveness in Rachel, so that she very easily found faults aplenty in Georgia, and not much else.

Soon, the men began coming in. The two Rawlins boys, though lacking in flash, at least were young men who were not Rachel's brothers. Charlie was the youngest Rawlins, and the one nearest Rachel's age. He had sad, slow-moving eyes in a shy, quiet face—an empty face, Rachel thought it. She knew that Charlie's eyes followed her moonishly, whenever he thought she wasn't noticing. She found this pleasantly exciting, even though she didn't care anything about him.

Charlie's brother Jude, of an age somewhere between Ben and Cassius, was a likely sample of what his father must have been, before salt pork and inactivity crept up on him—bull-necked, hammered down in the legs, and heavy of bone and muscle.

After supper, Georgia, harder to squelch than a prairie fire, got Cash to his feet, then Charlie and Jude; and of course Rachel. They pushed things back and started up a singing game—a kind of a scamper, first, in which one stood in the middle, and a boy chased a girl around him until he caught her. Then others like that, with clapping and stamping for music. Couldn't have been more childish, actually. "Stole old Blue! And I know who! Here I come, and I see you!"

The room became hot; when the girls blew their hair out of their eyes, little damp tendrils were left stuck to their foreheads. "Now swing the other! That's the wrong one! Go right back where you started from. . . ." One rompy, let-yourself-go night like this had to last them all for a long time. Rachel wanted to hold onto it, as if it were the last night in the world.

It was the last, for these people as a group. They were never again all together under the same roof.

IT BEGAN TO RAIN; NOT IN THE GOOD OLD SOAKER they really needed, but in bursts that doused the prairie hard and briefly, with spells of sunshine and rainbows between showers, Ben walked out bareheaded in the first rain that fell. He spread his arms to it, and turned his face up to be rained on, getting whopped all over with drops as big as dollars. The Dancing Bird rose, and the grass started. Winter-gaunted cows and horses gorged themselves into bloats and colics, but all would be well with them now, for the time being.

All day long Jude's hammer rang at the forge, as he repaired the wagons and shrunk new iron to the wheels. Every few minutes came a yell, the angry squeal of a horse, and a splatter of hoofs, as somebody fought to get the hump out of a range-wild pony.

While it lasted, the lively horse-handling made every day a fiesta, but it was over in less than a week. The colts would have to learn their work as it went along. The cook wagon and the bed wagon began to roll. From here on the corrida would get home only every third or fourth night, coming in long after dark and pulling out before the first light. A couple of hands were left at the home layout, cleaning out the well, or mending saddles, or burning lime; there were always plenty of odd jobs to keep them busy while they served as a garrison. And one of the brothers always came in overnight when the corrida was out. This seemed all the precaution that was needed, for the moon was at deep wane; and even when it waxed again, the Kiowas would remain pinned for one moon more, while their ponies regained weight.

Almost every day Rachel rode out to the wagons with whichever brother had slept home. The range hands were rounding

up, cutting out the beeves that would make up the first drive, and chousing them into bunches that would finally be thrown into one great herd.

Before long she was sleeping out with the wagons half the time. Matthilda had never been so easygoing with her before. The truth was that Matthilda had been unable to shake off the forebodings she had been made to feel by Kelsey's appearance on the Dancing Bird. Often when she looked at Rachel she seemed to see a shadow hanging over her, menacing the child's place in the world, and her will to live—perhaps threatening her life itself; and she was moved to a loving pity, in which she wanted nothing in the world so much as for Rachel to enjoy a free and happy time, in her innocence, while yet she could.

But the day came when Rachel realized, with a hard shock of disappointment, that the spring work was almost over. She could not understand how so big a herd as they were going to drive could have been made up so soon. But now the long-winged chutes went up, for a quick road-branding of the herd; and that was always the last thing they did. As the hands began bunching the cattle for the push through the squeezers, Rachel knew the lovely green-up time was done.

Jude had forged eight stamp-irons for each of the two squeezes they built, so that plenty of irons were always cherry red, no matter how fast the critters came through. Using plenty of branders and plenty of fires, they branded a cow on both sides at once; while ear-markers cut a dangling strip of skin, called a jingle, on each ear, at the same time. The cows went through there on the run.

For a road brand Cash was using a kind of Galloping X, only he said it was a bird, and that it was dancing. Plenty big, and burned high on the ribs, it could be seen as far as you could see the cow; and the jingles served to identify an animal that so much as raised its head in the middle of a herd. Zeb Rawlins had some grumbling to do about the size of the road brand, which he declared cut down the value of the hide; and he disliked the ear jingles, which seemed to him a senseless disfigure-

ment. Ben undertook the job of assuaging Zeb, and fending him off, determined that the tough job ahead of his brother should be made no harder; and the herd was branded as Cash wanted it.

Then suddenly all grumbling stopped. Georgia Rawlins, who had been riding virtually alongside Cash every day, came out no more; Jude and Charlie took to scouring distant corners of the range on their own, far away from the wagons. Only old Zeb still sat lumpishly in his buggy, watching over his interest with what looked like a jaundiced eye.

"Reckon they got the word," Cash said.

"Yes," Ben answered.

Together they rode to Zeb's buggy.

"Zeb," Ben said, "you got something you want to say to me?"

"Well, no; not now." Zeb scratched his jowls, looking them over with the stoniest eyes they had ever seen in a human head.

"Not right now . . ."

They knew they had got answer enough. Kelsey had been to the Rawlinses—or else had stirred up somebody else, who had carried his lie to them.

After the herd was gone, the work went on; and for a while it seemed pretty lonely around the little soddy.

The Rawlinses came visiting no more; but the present coolness was easily explained, entirely aside from any part that Abe Kelsey might have played. Effie had been delayed, and Jude had stayed home to wait for her. None of the Rawlinses, except Georgia, thought Cassius could handle any part of the drive without Jude along, and Hagar had actually wanted the drive held up, until after the wedding. Even Zeb saw that this was ridiculous; the market would not wait for Effie, or anybody else. But Zeb himself could not forgive Ben's failure to consult him before making Cassius trail boss, for Zeb had hoped to put Jude in charge. Rachel could understand why the two families had better stay away from each other, for awhile.

And Ben was gone all the time. There was no Indian danger yet. The moon had been full as the herd rolled, but now it was

on the wane; the Kiowas would let their ponies strengthen on the spring feed until the moon waxed again. Ben left two men at the house—though even this seemed hardly needful—and worked a single wagon far out. He was trying to catch up with the calf-branding in the far corners of the range, so that he could work closer home when the danger time came.

Andy rode home every day or so, but Ben got home only once during that wane, and he might much better have stayed away. He came in very late, and drank his coffee without sitting down. "You all right, here? I'm fine. No, they haven't heard from Effie, far's I know. You folks need anything?" He filled his pockets with cold vittles, and was actually at the door, when he turned back to cut Rachel's girth for her, once and for all, "Oh, by the way—Sis—you'll have to quit all this ramboodling around the country. You've got to stay home."

"Now wait a minute!"

"For a lot of reasons," Ben explained. He had found Indian signs almost every day he had been out. The whole Indian situation looked bad. Fort Sill troops had been fired into—not just once, but three times that he knew about. Ben predicted a full-out uprising, come summer. "Just wait till their ponies are ready. Then you'll see!"

"What about Georgia? I notice she rides on the wild loose every day of the world! Everyplace you do!"

"I'm not running Georgia. It's you I'm responsible for," Ben answered her, making out it was all a matter of sweet concern for his sister's welfare.

Rachel was left low in her mind, and haunted by suspicions. Georgia pretended to be helping with the tallies, but Rachel thought it was mighty funny that she was always to be found tallying for Ben. Never felt called on to help her own brothers, who got on fine without any put-in from Georgia, seemingly. Not much to go on. Rachel couldn't really convince herself that anything was wrong. All she knew for sure was that a spring of seeming promise was turning into something pretty tiresome, with fly season not even begun.

But now Abe Kelsey was in the Dancing Bird country again.

KELSEY DID NOT COME TO THE HOUSE THIS time, though he might have been on his way there. Neither Rachel nor Matthilda saw him.

One afternoon Andy rode in two hours before he could rightly be expected, in a dusky rain; and Rachel ran down to the corral, to unsaddle for him, in case he was of a mind to catch up with a few chores. One look at Andy's face brought her up short. He had a greenish pallor, for one thing, like something under water.

"Andy! You're fetching down with something!"

"No—oh, no—I'm fine—" He tried to keep his face turned away from her as she stepped down.

"Then you're hurt. Either a colt stacked you, or—" Another possibility struck her. "Is Ben all right?"

He nodded, and pushed his rein into her hands; and he ran around behind the trough shelter. She could hear him being sick back there, as soon as he was out of sight. She tied the pony, and got a gourd of water from the well by the Dancing Bird.

Andy gulped at it. "Tell me one thing. Was he here? Did you see him?"

Confused, she almost said, "Who, Ben?" Then she understood. "No," she answered him. "I haven't seen him. But I think you have. Today."

She got the story out of him, then. Andy had been with Ben, a long way out from the wagon, when Kelsey showed himself. He came toward them, first, as if he wanted to talk—maybe had been watching for a time when they were apart from the others. But when they pointed their horses at him he lost his nerve, and ran for it. Ben closed on him fast, and pulled his pistol. Kelsey took one look back, and the next thing he did was unbelievable. He pitched away his rifle—and went tearing on with his hands

up, kicking his horse full stretch. Ben seemed flabbergasted; plainly he didn't know what to do. He could have gone ahead and shot Kelsey, but he didn't seem to think of that. He hesitated a few seconds, then stuck away the pistol and shook out his reata. And the rest was a nightmare.

Kelsey was jerked off his horse, but the loop had got an arm and a shoulder, as well as the neck, and he hit the ground alive. Ben didn't seem to know what to do about that, either. He just spurred on. . . .

"When finally he stopped, and I come up, there wasn't nothing on that reata but . . ."

Rachel let him skip that part of it.

"Ben threw away his reata, rather than step down and loose it," Andy ended.

"You don't call that killing him?"

He shook his head. "We went back to the wagon, for tools to dig a grave. And it started to rain. Took us two hours, before we got back where we left him. And when we did . . . he was gone from there."

"Didn't you cut for sign?"

"It was raining hard by then. We couldn't find out anything." They never did find out how Kelsey left there. "I never knew Ben to fizzle so. I suppose I should have shot Kelsey, somewhere in there. I guess," Andy finished uncertainly.

"Why should you?"

Andy stood opening and closing his mouth. "Ben told us we had to," he said finally.

They stood out there talking a long time, though Matthilda twice came to the door of the house and banged on the triangle. Andy didn't know anything more. But talking had got some of the kinks out of him, and he returned to his normal color. They didn't have to explain anything to Matthilda, which was just as well. The truth was that they didn't know then just what had happened—whether Kelsey was alive, or dead, or what.

The next day Ben appeared unexpectedly, and Georgia was with him, stirrup to stirrup.

ALAN LE MAY

Rachel was getting ready to fix Ben something to eat, and wondering if she could bring herself to set a plate for Georgia, when Georgia dismounted at the stoop, letting Ben take her pony to the corral.

"Ben lost his reata," Georgia said as she walked in. "That's a man for you. Doesn't even know where or how, seemingly. Had to come in to get a rope."

Rachel must have known that it was jealousy had hold of her, a very different jealousy than she had ever felt when Georgia was fooling around with Cassius.

"Been seeing a good deal of Ben lately, haven't you?"

"I help keep the tallies. It frees a man for the work. Anyway, we have to keep a cross-tally. For Pa."

"Who's cross-tallying for Cash? Oh, I forgot. Cash is way far up the Wichita Trail. Out of sight, out of mind. I guess that's plenty easy, for some."

Georgia answered shortly, but reasonably. "Get this through your head. I'm not bespoken. Not to Cash or anybody else. When I am, I'll tell you."

She moved away, toward the wash bench; and Rachel, turning to the table, picked up the long Bowie knife with which they carved, and cut a paper-thin slice from the pot roast. The run of the honed blade through the meat felt good to her in her present mood. She knew she had said enough. She had a chance to drop it now—the last chance she would have in her life; but she couldn't let it alone.

With her back to Georgia she said, "I won't have you coming between Cash and Ben—you hear me?"

"I hear you very well," Georgia said slowly. "You sound like a spying little sneak, to me."

Rachel's head came up. "I am Rachel Zachary," she said. "Everywhere in—"

"You're what?" Georgia got in.

"Everywhere in Texas, they know who the Zacharys are. And do you know how many people there are in Texas can give a Zachary slack? Not one!"

THE UNFORGIVEN

"That's right," Georgia answered. "It's a big pity you ain't one."

Rachel stared, no more than puzzled, then.

"You're no Zachary," Georgia made it plain for her. "You're no tittle of relation to a Zachary."

"You out of your mind?"

"Why, I knowed it first time I seen you. Look at yourself! Where's the Zachary bone? You got bones like a snuff stick. Look at your hide! The sun ain't hardly touched you, and already you're the color of a red hog in a mudhole. You couldn't pass for a Zachary in a thousand years!"

With shock, with bewilderment, Rachel saw that Georgia believed what she was saying. She stammered out, "How do you think I got here—if—"

"You're nothing but a catch-colt, a foundling—picked up bare-nekkid in the road, at that! You don't know who you be, or what—and you never will! And everybody knows it."

Rachel's lips turned white, and curved in a little smile, while her eyes went wide and fixed. The knife in her hand poised in front of her, edge upward, and she moved toward Georgia, light and quick on the balls of her feet.

From the bedroom door Matthilda screamed—"Rachel!"

She stopped short, and the knife clattered from her hand.

Georgia had retreated from her, stumbling over her awkward riding skirt. She was not a girl who scared easily, but this time there was horror in her eyes; for she knew she had never been nearer death in her life. Before Rachel's vision had cleared she was gone.

Matthilda held Rachel in her arms, comforting her, crooning to her. "There, now, there . . . dear girl . . . dear, dear little girl. . . Everything's all right."

"What did she mean? Mama—what could she mean?" Rachel was shaking weakly, but her mind was working again.

"Don't think about it. Put it all out of your mind—please, Rachel—please!"

"She believes it. Mama—is it true?"

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Long ago, Matthilda had known this moment might come. In her mind she had rehearsed what she would say, forming two opposite answers, one a straight-out denial, the other a natural and easy acceptance as of something unimportant.

But the years had come between, dimming the danger and the need. She had almost been able to forget that Rachel was not her own, because she so wanted to forget. Now as she reached for the answers she had devised she could not remember what they had been.

She faltered, "Why—why, Rachel—why, I—" And in that moment of groping it became too late.

"So it's true, then," Rachel said.

FOR ALMOST A WEEK RACHEL TRIED TO FIND herself, while it seemed to her that not a single familiar compass point remained. Her whole identity had been struck away. These familiar people among whom she lived were in reality strangers; they fed and sheltered her by tolerance and charity, not in accordance with her rights, for she had no rights.

She tried to find out how the Zacharys had come by her in the first place. Matthilda was tempted to invent an elaborate story, giving Rachel an inspiring family history and a romantic orphaning. She would have done it, too, had she not known perfectly well that she would be tripped up by it, soon or late. She compromised by telling part of the truth. Rachel's natural parents were unknown, she admitted, and this was true. But here she began changing the facts a little bit. Lots of wagons were on their way to California, she said, and Rachel had accidentally got left behind by one of them. At a rest-over camp, called Possum Stop. It wasn't there any more. Nobody knew which wagon, or why the family never came back to look for their baby. Maybe they'd been fooled on where they lost her—looked a long time in some wrong place. Or . . . it was possible something happened to them. . . . It came out a whole lot more lie than truth, before she wiggled out of it, perhaps because so little truth was known.

Rachel asked, "How much do the boys know?"

"Andy doesn't know. He wasn't born, then. And Cassius—well—I don't believe he ever thinks about such things. Ben knows, of course; he was seven, then. But we promised each other it would be our secret. We wanted you to be just our own." Then, pleadingly, while those ready tears threatened again: "We don't need to say anything to them. Or to anybody.

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Ever." She wanted everything put back just as it had been before. But Rachel did not feel that this could ever be.

All my life I'll wonder who I am.

She stayed out of the house all she could. She doubted if either Ben or Andy noticed that anything had happened to her, but she stayed away from them, too, what few times they came in. She was watching the tadpoles in a still slough of the Dancing Bird, without seeing them at all, when a strange new idea came to her.

Why, then, Ben isn't my brother. He isn't even my cousin. He isn't any relation at all. . . .

Of course the same thing was true of Cash and Andy, but with them it seemed to make small difference; her affection for them could stay the same, whether they were brothers or just childhood friends. But with Ben it was somehow a peculiarly disturbing, even frightening thought, hard to get near to, after thinking of him as a brother for so long.

In a few days she decided: *All I want is to wait on him, and take care of him. Even if he married somebody else, I'd be happy if I could just work for him all my life.* But later she knew it wasn't so. *No—I couldn't stand for anybody else to have him. I'd rather die.*

She began to light up again; and Matthilda was so relieved to see it that she never dared to ask her what had come over her.

Rachel sent a note out to Georgia, next time Andy stopped home. "I take pen in hand to say I'm right sorry," she wrote. "I had no call to act up so. You taken me by surprise, first off. But I see now you told me something I bad needed to know, and I'm right thankful."

Georgia's prompt answer was scrawled on a leaf from a tally book, and appeared to have been written in the saddle. *During a fit of pitching*, Rachel criticized, but was glad to get it. "Freind Rachel," it began, and went on to express relief. She hadn't told anybody what their Donnybrook was about, and hoped Rachel hadn't. All Ben knew was that she "got run the Hell out with a bucher Nife." Laughed fit to die every time he

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threw it up to her. What she needed was her mouth sewed up, Georgia finished.

Whatever it was the Rawlins family had gone so sour about seemed either to have been withheld from Georgia, or had not affected her. So they fixed it up, as they thought, and just about in time. For now the moon was coming full again; and this time the Kiowa war ponies would be tough and full of run.

Ben had been saving the work near home for the Kiowa Moon. Of the six hired hands held back from the drive, he had meant to give half to Zeb, for the Rawlins defense, but Zeb, perhaps in a spasm of thrift, had accepted only two. Ben could only hope that the Rawlinses were getting a little something done, now and then, over at their end of the range; for though the Rawlinses were maintaining a taciturn truce, they could not now join forces in a single range crew every day. Of his remaining four men, Ben picked the best shots, a couple of boys named Tip and Joey, for a permanent home guard; while with Andy and the other two he got on with the calf branding, bringing all hands in every night.

Rachel watched her chance to catch Ben alone. For a couple of days it seemed as though there was no way this could be done. He had turned short of speech, and was showing strain, as if he did not like what his houndlike casting told him was happening around there, during these moonlit nights. Sometimes she thought he had guessed what she was up to, and was wary of being pinned. But on the third day of the Kiowa Moon he broke a stirrup leather, and had to stop in the saddle shed to rig another. And there she cornered him.

"Funny how seldom you ever seen one. An Indian, I mean," he said, and rambled on as if trying to avoid questions by doing all the talking himself. "Once or twice I've seen a little speck, a long piece off, on a ridge, where nobody ought to be, and that's about all."

"Ben," Rachel cut in, "is Abe Kelsey dead? Do we know yet if he's dead or not?"

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He did not look at her, but his hands stopped their work. When he answered his words were toneless, without any ring, or jump. "He's alive," Ben said.

She did not make him go into how he knew. He was lacing leather again and would soon be out of there. "I have to know one thing," she came straight at it. "What was the great hurt we did Abe Kelsey?"

"Us? Hurt Kelsey?"

"He hates us, Ben! Why? Because Papa wouldn't help him get back his son?"

"The Kiowas don't have Kelsey's son—never did have him. Kelsey's boy is in his grave at Burnt Tree."

"Sure looks like a father would know his own son."

"Would, huh? That one damn-fool notion has kept the whole thing a-simmer! I talked to this Seth two years ago. In Kiowa, naturally. He already had two squaws, and three-four kids. All this at sixteen? That buck is twenty-two if he's a minute!"

"Ben, you mean to tell me that old man would fetch down a raid on us just because Papa wouldn't—"

"A raid? Him? They wouldn't move an inch for him."

"I heard he's virtually one of 'em!"

"They'd have killed him long ago if he wasn't crazy. They bat him around, and misuse him, and take his stuff away from him—you saw the horse they left him with. But let him scout for them? Hell! They'd never believe a word out of him."

"Then why are we so set on killing him?"

He hadn't seen it coming. He had dug his own trap, and galloped straight into it. He opened his mouth, and closed it, and for a moment wouldn't look at her.

I've got him, now. I'm within one inch of the truth, right this minute. Ten seconds more, and all this mystery will be over. . . .

But Ben balked; he could think of no dodge, but he balked anyway. He met her eyes, not with candor, but with plain obstinacy. "Horse thief," he said shortly, and shut his mouth

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like a trap. He knotted the stirrup-leather lacing, finished or not, and took his saddle by the fork, to go out.

She was beaten, and she knew it. Nagging him would serve no purpose. She asked him, "Does Seth ever come here, Ben?"

He stopped. "Maybe. I don't know. Why?"

"Want to see what he looks like."

He said with a startling intensity, "I pray God you'll never see his face! Because if you ever do, there'll be war paint on it."

He left her; and she was disheartened as she thought how near she had come to a glimpse behind a dark veil.

Ben had been wrong about one thing. Seth came the next day, without war paint, and in plain light.

ON THE DAY SETH CAME, BEN LEFT THE OTHERS hauling water to the house, while he rode circle alone to read what news of the night had been written upon the prairie soil. He was back in twenty minutes, and had the up-horses moved to the corral nearest the house, where they were covered by its guns. Then he brought Andy and the hands into the house and forted up. The battle shutters had been opened to let in the first sun, but now they were barred again. They pried the plugs out of one shutter loophole at each of the two windows facing the Dancing Bird, and opened two loopholes in the door.

Suddenly everybody was motionless and silent, a man at each loophole, with no places left over from which to see out. Ben said, "Ground your carbines, you fellows. I'll kill the man who shoots before I tell him." Perhaps they didn't know him well enough to be sure whether he would do it or not. He seemed so relaxed and easy, even pleased with the whole situation, Rachel was not sure she knew him herself.

He spoke now in a queer, soft tone. "Sis . . . Speak of the devil. You want to see what Seth looks like? . . . Let her look, Andy."

What she saw was astonishing. Three Indians sat their ponies on the near bank of the Dancing Bird, in full view of the house at less than fifty yards. They were recognizable at once as Kiowas; their strong, flat-stomached build, prepotent in the Kiowa blood no matter how diluted, could not be mistaken for that of any other Indian. They carried carbines in their hands, but wore no paint, no headdresses. They rode light Indian-made saddles with elkhorn trees or none, and the tails of their ponies were blowing free, instead of clubbed for battle. In

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all ways, these three were equipped for travel, not for fighting.

"There's fifteen or twenty more of 'em around someplace," Ben believed. Kiowa warriors would take any risk to put you off your guard. "He's a whopper, isn't he? Big as Satanta."

She knew then, for the first time, which Seth was. You couldn't tell he was a white man, at the distance. Kiowas came in as many sizes as white men did, but when they were big, they were big all over, heavy-limbed, but never paunched like a Sioux or Comanche.

"I know all three," Ben said. "The one to the left of Seth—there's a tough one! That's—that's—" he tried a Kiowa word—it sounded like G'yee-tau-tay—under his breath. "Wolf Saddle, I guess you'd call him." Kiowa names were shiftily to translate; this one might mean "Rides a Wolf," or "Wolf on his Back," for all Ben knew. "And the other—" he hesitated again. Traveling Hawk? Wandering Eagle? "That's Lost Bird," he settled for. "Meaner than Seth himself, if that's possible. Those buggers know what they're doing."

Outside, Rachel saw Seth speak shortly to the others, then start his horse straight toward the house, at a walk. His right hand was raised, in the sign of peace. Wolf Saddle and Lost Bird followed on either side of him, unevenly, despising any discipline of formation.

"Uh-huh," Ben said. "Well, I'm going out there." He was wearing a Colt's Dragoon revolver, in a holster black with years of saddle-soapings. He loosened and turned the belt, so that the gun hung lower, and on his right. "Bar the door after me," he told Andy. Then to the two cowhands: "You fellows—Tip and Joey—better poke your front sights out, soon as I'm on the stoop. I won't shoot unless one of 'em swings gun on me—and don't you cut loose until I do. All right, lay holt of this bar, here, Andy."

He went out on the stoop, hatless, and stood lightly, his hands hanging empty. The three Kiowas stopped in front of him, their ponies spread a little, less than two horse-lengths away. Andy

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took the loophole Ben had left, and each had his own, now, except Mama, whom Rachel forgot for the next few minutes. When next noticed, Matthilda was at the table, her Bible before her but unopened, her hands folded upon it.

Seth's eyes settled upon Ben, and held steadily, waiting for Ben to speak first. The marauder looked self-satisfied, insolent and sure of himself; yet Ben outwaited him. Finally Seth grunted, and began to talk in signs, letting his carbine hang in the crook of his arm. The conventionalized signs his hands made ran off smoothly, and very fast; yet the message was simple, and Rachel could understand it well enough. "We come as friends. We came to talk to our friend."

Those in the house understood no more, for now Ben did an exasperating thing. He refused the sign language known to everybody on the prairie, and made the Indians speak in their own tongue. To show off? To impress them? Presently Rachel knew he had done it so those within would not know what he said.

Now Seth went into a long, unhurried speech, and Rachel took a look at the other two. Wolf Saddle was the chunkiest of the three, with a broad and yellowish face, as if he might have Comanche blood. His brief interjections seemed to be jokes, for whenever he spoke the other two laughed.

The other Kiowa, called Lost Bird, was in some ways most remarkable of the three. His skin had the dark yet ruddy sun-char of the full-blood Kiowa; but his hair, greased though it was, looked to be auburn. His face was smooth, lineless, placidly at rest. When Rachel had looked at him for a moment, she realized a strange thing. This face was beautiful, and in an odd way, as a girl's face should be beautiful. She was fascinated, and at the same time repelled.

As if he felt her gaze, Lost Bird turned his head and looked her straight in the eye; she felt as if the whole door were suddenly open in front of her, and not just the loophole. His eyes were green, now—no, a dark yellow. They darkened as he tried to

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see into the shadows behind the loophole, until they seemed almost black, and surface-lighted. Yet as he turned his eyes to Seth again they appeared the gray of pale slate. She had a frightened sense of having known eyes like that before, though she was certain she had never seen Lost Bird in her life. A moment of uncertainty weakened her middle, so definite that she felt a touch of nausea.

Instead of answering Seth at once, Ben spoke in English to the people behind him. "Andy. I want a few cartridges. But stay where you are. Let Rachel bring them to you."

By his softened tone Rachel knew Ben was smiling, and she wondered if the Indians knew by this how angered he was.

"I want two fifty-caliber metallic, and one rim-fire forty-four," Ben said.

Andy unbarred the door to put the three cartridges in Ben's hand. "Bar it again," Ben said and Andy obeyed. They saw Ben toss one cartridge to each Indian. Then he made a brief final statement in the Kiowa tongue.

The three sat quiet a moment more, their eyes fixed on Ben, faces as expressionless as mud. None threw their cartridges away. Seth kept tossing and catching the gift cartridge without looking at it. He took a slow look at the carbine snouts sticking out of the shutters, on his left and on his right, and he looked at the loophole where he knew Andy must be. Then he spit at Ben's feet, and unhurriedly turned his horse.

The others followed Seth, walking their horses slowly, their backs exposed arrogantly to the carbines in the house. Andy softly lifted the bar, and Ben slid inside. The Kiowas jumped their horses out of sight over the cutbank of the Dancing Bird.

"That may be all, for now," Ben said; but he kept Andy and the hands on watch for a long while more. Nobody on earth was Indian-wise enough to say for sure whether an attack would come, or when.

Mama let her lip tremble, now that it was over. She whimpered, "I only wish those people would stay away."

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Ben said, "There weren't any people here, Mama. Those were Indians."

Rachel moved close to Ben, so that she could make her tone low, yet urgent, demanding. "What did Seth want of us?"

He turned to her slowly, took her face between his two hands, and for some moments looked straight down into her eyes.

Then a twinkle appeared, and his face softened with the first warmth before a smile. "They were trying to buy you," he told her.

It seemed so far-fetched, so unexpected, that she couldn't tell it from the kind of foolishness with which he often put people off, when he didn't want to answer them. She heard herself reply nonsensically, in kind. "Well, did you sell me?"

"I held out for more horses."

TWO DAYS PASSED, AND THE MOON WAS DEAD full, but Seth did not return. No new Indian trails appeared upon Dancing Bird land. For the moment the country seemed to have emptied of Kiowas. Ben doubled his precautions, turning more irritable every day over the time lost from the work while they scouted the terrain. But the prairie remained blank and still.

Unexpectedly, on the sixth night of the Kiowa Moon—in the very heart of danger—Effie popped up in the foreground of their lives again. Ben brought the word when he came in at nightfall, the Rawlins split of the crew having been joined up with his own early that morning. It seemed that a rider had reached the Rawlinses pretty late the night before, and hollered them up. His news was that Effie and her promised young man—his name was Harry Whittaker—were only one day behind him. The messenger had left them at Fort Richardson, when he was sent on ahead with the word. They meant to come right on.

"Why, she must be home right now!" Matthilda marveled.

The wedding was to be in four days, giving Effie three days with her family, during which the family could get acquainted with their new in-law.

"Jude and Charlie turned right around and high-tailed for home, soon as they give—gave us the word," Andy complained. "Let theirselves right out of a full day's work."

"They had to ride to meet their sister, of course," Mama told him. "It's the least they could do."

Ben didn't hold with all this galumphing around the country in raiding season—with the moon right smack on the full, at that. He understood this Whickaty, or Whittaker, or whatever

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his numpish name was, had some side riders with him—didn't know how many. But the fact that he had sent his rider, this Gus, riding far into the night all alone, proved *he* didn't know what he was doing. "Her brothers should have met her in Fort Worth, if you ask me," Ben gave his opinion. "And then kept her where she was!"

The Zacharys, by previous arrangement, would go over to the Rawlinses the day before the wedding—which left them only two days to get ready. They were in a panic over all the baking they must do. And when it came to what they should take to wear! Weeks of forewarning apparently had not readied them at all.

In dry seasons the Dancing Bird was no more than a few hundred yards of stagnating slough, where the Rawlinses had built. They called it "The Branch." The trees that had once fringed the water had gone into the cabin, a considerable barn, and a line of stock shelters, and the brush had been burned off to help the grass; so the whole place could be seen in virtually naked detail, from a long way off. The peeled-log house with its shake roof made the Rawlinses feel better-fixed than the Zacharys, who lived in a hole in the ground. At the same time, the Zacharys felt above the Rawlinses, who had no wooden floor, but lived on dirt, like pigs.

Still beyond sound of a hail, they saw Georgia come out of the house. She gave them a sketchy wave, as if uncertain it could be seen, and disappeared back inside.

The Zacharys soon learned that Effie had not come home. Her brothers had expected to meet her only a few hours out, but no one had come in that night. When there was no sign of them next day, Gus and the two cowhands assigned to the Rawlinses had been sent to search the road. But three days had now gone by, and no word had come.

Zeb had welcomed them quietly and gravely, and since had sat staring into the fireplace. Once he said, "Being's Ben and Andy are here now. I believe I'll just hitch up and—"

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But Hagar said, "I'm going with you, if you do." And that was the end of it.

"I'm sure they're all right," Matthilda said. "They're bound to get here. I know they will."

"Yes," Hagar said without emphasis. "I expect they're safe somewhere, Mattie."

Nobody could find much more to say. They had expected to find the cabin thronged, but it had become a sad and awkward place to be. Rachel and her brothers took their time carrying in all the fancy cooking they had brought. More stuff piled up inside than there was any place for, and every added hamper made plainer how different things were here than they had expected. Hagar sat inert, looking cadaverous, even failing to protest when Matthilda and Rachel got supper on.

The Zacharys had no way to leave there. No place for them all to sleep, either, until the main room was changed around, and shakedowned fixed on the floor. The Zachary hands went out to spread their blankets in the barn, and Ben and Andy slipped away to join them as soon as they could. Georgia had a narrow bed, in a lean-to room like a horse stall, and she offered this to Matthilda, then to Rachel. But there was not room for both, and neither would desert the other. Georgia made more coffee, and withdrew. At another time Rachel would have suspected Georgia of going out a window to fool around the boys, but the notion had no interest for her now.

At last Zeb, who had been dozing in his chair, made a feeble effort to take Hagar off to bed; but retired alone when she refused. *Maybe he doesn't want to be alone with her either*, Rachel thought. And after that the three women just sat, while the night dragged on.

Rachel had been asleep in her chair when she was startled awake by Hagar's voice. There was no clock in this room, but the embers in the fireplace were low, as if the night were old.

"I pray God she's dead," Hagar spoke out strongly, her voice dry and harsh in her throat.

"Hagar," Matthilda protested helplessly.

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"I know whereof I speak," Hagar said. "I was in the hands of red savages, long ago. . . ."

And this became the dreadful night in which they learned what had crippled Hagar, and made her strange. They did not know how to stop her, or to close their ears, no matter how much they might wish forever they had never had to hear.

Hagar had been orphaned, by the time she "come of full growth." Two uncles and a brother were starting for California, by wagon across the plains, and she had made them take her along. But they were late at Independence; the last wagon train of the year had pulled out a week before. They could not afford to lay over until spring, so they joined one other belated wagon, and set out to overtake the train.

They never caught up. A woman and her three-year-old boy, from the other wagon, and Hagar herself, were the only survivors when the Indians struck.

She judged they knew how the savages had used her then, and the other woman too. For a few days the two women took turns carrying the child as they rode the bareback Indian ponies. But one day the mother could comfort the little boy no more, and he began to cry. Hour in and hour out he cried, until they came to a stream. There an Indian took the child by the feet, and slung him high in the air, into the river.

The mother slumped to the ground, and could not be beaten to her feet. The savages scalped her before they went on. Hagar worked herself free of the horse upon which she was tied, and tried to get hold of the bowman, to kill him with her hands. After that they always bound her ankles together with rawhide, under the horse's belly, when they rode; and that was how they crippled her forever.

Hagar had at last stolen two of the fastest horses the savages had, and got away. Some soldiers found her, finally, on a wagon trail.

"The body heals as best it can. But it was Zeb Rawlins raised me up among the living again. A whole man, then, and

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a proud one, and I told him all. Yet it was Zeb gave me back my soul. Or so I thought, until this very now. . . .”

Hagar’s voice had gone lifeless, a dragging monotone; yet she felt the need of telling them one thing more. “This one thing I know. The red niggers are no human men. Nor are they beasts, nor any kind of earthly varmint, for all natural critters act like God made them to do. Devil-spirits, demons out of red hell, these be, that somehow, on some evil day, found way to clothe themselves in flesh. I say to you, they must be cleansed from the face of this earth! Wherever one drop of their blood is found, it must be destroyed! For that is man’s most sacred trust, before Almighty God.”

“Suppose,” Matthilda said, with surprising self-possession, “suppose a little child—a helpless baby—came into your hands—”

A dreadful glow came up behind Hagar’s cavernous eyes. She extended her hands, gnarled and clawed, and they were shaking. “A *red nigger* whelp? Into these hands?”

Matthilda remained steady, and rode it through. “I have no question to ask,” she said.

Hagar crumpled weakly, and her words were faint. “If Effie is in their hands tonight . . . how can I ever again say . . . God’s will be done. . . .”

Rachel held deathly still, hardly daring to breathe. She believed Hagar Rawlins to be insane.

Ben was harnessed and hooked before dawn; and he found his womenfolks more than ready to be taken home.

It was Georgia who rode out to where Ben was working the calves, with the word that Effie was dead. An ambush in the ruins of No Hope, only twenty-five miles from home, had left no survivors.

Ten days passed before the body of Effie Rawlins was brought home. It turned out that Jude had gone on down the Trinity, all the way to Fort Worth, to have a proper casket built. He

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had even tried to get silver handles, but had not found them in supply. The coffin he at last brought back was strong and heavy as a safe, with the lid sealed down, and no way to open it intended.

But Hagar was determined to make sure for herself that the body Jude had brought home was really Effie's. Though they did all they could to restrain her, she got up in the night, found tools, and forced the coffin lid.

Inside she found only a sealed lead box, about a foot wide, by thirty inches long.

TIME WAS GETTING ON TO WHERE THEY COULD begin hoping for Cash to get home, pretty soon. They never could tell, within a matter of weeks, how long their trail drivers were likely to be gone.

During this time occurred one of the small-seeming, unreadable things, the seriousness of which was hidden at the time it happened. They lost a horse, which was a commonplace if anything was, except that this one went missing in broad daylight, out of the up-horse corral. The animal was a sleepy old pony named Apples, because it had some Appaloosie blood, shown in a pale, speckled wash across its hindquarters. It might never have been missed, except that it happened to belong to Andy, who called it his night horse; he hunted, and complained, and harped on his loss, until everybody was sick of hearing about Apples.

Cassius had now been gone upwards of six weeks, and they were coming into the just-barely-possible area. The land was already yielding dust again where the grass was poor, or the run-off had scoured the earth barren. So now they watched for a distant stir-up.

But when they sighted one, early in an unseasonably hot afternoon, it was in an unlikely direction; and it was a Fort Worth posse that came there, before ever Cash got home.

Ben sent Andy up to the house, with word that Matthilda and Rachel were to stay inside, whatever happened. And shortly after that, nine riders came jogging around the corral to where the Zachary men waited, sitting their sweated horses.

The man in front, gray-thatched and gray-mustached, with a dried-out look, Ben knew for Sol Carr of Tarrant County. He had been a Ranger, once, before the War Between the States,

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and would be one again, now that Texas could bring the Rangers back. Ben did not know why his father had disliked Sol Carr but remembered that this was so. For the time being Carr was head of a loosely organized bunch of volunteers from the Fort Worth neighborhood. They chased thieves and war parties, and some of them rode all the time.

Most conspicuous, because they hung back and would not meet his eye, were Jude and Charlie Rawlins. But Ben could have named three of the five others. He had exchanged powers of attorney with them, for handling drifted cattle.

Behind the mounted men, a tenth man drove a light wagon, with a horse tied to the tail gate; and the lead horse was Apples.

Andy swung down. "That's my horse you got there! What's that contraption you got on him?" Apples was carrying an Indian saddle of sticks and straps; it looked to be broken.

Somebody shouted, "Let that horse alone, boy!"

Carr dismounted now, without invitation, and Ben stepped down to meet him. They stopped two paces apart, and did not offer to shake hands. Both had left their carbines on their saddles, but Ben wore his holster slung low on his right, and Sol Carr was similarly armed.

"We've been following out the No Hope massacre," Carr said to Ben, "and we've been lucky. Found out quite a bit. We taken a prisoner. A white squaw man, and I believe you know him. Name of Abe Kelsey."

"We've been looking for Kelsey a long time," Ben said.

"That's as may be. What interests us, he was mixed up with them red niggers at the massacre. Laying aside what he says he was doing there, he anyway messed into it enough to get himself shot up. And we got him."

"Alive?"

"Just about. We got the names of the main war chiefs out of him. Seth was there, and so was Wolf Saddle. But he says Lost Bird was the leader. Though he may be protecting Seth, seein's he claims he's Seth's old man."

"If he's alive," Ben demanded, "why haven't you hung him?"

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"We may get around to it," Carr answered. "Meantime, he's spieled off a whole string of charges against you. He says, to start, the Kiowas used your place, here, for their point of assembly."

"The three you named were here," Ben acknowledged. "We forted up, and stood 'em off."

"He says Lost Bird learned from you that the people they massacred were on the road, and there was no other way the red niggers could have learned of it."

A stir of surprise ran over the posse as Ben laughed in Carr's face. It was a nasty laugh, with promise of fight in it, yet unexpected. "The Rawlinses are the people we have to work with," Ben said.

"They're also the damyankees that crowded in on your range," Carr reminded him. "Your old man had his eye on this grass for a long time. When he finally come to settle on it, Rawlins was ahead of him, and he had to go splits. It's possible to believe you wanted them out of here."

"Oh, good God almighty," Ben said with contempt.

"There's plenty to say it's the Kiowas you have to work with, not Rawlinses, if you want to last where you are. They say this foundling girl, this foster sister of yours, you people have raised—"

He broke off, stopped by the blaze of pure murder that had lighted Ben's eyes, contradicting his smile. "What about her?" Ben prodded him.

"They say she's the key to your understanding with the Kiowas," Sol Carr went on coolly. He had been startled, but he was not the man to be frightened. "Kelsey says your old man found the girl on the prairie, and rescued her. And she proved out to be a Kiowa quarter-breed baby, lost out of a drag litter—Lost Bird's half sister, out of a white woman captive. They say the Kiowas are friendly because you're raising one of their own."

"Carr," Ben said, "if you don't have enough Indian-savvy to know that's impossible, it's no use to talk to you. You ought to

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know there's nothing could bring the whole tribe down on us any quicker than if they thought we was holding a captive Kiowa child!"

"I would have supposed so," Sol Carr admitted. "Only there's one thing more. After the massacre, Abe Kelsey made his way here. His horse had been hit; died about two miles out. He's showed us the bones, stripped clean by the wolves. God knows he was in no shape to catch another. He says you people gave him a horse. You gave him that horse, right there. You helped him get away on it. And he got back to some of his red niggers—what time he could keep up with 'em."

"That horse was stolen," Andy said. "Out of this corral right here. And within an hour of noon!"

"Nobody around at all?" Carr said with disbelief.

"I had two men here all the time," Ben told him. He glanced at Tip and Roddy, and found them looking blank, and frightened.

In the moment of silence that followed, Ben saw Sol Carr look past him, and start to say something more, then close his mouth again. Ben had not known that Matthilda had left the house, until she spoke from behind him.

"I did," Matthilda said clearly. "I gave him the horse."

Sol Carr lifted his hat to Matthilda, and spoke courteously, covering his objections to being thrown off his line of attack.

"I remember you, M'am," Carr said. "You are Mrs. Zachary."

"And you are Sol Carr," Matthilda responded, "who tried to do my husband out of six thousand dollars."

Carr may have reddened a little, but his tone did not change. "I understood you to say you gave Kelsey this horse. Did you realize, then, he had come direct from the No Hope massacre?"

"I realize nothing of the kind. The day he came here was more than two weeks after the massacre."

That stopped Carr for a moment or two; but he said, "He had been wounded, though?"

"He had a gunshot wound in the limb," Matthilda said. "A

new one. The blood was fresh on the bandage. It wasn't a bad wound, then. I should judge it's bad now—I can smell green-flesh from here. You'd better get him some doctoring, or you won't get him as far as his trial!"

"M'am," Carr said, "this is his trial."

"I'll be interested to hear the verdict," Matthilda said saltily.

"What was your belief, then, as to how he got wounded?"

"I supposed he was caught stealing horses. Our horses, likely."

"You thought he was a horse thief," Carr said wonderingly.

"You knew he was a squaw man. You knew he's spread tales against you, to your great harm. Yet you gave him a horse to get away on?"

"Yes," said Matthilda.

"M'am, in God's name—excuse me, M'am—why?"

"Poor old man," Matthilda said. "I was sorry for him."

"After all he's done, you tell me you were sorry—"

"Suppose one of my little children had been taken by red savages," Matthilda said. "Do you think there's anything I wouldn't do, any lengths I wouldn't go to, to bring my child back to me? I have no doubt I would go crazy, as crazy as Abe, before the end of it. Of course I'm sorry for him!"

There was a lot more questions. Like, where were the two men Ben had left at the house, while Matthilda was giving away Apples. Smoked out, Tip and Joey admitted they had been reining a couple of colts, and had jumped a loafer wolf. They had taken after it, to rope it, and run it a far piece.

But the backbone of the posse's purpose, if it had been to involve the Zacharys, had been broken for the time being, on the sheer incredibility of Matthilda's honesty.

The posse leader stepped into his saddle. Then Ben mounted, though he made Andy and the cowhands stay at the corral. Matthilda turned away, and plodded slowly up the hill to the house, her face white, but held as rigidly expressionless as she could make it. Behind her all the horses began to shift and move; and it was Ben who led out, not in the direction from which the posse had come, but upstream.

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As the wagon moved, Abe Kelsey dragged himself up with scaly old hands to hang over the side. Clear up at the house, Rachel could hear him plainly, wailing and pleading.

"I'm an old man—I'm a pore old man—I ain't got no friends—I ain't done nothin'—I'm a pore old man—You got no right—"

It was almost sundown when Ben came back and unsaddled slowly. A little after that the posse passed, going back the way it had come, but on the far side of the creek. The old man in the wagon no longer made any sound; and Rachel knew, by this time, why the posse had gone upstream. There was a big pin oak, up there, a whopper for its kind and place, with a limb of suitable height and girth. An old tale had it that a bandit had once been caught here, and hanged upon that tree. Some said, and Andy liked to believe, that this ghost from long ago still haunted the Dancing Bird. No matter whether that legend had any truth in it or not.

The Dancing Bird had a ghost to haunt it now.

A WEEK LATER, EIGHT MEN OF CASH'S CORRIDA got back, with the reduced remuda, and both wagons. But Cassius was not with them.

Ben met the stripped-down corrida half way to the Red. He found a hand named Johnny Portugal straw-bossing.

Cassius had ridden on ahead of them, Johnny told Ben. Said he had a side trip he wanted to make, on the way home—something he wanted to see, though he didn't say what. So, the morning of their fourth day out of Wichita, he had taken a fast horse, and a spare on lead, and was soon out of sight.

Cassius came in the next day. He was gaunted and hollow-eyed; saddle-weary to the bones from recent hard riding.

Nobody but Ben ever learned the story of where Cassius had been, or what had been his errand.

He had conceived a bold, brilliant, and wholly far-fetched stroke; execution involved great personal danger, while the odds against accomplishing anything useful were enormous.

Cash had begun by reasoning that Rachel was a Kiowa or she was not; and the truth must be in existence somewhere. If it was, the place to find it was in the lodges of the Kiowas themselves, for they had always kept better records of their history than any other Indians on the plains. He imagined that Striking Horse, a Kiowa warlock Old Zack had once known, could probably lay hands on the facts if anybody could. So Cash had gone to find out.

Striking Horse was an old man who for a long time had been what the whites called a medicine chief. He had a gift of prophecy supposedly conferred by owls, which the Kiowas feared as more or less supernatural, and connected with the world of the dead. He kept with him an owl skin with a bladder in it, enabling him to produce an owl on order by secretly in-

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flating one; and the showpiece among his sacred possessions was a giant thigh bone of a Man-eating Owl.

Old Zach had once been Striking Horse's friend, up to a point, and in a way. Striking Horse had been prominent in the Eagle Sign Society, a group of magicians devoted to sleight of hand. It had amused Zack to contribute to Striking Horse's reputation by some simple gifts.

And it was Striking Horse who had given Cash's father the name of Stone Hand, the time Zach knocked a Comanche senseless with a slap. Cash had reason to hope that the father's name would serve to place the son.

Cash did not find the Owl Prophet quickly, or easily, or without certain moments of great risk. But he got there.

Cash opened by giving Striking Horse his carbine, and all the ammunition he had for it, with no strings whatever attached—thereby putting himself just as far outside the law as the old Indian was.

After that, piecing out his battered Kiowa with quick-running sign language, he had told the Owl Prophet about a medicine dream he claimed to have had, in which he was shown a thing that actually happened, long ago. He had seen a Kiowa village running away from a great force of Tayhahnnas. While he watched, a baby was bounced out of a drag litter unnoticed, and so was lost; and this was what the dream had been sent to show him, for here it ended. He had even been made to know in what year this thing had happened. But something was unclear. The baby had seemed to be a Tayhahnnas child, held captive by the Kiowas. Cash made out that it was necessary to his medicine to know whether this was true, or whether the lost baby had been a Kiowa child. This was what he had come to find out from the Prophet of the Owls.

Striking Horse brought out his history calendar, and gravely spread it before Cassius. This was a spiral figure, delicately drawn upon a deerskin, and filled up with tiny pictures, each representing a summer or a winter; for the Kiowas counted time

by seasons, rather than years. Each spring and fall the calendar keeper added a little drawing that stood for an event. The single recorded event served to bring the season back to him, reminding him of all other events. A number of Kiowas kept these wheels, each one differently. The Owl Prophet's wheel went back so far it had grown bigger than a grindstone.

The old Indian told Cassius to point to the time, on the calendar wheel, when this thing happened in his dream. But Cash studied the wheel; and presently saw a winter distinguished by a speckled face. He had heard of a smallpox epidemic among the tribes during the winter before Rachel was found. So now he pointed to the summer following.

After due thought, Striking Horse decided he didn't remember any baby being lost that summer. Must have happened in some other village than his own. He said he would ask some other calendar keeper sometime, when he ran into one. If he found out, he would send word. He put the carbine away, and offered Cash a smoke.

"I guess I was a damn fool," Cash said. "Wasted a carbine, likely. Still . . . the Kiowas don't generally lie. Except to damyankee commissions," he qualified it, "who lie all the time. He might find out. I remembered afterward he never asked where to send word. But I judge they know how to find us, all right."

Yes, I judge they do, Ben thought. *Too dang hootin' well.* He was hiding a bitter anger, for his immediate conviction was that Cash had made out death warrants for them all. The thin nonsense about a dream could not have fooled Striking Horse for a minute. So here was Abe Kelsey at their throats again; doubtless he had tried to tell the Indians a thousand times that the Zacharys were holding a captive Kiowa girl.

Small matter whether the Kiowas had believed Kelsey or not, now that Cash had run to Striking Horse and virtually confirmed the whole thing. *Cash didn't realize,* Ben told himself, keeping his mouth shut and his face still until he could get hold of his anger.

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"You did a brave thing," was all he said, at last.

Until Cassius got home, Ben had not touched the huge strongbox carried in the cook wagon. It was built of heavy steel plates, and it took four men to carry it into the house. Instead of padlocks, it had blacksmith-welded iron straps, and they were the better part of an hour getting it open at all.

Inside, sewed up in a great number of small deerskin pouches, Cassius was carrying a little more than \$104,000 in gold.

They moved the carved secretary Papa had made—it weighed about a ton—out into the middle of the room, to get at what they called the Glory Hole. This was a trap door, fitted of random-length planks so as not to show, with a keg set into the earth underneath, to keep their money in. It had been empty, or nearly so, most of the time for quite a while. But tonight they filled it up again; and tried to realize that they were rich.

After Rawlins had been paid some thirty thousand dollars for his lesser share of the herd, and they had paid off seventy-five or eighty other brands for nearly a thousand strays they had driven and sold, and when they had paid off twenty-two thousand in debts, they would still have thirty thousand dollars left—a fortune, clear and unencumbered; plus a couple of thousand head of breeders and young stock, not counting calves and yearlings, standing on the range.

First thing they did was to send a rider down the Dancing Bird with a note to Zeb Rawlins, naming the halfway point at which he must meet them, late that day.

ZEB RAWLINS AND HIS TWO SONS MET THE three Zachary brothers on a stripped and barren flat ten miles down the Dancing Bird. Jude and Charlie carried their carbines in their hands as they rode on either side of their father; and Zeb himself carried a long rifle in his lap as he drove. Saddle horses and buggy team were freshly groomed and tail-plucked, and every inch of rigging had been rubbed to a shine, under the film of the fast-gathering dust. This spit and polish, as much as the weapons in their hands, bespoke a predetermination that this showdown should be official, final, and complete.

The two parties pulled up with the noses of their animals a horse-length apart.

Zeb Rawlins sat motionless, looking so solid and immovable that the buggy was made to look frail.

"My brother sold your cows," Ben said shortly.

Zeb's eyes went to Cassius, who spoke briskly. "Twelve hundred and nineteen head, as loaded at Wichita. Average for the herd, twenty-six dollars and eight cents a head. Your pro-rate of cost, one thousand and four. Leaves you thirty-one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one dollars and fifty-two cents."

Watching Zeb's face, Ben could see no change in his neighbor's dark and heavy mood. Cash had described a great golden flood, all but unbelievable, after the lean years that had gone before. Ben supposed Zeb must already have had news of the market from another source.

"I'll send for what's due me," Zeb said.

They waited, until Zeb Rawlins was ready to go on.

"The charges made against you have not been fully proved," Zeb said. "Not yet."

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"Watch your God-damned mouth," Ben said; and he saw Zeb's jowls begin to purple and shake.

"My daughter has been murdered," Zeb said, still speaking with slow weight. "Her mistreated remains are under the ground. It's enough for me that any part of the blame could be charged to you at all, by anybody whatsoever. Yet I'll do this one thing more. I'll buy out any rights you think you have here, together with whatever cattle of yours you don't want to drive off. Figure up your price, and send me word what it is. But I want to know soon!"

Ben answered so reasonably that Cash shot him a glance of angry disbelief. "I might buy, or I might sell," he said. "Either way, I mean to cross-brand, first. There's too many cows on this range owned by marks on paper, and not enough owned by the right marks on cows. If you want me to work yours, too, send a rep. It'll cost you the standard fifty cents a head."

"I'll send a rep," Rawlins conceded. "See that you keep your damned iron off the odd-brand cattle until he comes!"

Ben's voice rose in anger for the first time. "I'll brand any damned critter I see fit!"

"All I want," Zeb roared back at him, "is to get you red-nigger lovers to hell off my range!"

"You've got no range," Ben said dropping back into his drawl again. "This is Texican land. It'll take a sight more than a fat-gutted damyankee son of a bitch to put me off it."

In the quiet that followed, Andy shortened his reins, and flipped the ends out of the way of his draw.

"I'm sick of looking at them," Ben told his brothers. He turned his horse; and the moment for gunfire went past.

But something else had happened that might build up to a bigger and longer fight than any six men could have had, on the flats by the Dancing Bird.

Up to here Ben might have been willing to give up the Dancing Bird, drive a stocker herd to some new land, and start again, rather than drag his family into a war he might not be able to

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win. But it seemed to him now that if he gave ground this time, he would never make any stand again.

He no longer believed that he would ever be able to give up this land.

A week passed. Ben and Cash alternated days on the range, one staying in with two or three hands, picked for their interest in gun-fighting. The range crew quickly whipped through the last of the calf branding, and began to sort the cattle and shove them around. They started cross-branding, adding the Dancing Bird brand to cattle otherwise branded, but their own on paper. Whichever one was home spent many hours a day at Papa's carved secretary, sorting and rebooking the hopelessly complicated accounts and tallies.

The Rawlinses did send a rep, at last, and the Zacharys were glad to see that Jake Rountree was the man who had let himself be talked into the job. Jake knew cattle. Neither Cash nor Ben ever had any trouble with him. "Trying to give everything away," was his only objection to the way they were handling the bust-up. The Rawlinses, for the time being, stayed off the range.

Meantime their debts had to be paid, a big job in itself; for all those thousands were owed in dribbles, to hundreds of cowmen, spread out over most of Texas. It was a job Ben felt he had to do himself; wanted to find out what kind of friends he still had in Texas, for one thing. He would be in the saddle many weeks, and he was eager to get at it.

They were at breakfast when he told them that he would ride south in the morning, leading the old bullion mule. He was leaving Cassius with twelve men, including the cook, and Andy. Four or five men, and either Cash or Andy, were going to be at the house all the time. The place would never be unguarded, regardless of the moon.

He shouted for somebody to catch the mule up.

Mama exclaimed, "But I thought you said tomorrow!"

"Oh, sure; only thing, if I happen to be twelve, fifteen miles

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in the right direction come sundown, hardly any sense in riding it two ways. Pretty near amounts to a day. Though it's hardly likely; I expect to be home, all right, if you want to set a plate—"

"Now, Ben, you can come home for dinner just this one last night," Matthilda pleaded. "Please, now, won't you?"

"I'll sure try," he promised. He was always shy, and embarrassed when it came time for any big build-up of good-bys. They knew he had maybe seized upon this way to get out of saying any at all. But Rachel could only take a chance on it, and bake him a birthday cake ahead of its time, in hopes he would come home, this last night he could.

When the cake was frosted, she made for Ben the creation she had invented. Summer had turned hot early this year, and as they neared the end of June the swampy sedge pockets along the Dancing Bird were green-scummed and still. This was the kind of summer that made a good firefly year. Some years they saw hardly any, but this time they were all along the creek, all through the trees, by the middle of June. And the ground cherries—the other thing she needed—were ready early, too. These were tiny plants that hid under the deep-grass; they bore papery little lanterns the size of a strawberry, each with two small yellow berries inside. Experimenting, Rachel found she could get the twin berries out of the little lanterns and put a firefly in each, instead.

So she made a firefly tree—and if there had ever been one in the world before, she hadn't heard of it. She cut a dried-out smoke bush, a skeleton of silvery twigs, about two and a half feet tall, and tied the ground-cherry lanterns all over it, dozens of them—though they looked like hundreds before she was through. After that she had to wait for dusk, when the fireflies came out. Half the time she worried for fear Ben wouldn't come home, and the rest of the time for fear he would come early, before she was ready. If he came too soon she would have to wake him up to show his cake to him; he always went sound to sleep, as soon as he had eaten.

As soon as the first fireflies rose into the twilight she began lighting the firefly tree. On and off went the little lanterns, more and more of them lighting as she got fireflies into them, until by full dark the whole firefly tree was alive, working all the time. It showed up well; for, though they were about at the end of the current Kiowa Moon, they lighted no candles, preferring to leave the shutters open for air. Rachel stuck the contraption in the middle of the birthday cake, and waited for Ben to come and see.

She sat up for a long time, in the dark beside the firefly tree; until finally she put her head on her arms and went to sleep.

It was close to midnight when Ben got home. The ringing of his spurs waked her. She raised her head as he came clumping in, and heard his fingers slap his holster before he knew who was there, in the dark.

"I made you a cake," she said stupidly. "It's right here."

"Seems like some kind of a tumbleweed, or something, has grown up out of it," he said, fumbling in the dark. "My God, am I as late as that?"

She started to say, "It's supposed to—" Then she realized that the firefly tree was dark.

"There's a lightning bug climbing on it," Ben said. One little lantern had gleamed weakly, once, and then quit. She shook the tree, but nothing happened; the fireflies wouldn't light any more. Maybe they were dead.

She tried to tell him how the firefly tree had been meant to work, and had worked, before she went to sleep. She wanted to make him see how pretty it had been, with the little lanterns lighting up all over it, on and off, on and off. But in a minute she knew it didn't sound like anything, just told in words. And she began to cry.

He took her in his arms, tangled his fingers in her hair, and let her cry against his chest. He said, "I believe that was the very nicest thing I ever knew anybody to do."

She realized then that she was actually close in his arms,

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there in the dim dark, and she forgot about the firefly tree; but she still pretended to cry a little, for a while more, so that he would keep on holding her. She thought, *He knows I'm not his sister. Shall I tell him now? Shall I tell him I know it, too?*

"Well, anyway," he finally said, "we can eat the cake."

They took it out on the stoop, in the faint light of the waning moon. He sat with his back against the house, and when Rachel had cut the cake she sat close by him, leaning against his shoulder, while they ate. Before they were through, they ate it all.

They talked about how dry it was. Ben had been up at the source of the Dancing Bird, and it was no more than a seep; though in the spring it was a little waterfall nearly two feet high, and they called it The Falls. Rachel admitted to Ben that whenever she was at the head of the creek she always looked for the bird Papa had seen there that had given the stream its name. Ben laughed a little, but as much at himself as her. He said, "I always do, too."

"Papa was chasing Pawnees," she said, knowing this was wrong. She had found she could always get him to tell her the old stories she liked by pretending she didn't have the facts right.

Old Zack had been chasing a Comanche raiding party, in the early days of the War; it was that everlasting raiding and chasing that had kept snatching him back every time he set out to enlist. This time the chase had led them a long way through the dry, until finally their loose horses had lit out, thirstblind and undrivable. And Zack himself had left the trail to recover them. They had smelled the live water, running freshly in the heat, a dozen miles away.

Downstream, the little creek disappeared in the sands; only four miles of it ran all year round. Zack had followed up-current to where the water came out from under a limestone ledge. And there on the flat rock just above the water was dancing the strangest bird, some kind of a crane. Zack knew sand-hill cranes, and whooping cranes, and every kind of shidepoke,

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whether it lived in Texas or just passed through; but this was none of them. It was bigger than a whooper, near five feet tall; blue and white, with yellow legs and a red beak. Nobody had ever heard of any such a thing. But there it was, reflected in the water as it bobbed and wheeled and pirouetted with half-spread wings, the way sand-hill cranes like to do, though only around their mates.

Papa sat neck-deep in the cool water under the ledge and watched the dance, and the bird seemed not to mind him. And as he sat there the notion came to him, he used to say, that this was no natural bird, but a spirit bird, sent to him for a sign. The Indians would have called it that. Papa told that part as if he didn't mean for you to believe it—and yet as if he did more than half believe it, himself.

Or maybe he didn't, Ben thought now, as a possibility occurred to him that had never come to his mind before. Might well be that Papa made all that up, to kind of sugarcoat this last, farthest move, into the very shadow of the Kiowas. . . . So maybe there never was a bird that danced. Just only a fairy story. . . .

"I sure miss Papa," he told Rachel. "He's four years gone; and yet, this year, I miss him more than I ever did before. We needed him, Sis. We needed him bad."

In some ways he sounded weary, and about a hundred years older than he was. But there was something else in the way he spoke that reminded her of a little boy. *Now?* she wondered. *Should I tell him now? "Sis." He knows I'm not that to him. He pretends it to please Mama. Because he thinks I believe it. Is this the time to tell him?*

She was afraid. She could not remember ever having been so much afraid in her life. Ben was naturally good-natured, when not harassed, or overworked too much. Maybe he hadn't minded being so nice to her as he had always been, so long as the pretense that they were brother and sister held up. But maybe he wouldn't like to think of her in any other way; maybe he wouldn't have any use for her at all. There never seemed to

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be a right or natural time to tell him. Nothing they talked about ever led into it any way. She couldn't seem to find a way to tell him, without it sounded far-fetched, and crude, and kind of out of a clear sky. Like a rock plunked into the pancake batter, all unexpected out of noplacement.

She asked him where Witch River was, where Papa had died, and why nobody outside the family ever seemed to have heard of it. It was a reached-for question, to keep him out here on the stoop a little longer. Any time, now, he might yawn and go to bed.

He explained—and this was new to her—that Witch River wasn't the right name of anything. It only ran in the spring, or during hard rains. Just one of the innumerable runoff channels that gullied the prairies everywhere. Few drivers logged it, because they crossed it when it was dry. Those who had trouble with it, during the spring melt, called it the Death Crossing, or Deadman's Creek, or the Ghost Fork, since Old Zack died there. Only the Zacharys called it Witch River, after a stock joke Papa had used, just before he started his herd into the angry water.

Old hands were always sending some greenie up to ask the boss what river they had come to.

"Witch River," Old Zack would say.

"Why, this one, right here."

"That's right," Zack would answer, sending the boy back bewildered. If the jokers in the swing could get the boy to say he guessed it must be the Wright, they were satisfied. From there on the kid couldn't head his horse into any stream, without somebody asking him if he was sure it was the right river.

To Ben it seemed fitting that the river in which his father died should be named after this country joke. He believed Old Zack would have chosen to go to his death with any kind of makeshift, rather than with no joke at all.

Now Ben told her about the day his father had died. The family knew, of course, that Papa had been drowned, while

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crossing cattle, but Rachel had never known Ben to feel like talking about it in any detail before.

Zack had reached Witch River late in the day, but he had ordered a crossing anyway, though it would run on into the dusk, and maybe the dark. They put the herd through in bunches of about five hundred, going into the water where the banks were low. The current was running pretty hard, but they had enough river-wise hands to press hard against the leaders, lest they yield and be turned. Three bunches crossed all right. But as they put the fourth into the water the light was failing, and maybe the horses were tiring, for this time the leaders turned, and were swept downstream with the current. The wild Texican cattle would do that, sometimes, in spite of all hell and the best men in Texas.

The cows were carried downstream into a deeper, narrower channel, under the high bank, where the faster water got hold of them. Here the south bank was high and bluff, and even undercut; there was no way to turn back. The riders who fought against the sweep-away found themselves either too far across, or caught in the mix of the turned cattle—a mortally dangerous place to be.

Ben himself was in the broad shallows on the far side. The lead cattle, with thrashing hundreds behind them, rushed past and got below him in the first moments, swimming with the fast current. Old Zack—Papa, to Ben—was famous for his crossings. No disaster was in his record such as caught him this time, all in a moment. Ben was running his horse at a stumble through the shallows, trying to get downstream of the leaders. So he was well placed to see what Papa did then.

Straight off the bluff came Zack's rocketing horse, winging far out over the channel as it plunged to deep water. How far below was the river? To Ben the bluff looked sky high—crowding fifty feet, maybe. But this sounded like such a stretch that he always afterward called it "worse than thirty." Not a record jump, but one hell of a piece of cow-handling. Zack sounded

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the rebel long yell all the way down. An explosion of water went up as the horse hit just ahead of the leaders—and they turned.

As Papa came up he was trailing free from the saddle horn, on the downstream side of his horse—you can be swept under your animal, into the meat-chopping hoofs, from the upstream side. Papa's horse sunk its hindquarters, treading for bottom, and found it. Man and horse surged up onto sound footing, and all the hardest part was behind

Once Papa had said, "All accidents are freak accidents. All dangers are hidden dangers, by the very meaning of the word. Look out for the Indian sharpshooter where there's no cover to hide him. Watch out for the badger hole, far from where any badger should be. A man can ready himself for anything on earth, if he knows it's there."

So now the unforeseeable struck from under the fast water. As Zack's saddle horn came streaming up, something sodden whirled to the surface, and shawled itself over the nose of his horse. The horse reared and went over backward, and the current rolled over horse and man. They did not reappear.

Ben sent the herd on, and stayed to search Witch River. The stream emptied like a bucket in a day or two, and Ben found his father's horse, along with some drowned cattle, in a mess of drift. And with the horse was a drowned wolf. Now, how many drowned wolves have ever been seen? Ben had never heard tell of one in his life. Those varmints refuse to be drowned; too strong, too tough, too wary. Yet this one had come a long way to surface right there, at the nose of Zack's horse, in that one split second when Zack's life could be ended by it.

Though Ben rode downstream a long way, and later others rode, Zack's body was never found.

Zack had been around forty-five when he died, but full of drive, and a don't-give-a-damn quality, much like Cassius. So long as he lived, Ben would never forget that soaring leap with its ringing rebel yell, the spraddling horse against the sky above

him, the incredibly tall sheet of water that went up as horse and rider hit, turning the cattle. He remembered it all, as if it had been last night. He had never been able to get used to the idea that a man so much alive as Zack could just suddenly be out of the world, completely and forever.

"Now the horses he rode are old," Ben said slowly, wonderingly; "and his bones are sand in the sea."

They were silent. The fireflies that had failed Rachel were thick and bright, stirrup-deep, all along the Dancing Bird. Rachel reached for Ben's hand, and held it hard between both her own.

"I miss him still," Ben said. "He was all I ever knew to turn to, when I didn't know what to do. I need him, so many times. . . . Rachel, Rachel honey, I never needed him any more than I do this year."

Now? Shall I tell him now? Maybe I could become what he needs, instead. But still she didn't know how to speak.

"He would have known what to do here," Ben said. "Papa knew how to face anything down."

"No," Rachel said. "If you'll think back, you'll remember things he turned his back on, trying to pretend they weren't there. You'll even remember things he never faced, but gave ground to, and drew away."

Now how does she know that? He was almost frightened, for a moment. How much does she know, and understand, that we think she's never suspected? He decided to ignore it.

"He was a good man," Ben said, without change of mood. "The best man ever forked a horse, I guess. There'll never be another like him."

Her whisper was intense, rebellious. "That isn't true!"

"What?"

"You're a better man than Papa ever thought of being."

"Rachel! Me?"

"You're steadier, and you hold on harder. You stick to your knittin', where Papa was always getting switched off. Papa

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could no more stay with what he was doing when the guns and saddles came out than a yearling hound. You're the one people can tie to, Ben! And count on always."

"I—but—why, Rachel—" he was dumbfounded. "But, you loved Papa—I know you did. Because—"

"I worshiped him. I would never have known he wasn't the best man in the world, if I hadn't known you. But you're the best man."

He was silenced; and she didn't know whether he was touched, or only astonished, and shocked by her heresy.

Presently he leaned over, and gently kissed her hair. He said softly, "I'm right glad you think that, anyway."

Now? Is this the time?

But he stood up, and with an easy pull of one hand lifted her to her feet. He said, "Now, you take care of everybody, while I'm gone."

And it was time to get some sleep.

After Ben was gone, the summer ran on; and it was turning into one of the driest they had known since they had been on the Dancing Bird. The grass cured on the stem before it was halfway up, and the range, heavily overstocked the year before, was overgrazed and haunted by dust devils, wherever the livestock used.

Rachel dug up extra tasks for herself, which in other years she had delayed as long as she could. She boiled down antelope blood to a stickum, and made a couple of quarts of percussion caps. She set up the big outside kettles, to begin the annual soap boiling and candle making.

She was trying to forget another task that she knew she must someday undertake. No one had assigned it to her; indeed, she would be prevented if she were found out. Her restless industry was an attempt at escape, for she dreaded this thing, and even saw reason for physical fear. But she could not drive it from the back of her mind. The five hands who were always loafing at home, a different combination every day, were a help in putting

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off the job she feared. They played poker endlessly, on a blanket laid in the dust by the creek, shifting position with the shade; some of them followed her with their eyes whenever she was in sight. These, with either Cash or Andy always around, gave her an excuse for believing she could not slip away. But her time was running out. July passed, and they were into August; she knew Ben might already be on his way home.

Then the grasshoppers came.

When the first great cloud of them appeared in the north, Rachel didn't know what they were. They had heard of northern Texas being devastated by them in '68, but they had not amounted to anything on the San Saba. At first she mistook the strange low darkness on the horizon for a dust storm, and she watched for twisters. The billions of grasshoppers rolled swiftly across the grassland, and only shreds and fibers were left where they touched. The cottonwoods along the Dancing Bird turned to skeletons, with only chewed tags and remnants of leaves left on the branches. The day they were thickest they made it impossible to walk outside. They covered you, and got down your neck, and tangled their spiny legs in your hair. You could not set foot to the ground without crushing them, or lay a hand upon anything without snatching it back from a bristly, kicking handful of them.

When they had passed, the cicadas, which everybody called locusts, resumed their metallic shrilling in the bare cottonwoods—what on earth did they find to eat? But the cattle were left standing in helpless bunches upon the stripped land; and the prairie moaned night and day with their bawling.

Cash sent riders in seven directions, hunting for belts and pockets of grass the grasshoppers might have missed. When these were found, the cows had to be moved to them, with Jake Rountree on hand to see that the Rawlins cattle got an even break.

EARLY ONE MORNING, WHEN THE LOCUSTS WERE already grinding away in the heat of sun-up, Rachel saddled a fast pony, and got away unnoticed.

She pointed downstream, and to the east, toward the Rawlinses'.

She had told herself she was going there to try to make peace with Hagar. The men were feisty enough, but there was a bare chance that they would draw back from a war if Hagar could be made friendly again. Her chance of getting through to Hagar was obviously not much, but if there was any chance at all she could not forgive herself, ever, if she did not take it.

Half a dozen horses shuffled themselves in the Rawlins saddle corral, restless in the morning sun. They watched her approach, and whinnied at her pony, so that she was announced from a long way off.

Rachel did not tie. When she had dismounted she led her pony to the door, keeping hold of him, for she was frightened now, more so with every step that she advanced. At the door she raised her knuckles to rap, but still hesitated, all but unable to face the ordeal she had laid out for herself. What, after all, could she possibly say?

She never knocked. The door was suddenly snatched open in front of her, and Hagar was standing there, glaring at her with a total hostility. The sunlight was pitiless upon the deep lines and roughnesses of her face, and it was a death's-head face,

"You," Hagar said. The word was voiceless, a rasping of breath in her throat. She had not seemed to breathe at all, at first, but now she was breathing hard, almost gasping for air. "You," she repeated. "You dare to come here?"

Looking into the terrible eyes, Rachel was certain Hagar was insane. Yet she still stood there.

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"Squaw!" Hagar accused her. "Ki'way squaw! Yet you stand here afore me!" Her voice still shook but rose strongly now. "Red nigger as ever was, yet you dare face up to me? For now we know all. Your own brother put knife to my little girl at No Hope—her dear pretty hair has been seen on his shield! Yes, and he stopped by your place, as he rode to that butchery, didn't he? Boasted to you of what he would do—and from you rode straight to the massacre! And his knife—your own brother's knife—it was at work when they cut apart her darling body—past all decent laying out of it—leaving no part with another—"

Overrun by Hagar's storm of words, Rachel was in bewilderment. Hagar had seemed to accuse Ben, or Andy—perhaps Cash, even, forgetting in her madness that Cash had been far away. But Hagar's raving still poured on.

"Oh, I know you now! Dear God in heaven, how I know you! For I know the work of red-nigger squaws, when they be nigh a massacre, and get a chance at the bodies. Had you been longside your brother, you would have bloodied your hands like his own. But not again! All Texas knows the truth now, save those too blind to see. You will be struck from the face of this earth. You, and all your kin, and all who give you help or feed you—you'll be hunted and driven—"

She lost her breath in a hard fit of coughing. "Rifle," she croaked, as if someone were standing there to hand it to her. "M' rifle—gi' me m' rifle—"

The spell broke, and Rachel could leave there. Perhaps she could have moved before, had not some unaccountable inner compulsion held her standing rigid to hear Hagar out. She had a scared moment in which her pony reared and spun away from her, spooked by her billowing skirt as she whirled. But she got the rein over his neck at last, and a foot in the stirrup; she was no better than lying across the saddle, but with him, as he lit out.

When she could gain her seat, she bent low on the pony's neck, letting him bolt; and only then looked back. Hagar had not reappeared in the open door. But still she urged the pony

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flat out and belly to the ground, winging over gullies, sailing high over brush they could more quickly have swerved to pass, wanting only more space behind her.

By the time she pulled up, the pony was shaking as badly as she was, and all the wind was beaten out of both of them by the headlong run. It took her a while to recover herself sufficiently to take a look at what had happened. None of it made much sense at first.

Going back over it, taking apart what Hagar had said, and looking at each piece of it alone, she found that the meanings became more clear. The accusation of her brother—Hagar had not meant any of the Zacharys. Nor had she meant Seth, who was a savage, but not a red savage. The mad woman had been repeating some part of Abe Kelsey's babblings. She had called Rachel a Kiowa squaw, whose brother had ridden with Seth.

Strangely, she felt no real surprise. She could not remember that the possibility had ever come to the surface of her mind; certainly she had never consciously considered it. Yet some part of awareness must have been there, someplace. She found herself calm in the face of this answer; it was almost as though she had felt relief, that the long mystery and foreboding were over. *I think, now, that I already knew it. I think I must have known it for a long time.*

She unsaddled methodically and put away her saddle and bridle. She walked into the house unexcited and unhurried; yet Matthilda knew what had happened in the first moment that she saw her.

This time Matthilda did not panic. She had known for quite a while that her struggle to stand off the inevitable was a hopeless one. She said, "You've been to the Rawlinses'."

Rachel nodded.

"I should have told you the whole thing straight off, I guess," Matthilda admitted.

"Is this all of it, this time?"

"Yes; this is all of it." She told Rachel now how Papa, or Old Zack, as everyone called him, had led a band of volunteers in pursuit of a party of Kiowa raiders, who had cleaned

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out a whole string of isolated settlers, apparently. This was back before the War, in '57, but the Kiowas were always bad ones, even then. The raiders had captive children with them, seven or eight, at first; Papa had sworn he would follow them as long as horses made tracks. The Indians never did seem to learn how tenaciously a man like Papa could hold on. He chased them all the way to their village, far up the Salt Fork of the Brazos, and whipped their warriors in a holding action they tried. He was less than an hour behind them, at one point, as the village got away.

That was when he found her. Traveling villages carried all their stuff—children, old folks, everything—on drag litters, or travois, which were poles dragged behind a horse, with a buffalo-hide hammock slung between. And there between the travois tracks, sat a white baby, less than one year old—

"What made you think I was a white girl?"

"It was perfectly obvious. It always has been. It was only long after, when Abe Kelsey got mad at Papa, he started that other outlandish story."

"If I was a captive child, why did nobody ever find out who I was?"

"Maybe we didn't try too hard—though we did do what we thought we ought to. But you were so dear, and sweet, and we wanted you so—"

"It doesn't matter any more," Rachel said.

She saw now how drawn Matthilda looked, how terribly tired. She made her lie down, and she sang an old herd lullaby, until Matthilda smiled and dozed. Then she slipped away.

Rachel never doubted for a moment that she was of Kiowa blood. Too many things bore it out besides the conviction Abe Kelsey's statement had borne for so many. She remembered how Matthilda had always kept at her to wear a sunbonnet and cotton gloves when she went outdoors in the summer heat. How all the lemons they ever got hold of had been wasted trying to make creams to keep her bleached. How she never had been allowed to wear moccasins with beads, or any kind of an Indian-looking thing. . . .

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The Kiowas had been stealing Spanish-Mexican women, and Texican women, for somewhere upwards of half a century, and raising stolen white children as their own. Many Kiowas had the same Spanish kind of olive skin as she had—maybe lighter than her own would be, if she were out in the weather as much. And plenty of them had wavy chestnut hair, far less Indian than her own, which was straight black. Lost Bird had auburn hair; and his eyes—

She felt her stomach try to turn over as she remembered Lost Bird's eyes. Now she took down the little mirror that hung above the wash bench, and studied her own eyes. They had always looked the color of the mud in the bottom of a tadpole puddle, to her. But this time she took the mirror to the darkest corner, and saw that her eyes were nearly black. Then she stood sideways at a window and watched her eyes turn green. And when finally she faced toward the bright sky she saw her eyes go paler than a peeled grape; doubtless they would flash pale steel, like the knife in Lost Bird's eyes, out in the full sun. *Is that why he looked familiar, when I never saw him before?* She could find no other resemblance. But she could hear Hagar saying, *"Your brother stopped by, on his way to No Hope. . . ."*

She went to the slop bucket, and was sick. But when she had drunk a pint of cold water, and washed her face, she knew what she had to do; at once, tonight, before Ben got home. If only Cash and Andy would stay out that night . . .

Nightfall did not bring them home.

She located a sheath knife, and a belt that would carry it, and punched holes in the belt so that she could strap it on. It was all she was going to take with her. She had no destination, and no plan, except to get away; to the west likely, and try for the cap rock breaks. Her brothers were trackers, all of them, but so was she, enough of one to know how to break her trail.

But that was the night the travails of Matthilda's life caught up with her. Something closed in, and something bore down, and something gave way.

FOUR TIMES BEFORE MIDNIGHT RACHEL STOLE out of the bedroom, and each time Matthilda came broad awake.

"Rachel—you up—"

"Drink of water. It's hot tonight."

Then Matthilda would like some water too, so that she was fully waked up again. And the patient waiting began all over again.

An hour after midnight Matthilda began to moan. Rachel thought her to be having a nightmare, and tried to get out of the room. But Matthilda's voice sounded, faint but wide awake, through the warm dark. "I don't feel very good." It was almost a whimper. "I have the awfulest pain. . . ."

The pain seemed to be right in her middle, so they decided it was indigestion. Rachel made a brew, believed to be good for such ailments, out of peppergrass, ginger, and some pinches of stuff such as mandrake root.

This concoction, brought scalding hot, must surely have been the worst thing she could have dished up, for it induced hard vomiting. A little later, before her breath was entirely recovered, Matthilda gave a long, groaning cry of pain, and went unconscious.

The next three hours went to make up the longest night Rachel had ever lived in her life. Matthilda regained consciousness in half an hour, but moaned continuously until daylight.

When Cash and Andy rode in together, in the first dawn, Rachel knew she had never been so glad to see anybody before. Matthilda tried to smile at them. "Something I ate," she whispered. They felt her forehead for fever, but she was wet with sweat. A little later she seemed to doze, out of sheer exhaustion;

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or perhaps she lost consciousness again, for her breathing sounded strange.

"It don't look like any natural kind of bellyache, to me," Cash said. "I'll fetch Georgia Rawlins."

"They wouldn't let her come here if the world was falling down!"

"She'll come."

Cash brought Georgia late in the afternoon. He let her down at the stoop, threw her saddle on the ground, and turned loose her horse. "Got to look around a minute!" he shouted, and rode to the corral to get a fresh pony.

"What's the matter with him?" Andy asked the outdoors, afraid to speak to Georgia.

"He's been fretty the last four miles," Georgia told them. "Something spooked him. Didn't say what it was. Let's see your mother."

Matthilda had gone worse again, seemingly half conscious but unable to recognize Georgia, and breathing with great labor. Georgia pounded some dried leaves and pieces of root into a powder, and made a tea of it. They got about a half a cupful into Matthilda; it was the first liquid she had kept down so far. "Make her sleep, some, maybe. Won't do no other good, though."

Rachel tried to find out how Georgia had got away from her mother.

"Ma? Never asked her. Just lit out."

"Don't she know you're gone?"

"Bound to. Saw me ride off with Cash, I reckon."

"But what will you tell her when you go back?"

"Hell, Rachel, how do I know? Maybe I'll tell her I'm car-ryin' by him. Whatever seems needful."

"She'll kill you!"

"Not me. Oh, she's game to pull a trigger, all right! But me, I'm all the girl she's got left."

That was the nearest they came to talking about Rachel's bad time with Hagar. Listening, they became aware that Matthilda's breathing was already quieter.

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Now Andy roused them up, speaking in a low tone, but urgently. "Stand over by the windows. No—one to each side. Get ready to bar them up. Not yet!"

They could hear the hoofs of Cash's horse coming in, walking quietly. Standing by the windows, but out of line, they could not see Cash, but they knew he had given Andy some kind of signal.

"We got trouble," Andy told them. "But don't touch the shutters! We can't let on we know it. Lest they never let Cash get here."

He pulled a loophole plug from the door, and stood behind it, ready to swing it open. The sound of the walking hoofs came on, and on. Suddenly Andy swung the door wide, and Cassius, bent low over the horn, jumped his horse across the stoop and into the room. Andy slammed and barred the door behind him. "Now fort up," he shouted.

"I figure there's about a dozen of 'em," Cash said as he dismounted. His horse seemed enormous, in here, making the house and everything in it look smaller than they had ever seen it before; the wooden floor boomed under the hoofs. "Knock open a loophole in the west wall. Rachel—get one open in Mama's room. Georgia, pull the slide on the north lookout—better bust out the glass."

They posted themselves as he told them, each alone, one to each side. And after that there was silence in the house. Matilda seemed to be sleeping peacefully.

Cassius was trying to listen. "Georgia, for God's sake, stop that damned clock!"

They had not heard the familiar ticking at all until Georgia stopped the pendulum, and the little painted ship on its painted sea rocked no more. When the ticking had stopped it left an emptiness that fairly rang in their ears.

"See there!" Andy spoke from the west loophole. "One's riding in the creek bed. I can bead right on his head!"

"I see him," Cash said.

"You want I should—"

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"Let him come on."

Up over the cutbank of the Dancing Bird, squarely in front of the house, came a single Indian rider. "Lost Bird," Cash said, so that they all could hear it.

He came as he had come before, except that he rode bareback, and with a war bridle, a single cord tied on the lower jaw. He was without war paint, and his shirt was on; a four-inch silver concho shone in his hair. And this time they could see he carried no weapon at all. His right hand was raised in the peace sign. He did not lower it as he pulled up five yards out, directly in front of the door, and made his pony stand like a rock.

Cash said something in Kiowa, and Lost Bird began to speak. Andy had returned to his station. Nobody was unglued from his loop to see Rachel creep through the shadows to one of the front shutter loopholes.

She remembered the smooth, beautifully molded face, the small, pleasant-appearing smile, the dark-reddish glow in the thick braids. But his eyes were only dark slits now. Rachel felt the peculiar revulsion that she had felt before. Lost Bird was speaking slowly in Kiowa, a phrase at a time; and he matched his words with the conventional sign language of the prairies that they all knew. So this time she knew what he said.

"We many times take your people," he said, and though the sign language does not translate well in its literal meanings, the thought came through clearly; "You come, you want them, you buy. You pay us. We let you take them back. Many times. All friendly. All good."

Cash said something through the door in Kiowa, and Lost Bird acknowledged it with a brief grin. But he went on with the speech he had doubtless carefully prepared. "Long ago," Lost Bird's signs said, "you take a child of ours. You take my sister. We look for her very long. Now we find. Now we come. We want her back now. She is ours. We pay. You pay us, now we pay you. All friendly, all good. I give ten horses for my sister. You give me. I take home."

Cash spat out an angry Kiowa phrase.

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"Tell what you want more. Price is good. But I give more," Lost Bird's hands said. "I do not leave this place without my sister. I have twenty-two men. You have two men, three women—one very old. No good."

Rachel startled Cash by speaking almost in his ear. He didn't know how she got there, standing at his elbow. "Let me by. I understood what he said, this time."

"Never mind them damned Indian lies! You're going to—"

"He tells the truth. I've known all about it for a long time. I'm going to end all this trouble now!"

"You'll not go out there, because I'll stop you," he said; but he was less sure of himself, thrown off by her revelation.

"Maybe you can stop me. But they'll be in here, while you have your hands full with me. Now let me go."

He stared at her, bewildered by the flat, dead-sounding tone in which she threatened outlandish, unbelievable things. "Is everybody crazy but me?" he demanded. "By God, I know how to settle this!"

Out in the clear twilight, Lost Bird was patiently, slowly, going through his smooth, clear signs. His gruff Kiowa phrases came steadily to them, through the door. Cash raised his carbine again, and instantly fired. Lost Bird's head jerked violently with the impact of the bullet; he was dead as he fell.

"Oh, Cash, Cash!" Rachel cried out. "They'll never draw back now! They'll never let up, so long as—"

He cut in harshly. "Then there's no use you going out, is there? Now get back to your loop!"

FOR A FEW MOMENTS STILLNESS HELD OUTSIDE.

The zinging of the locusts in the cottonwoods by the creek had been silenced by the gunshots; and this made the quiet unnatural, as if the whole prairie lay stunned.

Before the locusts could begin again, the "Wa-wa-wa-wah!" of a war cry sounded from the creek, immediately followed by an uncountable chorus. The creek bed seemed to be full of Kiowas, while yet no Indian but the dead Lost Bird could be seen. Two rifles slammed, down there; then a ragged volley. The windowpanes burst outside the battle shutters, and fell tinkling.

"Close your slide," Cash called to Georgia, who stood at the back of the room, at the north lookout. "Get down on the floor! They'll quit this, in a minute."

He was right. The Kiowas were firing at the house in an expression of anger; they had no plan to fit what had happened. The guns in the creek bed fell silent. The Kiowas could not be heard withdrawing, but they could be expected to take council now. Ten minutes passed without event.

"This might be a good chance to eat," Cash said. "They're not liable to give us too many good ones, from here on in. Not for a while." He looked for the Kiowas to try a jump at them in about the last of the dusk. He believed they'd want to make use of poor light, on account of he'd bothered them a little bit, he thought. They had had him all figured out, just how he would act, only he hadn't acted that way. Still . . . all he could say for certain was that no Kiowa was going to leave here yet, unless to bring more. They would never leave the body of Lost Bird lying out there in front, where it was.

Georgia helped Rachel push furniture around, and make a

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tent of blankets in front of the fireplace, so that no gleam would show outside the ports. They heated nothing but coffee. The boys had to stay on watch, and wanted only cold meat and bread, such as could be eaten with one hand.

Cassius' horse began to paw, making a thunderous noise on the wooden floor. Rachel got him a bucket of water, unbridled, and fed him a loaf of bread; then put the bridle back on. The animal drowsed after that, well-practiced in going unsatisfied.

After that, Rachel chewed her bread and meat methodically. It seemed dry, and sticky in the throat, all but impossible to wash down. The uneasy quiet left time to think, which was the last thing she wanted to do; and she became more miserable the longer the silence held. If she had not worked in a daze, as if hit in the head, she might never have got through it at all.

They damped out the coffee fire, and folded the blankets, so that the chimney could help keep the place aired. Cash and Andy opened more loopholes, including two near the floor, at the ends of the front wall. These were intended to surprise hostiles who crawled along the foot of the wall, under the other gun ports. Cassius talked over with them how they must fight. He and Andy would defend the battle shutters because, though he did not say so, these were an incomplete protection. No one must fire from the same loop twice in a row. They must put backs to the wall to load. When they moved about, they must duck under or step over the lines of fire radiating inward from every port. Each must pocket the cartridges he would need. A lot of their ammunition was out on the range with the wagon, but Cash judged their supply would last the night.

When they were as ready as they were going to be, Rachel and Georgia looked at Matthilda again. She slept so quietly now that they had to bend low to hear her breath.

After that there was nothing to do but wait. The last of the twilight was falling very fast. Andy said, "Maybe they'll wait for the moon." Nobody answered.

Suddenly Georgia moved. "They're comin'!"

In another moment they heard the hoof-murmur coming

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into the room through the earth of the hill into which they were dug; and soon after they could hear the horses outside, all around them.

"Well, I'll be a son of a buck," Cassius said, nonplused.

What Cash had imagined was a crawling, swarming attack—Indians along the walls where the guns could not reach, Indians digging under, Indians all over the roof, like ants trying to get into an egg. The Kiowas could dig through the thick turf with hatchet and ironwood lance, making their own gun ports, until the place bristled with guns pointed inward. They could breach the walls and come pouring in; they could level the house to the ground, if they had to.

But Cash now saw that he had wrongly imagined the whole thing. Mounted warriors could do nothing against walls; they could only create diversion and confusion, while delivering a badly aimed covering fire for a dismounted attack. They would not bother with that against so few, if they were coming from all sides. The attack would be frontal, against the shutters, and perhaps the door.

He now posted Georgia and Rachel belly-down with cocked carbines at the low ports in the front walls, near the ends. If their ports darkened, they must fire, for Kiowas crawling along the base of the wall must pass these ports to get to the shutters. Beyond this, they would play no other part, until knifemen got into the room.

They were barely in position when the war cries broke the night wide open, very near and all at once, an incredibly loud and inhuman yammering. A file of mounted warriors streamed across the front of the house, firing raggedly but continuously. Except for an occasional slug that splintered through a shutter, little was to be feared from this kind of fire. Andy and Cash several times raised their carbines, but lowered without firing. The Kiowas were riding close, too close. Some hung on the far sides of their saddle-less ponies, but even those who sat straight up, firing coolly, whipped past the ports too fast for a decent shot. What Cash did not want was to bring

down a horse. A dead horse would make a redoubt at too close a range.

The riders were circling the house now, reloading as they passed behind, and the war cries never ceased. A warrior wearing a buffalo-horn headdress pulled out of the circle and stopped his pony in the open, signaling to the racing circle with his shield. Cash and Andy fired together, and a scalp flew off the Kiowa's shield. The rider seemed to fall on the far side of his bolting pony, but he never hit the ground.

"That was Seth," Cash confirmed. "Wolf Saddle is the one painted up with black and red snakes."

The circle of racing ponies went on unbroken, and the war-cries screamed continuously all round the house. Bullets still slammed into door timbers, and the gunfire out there made the ears ring. But nothing was hitting the shutters now. Cash went to stand by one window, and Andy by the other. And now Rachel's carbine crashed.

"Get him?"

"My loop's still blocked," she fired again into whatever lay against it. Then they heard Georgia's carbine go, at her port near the other end.

"Good girl," Cash said.

An ax, swung by an enemy who stood in the protection of the wall, was splintering into the shutter where Cash waited. He had an answer to that. He coolly studied the angle of the ax blows, then struck the wall nearby with the butt of his Colt. A shard of plaster fell, revealing an opening the size of a half dollar. It showed no light, but as he fired through it, the mud that plugged it went to dust and the ax blows ceased.

At the other window the whole frame loosened, and the shutters cracked and bowed inward, under the impact of a boulder no man should have been able to lift. A split opened down the middle, and Andy fired through the crack at a shadow beyond.

And suddenly that was all. The mounted Kiowas circled a few times more, but their fire was thinning. Then both gunfire

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and war cries stopped altogether, and the rear wall brought them the sound of horses going away.

Matthilda had slept through it all, and still slept; making them believe now that she might never wake.

Lost Bird's body was gone when the three-quarter moon came up, but they could see no other dead. They feverishly carpentered the broken shutters, finding out how hard it is to get anything done right in the total dark.

When that was done, not much was left to do but wait.

For three hours the people in the Zachary soddy waited, ready to fight again, but no more attacks came on. Cash concluded that the enemy would hold off, now, until the last darkness before dawn.

A little after midnight a bullet came howling from the north ridge, and broke a little pane in the blocked north lookout. Ten minutes later a rifle whanged from the creek, chugging a ball into the door. During the next couple of hours seven or eight more shots were fired, at irregular intervals, and from various directions. The Kiowas wanted to keep them from resting when they ought to rest. Two hours after midnight, all action ceased, and the night was still. Now the Kiowas would give them every chance to go sound asleep, in time for the next assault.

Cash had them all up at their loopholes long before the first graying of the sky. And now the Kiowas fooled him again. Daylight came clear and strong. The sun came up, and the locusts began winding up again, after sleeping out the cooling of the dry land between midnight and morning. And no attack came at all.

Matthilda waked, and, though she was very weak, she seemed immeasurably improved. Georgia made her a few spoonfuls of gruel, and it stayed down.

Cassius seemed partly puzzled, and partly suspicious; but he was beginning to show what appeared to be a curious disappointment. Finally, turning impatient, he threw open the outer

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door, and stood exposed upon the stoop, his carbine in his hands. Nothing happened. He led his horse out, mounted bareback, and rode it down into the creek to let it drink. Andy and the two girls stood ready at the portholes while Cash did that; but still nothing broke loose.

One thing, at least, was strange, and wrong. The up-horses were still in their corral. Inconceivable that the Kiowas should have left them unmolested, unless they were coming back. Before he came back to the house Cash turned out all the horses but two, which he fed and watered.

"Nice big dust," Cash reported, "strung out to the west. The near end of it is settling down; the head end of it looks about twelve miles away, and getting farther. Like as if they're all heading back into the cap rock breaks. Only thing . . . That dust looks just a little too big and plain, to me. They don't need to raise that much dust. It's more like the dust you might make dragging brush behind you, in the right places."

"And I better light out, dragging some brush behind me in the right places," Georgia said. "Your maw's all right now, far's I can see. I got to get home—before my old lady runs *me* into the cap rock breaks, neck and neck with them Indians."

Cassius had to think about that a while, and he was in a quandry. The tactics of the Kiowas included every form of trickery known to war or crime. Best thing to assume was, whatever they seemed to be doing, they weren't doing that. That big fat trail they were laying, out there to the west, had all the look of a full scale drawoff. So it wasn't. They would be back again in the first dusk, and tonight would see the hard attack, beside which last night's attempted surprise was only a feel-out.

The safe and sure pattern of defense was perfectly plain. Cassius knew he ought to keep Georgia right here where she was, and let old Hagar fume as she might. They ought to fetch a few buckets of fresh water from the well by the creek, then spend the rest of the day strengthening the shutters and the door. They could brace these with heavy props, using the floor planking, if need be, and pegging fast to the joists, until no

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ram the Kiowas could devise would take effect. And the root cellar should be ruggedly sealed off. It had an air hole to the surface, much like a whistle-pig burrow, plainly visible and easily enlarged—a tempting entrance for the first buck who set eyes on it. Now that they were all battle-tested, and had the hang of it, the four of them could probably hold out forever, with only these simple improvements.

Some Indians were getting hurt. At least one, and maybe three, not counting Lost Bird, had been killed in action. Tonight they would hurt a few more. The Kiowas wouldn't stay with a losing deal like that for more than one more night; they weren't accomplishing a thing. Cash believed they would round up as many Dancing Bird horses as they could find by the light of the moon, and be gone before tomorrow morning.

And none of this suited Cassius the least bit. He was no more comfortable waiting down a hole like a badger, patiently and forever, than the Kiowas themselves would have been. To him, as to the Horse Indians, the initiative was everything.

So now he had a different idea, and he judged he had better keep it to himself. He began by agreeing with Georgia that she must get home. The house would be safe enough while he rode with her a good part of the way—far enough to be sure she would make it safely, no matter what. He would be back in the latter part of the afternoon, at the latest. Meanwhile, Andy and Rachel were to stay forted up. He showed them how he wanted them to traverse the ridges and the cutbanks of the creek with the telescope sight of the buffalo gun, maybe two-three times an hour, until he got back.

Matthilda had gone back to sleep. Cash went and took a last look at her, assuring himself that she was indeed out of trouble. His fingers gently touched her hair, careful not to disturb her. Then he saddled for Georgia and himself, and took out.

BY MIDMORNING THE SUN OUTSIDE THE PORTHOLES had a violence that took all the color out of the prairie; everything showed in shades of white, and the distances shimmered. Rachel and Andy blocked up all the portholes except one in the end, one in Mama's room, and the two low ones in front.

Matthilda called, faintly, and after a false start by both of them, Andy stayed on watch, and let Rachel go. But his mother wanted him, too. They stood beside her, and both held her nearest hand.

"Where is Cassius?" she asked them; and when they told her—"Then the fighting is over, for now."

They had not known until then whether she had been conscious during any of the firing, or had known that they were under attack.

"I may not be with you," Matthilda said, "when they come again. Something's wrong with me—just awfully wrong—inside. If I pass away—"

Rachel cried, "It isn't going to happen!"

"I'm not afraid," Matthilda said. "It's only—I don't want to leave you." Her lip trembled, but only for a moment. She went on quietly and lucidly. "But maybe I must. Soon. If I do—you mustn't be afraid of my body. It will turn all hard, and cold—but that won't be me. Just something discarded, like an old coat. You must think of me as all bright and new, someplace not too far away. And wherever I am, I'll be loving you, always, always, with all my heart. . . ."

Matthilda smiled at them, a wavering, gentle smile, without sadness; and she let their hands slip from her fingers as she closed her eyes.

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They wondered whether they should heat up some of the brew Georgia had made; they were a little afraid of it, so long as Matthilda was able to rest without it.

They watched, and the sun climbed; it was straight overhead. They went back to traversing the ridges and the cutbank of the creek with the telescope sight of the buffalo gun, as Cash had wanted. The weapon was an ancient .69-caliber muzzle-loader, once a smoothbore, but now rifled for the expanding Minié bullet they called a Minnie ball. So altered, the old gun deserved the telescope sight they had fitted to it, for it took whatever charge anybody dared to ram down it, and its range was fantastic. Because of its great weight, Andy used the telescope to sweep the land from the higher ports, while Rachel was responsible for the loopholes just above the floor, overlooking the creek. She had put a few sticks of firewood and a blanket at each port, for a gun rest, and she traversed by hitching herself in a quarter circle behind the port, on her stomach. They hadn't been finding anything.

But now, as Rachel worked the field of the scope past the base of a cottonwood, she stopped, and went back. After a moment she adjusted the great gun carefully upon its improvised rest and looked again.

She spoke softly. "Andy."

He had been chipping with a crowbar at the mud sides of the port at the other end of the room, trying to give it a wider field of fire.

"Don't even breathe on this," she said, as he came to her. "But quick! Look where I'm sighted."

He spraddle-armed over the gun, glancing along the side of the barrel to place the scope's tight field, before putting his right eye to the sight. Rachel saw his left eye focus and stare blankly, trying to see through the wall. "That wad of leaves is a bust-off branch," she explained, hiding her nervousness.

He tensed, but in another moment rolled clear of the gun and sat up. "That's a blind," Andy said. "Our trees don't have

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any leaves, since the grasshoppers was here. That's a pulled-up greasebush, brought from someplace."

"Then they're out there watching us," Rachel said. "Now. They've come back."

"Beginning to, anyway. But maybe they'll bide their time, a spell, if we don't seem to know they're there. And time's what we need. Cash is the one we have to make know."

They suspected, in spite of his taciturnity, that Cash meant to fetch home his crew, and maybe even his wagon—by what miracle of hard riding they could only imagine. But eleven men would melt to nothing in a hurry, if they came high-looping into an ambush.

They finally decided that the only signal Cash could not very well misread would be a sound of fighting. They would have to fire in bursts, to make it sound real, or it would have the failing of any other kind of signal. Two shots, nearly together, then one, at the space of a reload; then wait a while to save ammunition, and run it off backwards. They had not started their clock again, lest its loud tick interfere with listening. But they had a little minute glass they had made, for boiling an egg when they had an egg; its sand was measured to run through in three minutes. Guessing at how far downstream their guns could be heard, they thought they could make do with one burst to every three turns of the glass.

For their first burst they used a Sharp's Fifty, and a cap-and-ball Walker. Then Rachel watched the sand dribble through the minute glass while Andy made the round of the lookouts, to see if the besiegers had reacted. The Kiowas should be able to see that the shots from the house were going wild, as if nobody knew anything, but you could never be sure.

They went on with this for fourteen turns of the minute glass. The sun would set in an hour more. Out on the cottonwood root by the creek the uprooted greasebush still lay, its leaves curled now by the heat; but the telescope sight had picked up no other sign that any enemy was near. Rachel was worrying about the wasted ammunition.

"It's terrible, how fast the powder burns away. We're doing an awful thing, here, if it turns out we're wrong."

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"Well, we're not wrong," Andy answered her. "How can we be wrong?"

"Yes, but what if—"

"*Listen!*" He sprang to a shutter loop, and put his ear to it. In a moment he put his finger in his other ear.

Rachel tried to listen, then went to the bedroom door, and closed it softly. Matthilda's breathing was quieter, but now they were trying to hear something that perhaps could not be heard. After a moment Rachel knew what it was. From eastward came a faint whispering that had to be far-off riflery. The distant whisper died away, rose briefly in a distinct rattle, then ceased altogether. They did not hear it again.

"That's Cash!" Andy whispered. "He's run into a fight, way off there!"

"No, he hasn't! Cash is all right. He'll come home. He *must* come home. So he will. . . ."

CASSIUS LAY IN THE BOTTOM OF A DRY COULEE, resting, and trying to save what strength remained to him. His left leg was broken below the knee, so badly that a spike of bone was sticking out of it. He had bound it as tightly as he could with strips of his shirt, splinting it awkwardly with bits of drift, yet it was all he could do to drag it as he crawled, and he had crawled a long way. The leg had been smashed by his horse as it crumpled in front and over-ended, destroyed by a bullet-broken shoulder.

Before his horse had been shot under him, he had got an arrow in the back, which was an unfairness, for it had been shot from in front of him as he charged, trying to close with his enemies. He had been lying low on the neck, and the arrow's trajectory had carried it deep along the length of a back muscle. He had got rid of the shaft, finally, by an effort that almost knocked him out. But the sheet-iron head, a slender three-inch cone of metal, had come off the shaft, and stayed. It was still lodged in his back, somewhere down near his belt.

He believed he had killed four savages. One he had got in the first brush, when they had discovered him and circled in on him. A dandy shot, when he finally got it, but he had spent six cartridges before he made it. The second he had got from behind his fallen horse, with the last shot in his carbine. After that he had taken to the coulee, trying to outwit the warriors by an interminable crippled crawling. The wound in his back was bleeding fast, and he could find no way to stanch it. He left a blood trail every yard of the way; and he had been able to make use of it.

When the Kiowas had come into the coulee after him he managed to be some distance from where they expected him,

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so that they followed his blood-trail along the bottom of the gully. And now he used a trick that wounded bears used. Beyond a twist in the coulee he climbed out onto the bank, and back-trailed a little. Until now he had kept the empty carbine, sometimes using it as a crutch; but it wasn't much good to him, so he dropped it in the bottom of the gully for bait. Waiting on the lip of the coulee, just over the carbine, he had killed the first savage who bent to pick it up, shooting him through the head with the Dragoon revolver. Four or five others who were trailing them got the hell out of there, and he wounded one as they got away. But he didn't count the ones that were only wounded.

The last one he got with almost the same trick, but with an extra hitch to it. The Kiowas circled, to come safely at the place where he had laid in ambush; but he wasn't there when they got to it. As soon as the coulee was clear he had rolled off the edge, half killing himself in the fall, and once more started crawling. At a turn of the gully he climbed out of it again, but this time he did not watch his back-trail. The Kiowas halted, well clear of the place where his blood trail disappeared around the corner. They spotted the bit of buckbrush in which he was hiding on the lip and knew he was waiting there. They left the coulee and circled to a safe distance ahead; then back-trailed themselves, to close from behind him.

Only they were wrong about the way he was facing. Once more he had thought one step ahead of them; and he killed another Kiowa who crept upon him from the supposedly safe direction.

He had missed, though, with every shot, as he fired at those who retreated. The Dragoon was empty. He rolled himself into the coulee again, and lay there. He was weak, now, and when he tried to drag himself forward he made only a few inches.

One more . . . Just one more red nigger . . .

He concentrated everything he had in an effort of the mind, so great that much of his pain was blanked off. He was trying to project himself into the minds of the savages, into

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their very bodies. He began to see them, one individual, and then another, wherever each was upon the prairie; and they appeared to him in a detail far more complete than any imagining he had ever experienced before. He seemed to sense not only the intentions but the thoughts of each one; and he took heart as he knew they were not leaving.

Presently he rolled himself to the side of the gully, tight against the mud wall of the coulee, belly down, but face turned outward. He drew his Bowie knife from its sheath, though even this was a struggle, and gripped it underneath his body. Then he waited, counting his own heartbeats. He had to be alive, and conscious when they got there; but it was going to be a horse race.

They came in time. He knew they were there before he saw them. He waited with slitted eys, unwinking; and at last they appeared around him. Another arrow in the back, first, then another. He lay limp, but was still breathing. Suddenly he was grabbed by the hair, and a knife sliced his scalp.

He whirled, then, got the scalper by the wrist, and snatched him downward. The Bowie knife struck upward, and went home to the guard in the belly of the Indian. With his last effort Cash twisted, carving with the knife point in a circle. Then he disappeared under a mass of as many as could reach him, hacking and stabbing.

A SMALL BREEZE WAS BEGINNING TO MOVE OUT of the northwest as the sun lowered, and, though it didn't amount to much, what there was of it was working against them. That mild and pleasant little stir of air would have been welcome, and enjoyed, on any other summer evening they had ever known. Tonight they blamed it for keeping any further news from coming to them across the prairie miles. Raw-nerved, they felt that every act of nature was wickedly opposing them.

In the absence of any further indications, they judged they had better make ready to last out the night without help, regardless of what they might believe, or hope.

It was several hours before the first drums started. A rattling noise began it, like the sound of two ax helves pounding on a log. Then a pair of medicine drums took it up, and finally, a flat loud clamor, made by beating on sheets of hardened rawhide. All of these noisemakers were struck in a unison as accurate as if a single giant drumstick were hitting them all at once with every stroke. The sound built and built, now and then ending with a final wallop like a cannon shot, to start over softly, and build again. The whole thing had an odd ventriloquism, so that sometimes the drumming seemed to be coming from down the creek, then from behind a ridge, then from somewhere on the prairie beyond the Dancing Bird.

Andy glanced up at Rachel, but they didn't say anything about the drums. He skimmed the molten lead in his ladle. "Better take a look at Mama."

The red rays of sunset were striking through the high air-slits in the bedroom, filling the narrow space with a strange ruddy light. Matthilda's face quivered, and her eyes opened, as Rachel stood looking down at her. For a moment she stared

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unseeing; then she knew Rachel, and her face twisted weakly as she burst into tears.

"Darling girl," she said, as if the words were wrung out of her, "darling, precious girl. . . I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."

They never knew just what it was Matthilda so regretted as she died. Maybe the last thought in her mind, as the light left it, was the simplest kind of an apology for being unable to care for them, or even herself, any more.

The snoring gasps called the death rattle began at once. Rachel tried to call Andy, but before she could get control of her voice he was at her side. He looked at Rachel, questioning, with the wide-eyed look that sometimes made him seem a little boy. She nodded, dry-eyed.

Almost ten seconds after breath ended, Matthilda's eyes opened, and turned right and left, as if searching the upper corners of the room. Rachel had heard of a final flare-up of consciousness in the last moment before death, and she wanted to cry out some word of good-by, but she was unable. Later she blamed herself, for she believed a smile would have come to Matthilda's lips as she died, if Rachel had been able to speak.

Another hour passed, but the slow twilight was still clear, and the drums were going as before. They laid out their weapons, and the few loads. Once it was dark, anything that became mislaid would be lost forever.

"Oh, say—by the way—" Andy had his eye glued to a loophole, and he kept it there. He was trying to sound about four times more casual than he knew how to do. "Remember to save your last shot. You will, won't you? Count careful—just awful careful—every time you let off the six-gun. Because you'll need one more, if they ever get in. You know?"

She didn't answer him. She threw a bucket of water on the fire, and stepped away from the answering explosion of steam. "Rachel? Did you hear?"

"I heard you, Andy." No use arguing. But she had no intention of wasting even one shot on herself, no matter what.

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"The main thing is—" He broke off, and jumped for the buffalo gun.

Rachel got to a door loop. The twilight had lessened, but it was still clear. She saw at once what had roused him up. Two Kiowas sat their horses on the far slope of the Dancing Bird, above the holding corrals. Even at two hundred yards, and in failing light, she could not mistake the black and red snakes painted all over Wolf Saddle's body, or the broad black and yellow bands that identified Seth. Immediately Andy's .69 let go with its heavy blast.

A buffalo horn vanished from the side of Seth's headdress; he was nine-tenths knocked off his horse, and almost went under its belly, but pulled himself up. She saw him pull off the remains of the war bonnet, and slam it down, before she turned away.

Andy was pouring a second full measure of gunpowder down the buffalo gun. "Oh, *damn!* That was Seth! Seth!"

And now the Kiowas came, without gunfire, without war cries, without any sound heard within at all, until fifty-pound boulders crashed against both shutters at once, splitting the timbers, and loosening the deep-anchored frames. Others followed, and the same again, over and over, shattering the heavy wood. . . .

After the fourth attack, not much was left of the battle shutters. For a while they had very easily defended the opened window holes from the opposite wall. The moon was up, and Seth was running out of warriors interested in silhouetting themselves for close-range guns within. Three had been hit there, but the only Kiowa surely killed was one who was shot in the throat, and fell inside. He bled in streams, and though they heaved him out as soon as they could, he left such a great, slippery puddle that Rachel had to fetch ashes by the bucket, to restore the footing.

In the fourth assault the Kiowas had used more gunfire, and used it better, than in any previous attempt. They had found

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out that those inside were covering the windows from positions at the back wall. Their riflemen fanned out, using the creek bed as an entrenchment; and a heavy blanketing fire poured in. If Andy and Rachel had not gone forward at the first shot, they might very easily have been killed in the next three seconds. They stayed against the front wall after that, reduced to taking in enfilade whoever might choose to climb in.

As the fire lifted, one quick rush was made, in files from both ends of the house. War hatchets struck the splinters away, and a leg came over the east sill. Andy all but severed it with a swing of the ax; and then stepped out from the wall to fire three times into a muddle of shadows at the other embrasure. The Kiowas broke off.

Now there was a letup.

"Never, never in all my life," Rachel said, "did I hear of 'em hanging on like this. Not even for revenge—they're satisfied to take any old scalp, anywhere, for that. Oh, Andy, what's happening here?"

Andy wouldn't admit he saw anything special about it. "Just one night? It's common."

"I could have stopped this, once," Rachel said, and Andy had never heard a like bitterness in her tone. "I know what I'm called. I'm a red nigger. Cash should have let me go."

"That's nothing but Abe Kelsey's damn lie! You're Rachel Zachary, and don't you forget it!"

"I'd make a good squaw. A dingin' squaw. Once they fattened me up."

Suddenly he turned angry. With her? Maybe with the world. "Don't you play ignorant with me! Because I don't give a hoot in hell where at you were born, or who to, or who by. I'm your brother. Raised that way, and I aim to stay that. Right up to the last breath I draw—and one long spit beyond!"

Andy made his round of the lookouts and came back to her. He spoke softly, from close by. "I didn't go to sound so mean, and cross. It isn't you I'm mad at, Rachel. Ever."

The gentleness of his tone betrayed her, and she let herself

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slump, where she sat at the foot of the wall. He sat down close beside her. Awkwardly, but without self-consciousness, he took her in his arms, her head in the hollow of his shoulder, his cheek against her hair. He said, "You're the best sister anybody ever had. You're more than that. You're all the family I've got left, for all I know." They had no reason to think anything had happened to Ben; but apparently, in his exhaustion, Andy was willing to concede that Ben was lost to them too. But—"We'll fight 'em to a standstill," he said doggedly. "Forever, if they want. Just you and me. So long as you stand by me, I'll fight 'em till hell freezes. And then pelt 'em with ice."

He made her cry, at last. She wept grudgingly, without sound, holding onto him tightly; and presently she knew that he was crying a little, too. *No way out*, she was thinking. *No way out, ever. No matter what happens, now. . . .*

Or maybe there was. For now the Kiowas came again, in the weirdest way yet.

THIS TIME THEY DIDN'T NEED THE TELLTALE back wall to hear the horses come. They came fast, and from not far out, in a thundering storm; and the war cries clamored as never before.

Instead, a heavy bump shook the very walls, and the door strained inward; clods and plaster fell, loosened by the yielding anchorage of the frame. A Kiowa rider was backing his horse against the door. Andy got there, cocking the Walker, and for an instant Rachel was certain Andy would be pinned as the door crashed in. The bulging planks sprung a sudden three inches, spoiling his first shot, but the Walker slammed again, and the door snapped straight. The Kiowa horseman was on the stoop, and would stay there until picked up; and his horse was splashing through the Dancing Bird.

The attack on the door made plain the whole secret of their precarious defense. They could keep only two guns going—but there were only two ways in. Seth must know that now; he had tried to make another way. But this kind of an attempt on the massive door was almost certain death, with the door loopholes placed as they were. All this racket and display had to have some other object than the backing in of one horse as a ram, for although the Kiowas had given up on the door, their yelling riders still circled the house.

A new hoof-rumble began on the roof itself; boards cracked, in spite of the depth of sod on top, and showers of dirt fell. All this was bewildering, but without visible sense. Rachel did not know what snatched her attention to the back wall. Surely she could have heard nothing more; and when she tried to peer into the shadows the small indirect light of the moon was not enough

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to tell her what she saw. She went to the root-cellar slide, and bent low.

A split had appeared in the boards of the slide. As she watched, the blade of a hatchet struck through, and was wrenched back. She pulled the .36 revolver Andy had made her wear, and fired wildly three times through the slide as the hatchet struck again. The hatchet blade stayed where it was, stuck halfway through, into the room. Andy was trying to shout something to her, but she couldn't tell what it was.

Halfway across the room she was struck and borne down by a great mass of dirt, sod, and broken boards from the roof as it gave way. Her face hit the floor hard, and she lay stunned and smothering, unaware of where she was or what had happened to her, until Andy pulled her free. She sat against the wall where he put her, strangled by the dust; and blood was running down her front from her nose and cut mouth. But as her head cleared she saw what had happened. A horse had broken through the roof with one hind foot, and was trapped there, its leg stuck down through the roof beyond the stifle. The hoof dangled loosely from a broken cannon, yet tried to kick.

The rocketing horsemen thinned; a horse plunged downward past a window as its rider jumped it off the front of the roof; and once more the Kiowas broke off.

Andy took the buffalo gun, and for some moments studied the position of the struggling horse, which was still working deeper into the room through the roof. He had to bend backward, awkwardly braced, to fire upward, but the double charge of the .69 took effect through boards, through turf, and through horseflesh. The great thrashing up there stopped as the bullet found the heart. Andy turned away.

He was starting to say, "Do you think, if I'd mock an owl—"

One more wild random shot came in, not even well placed, but ricocheted from the side of the west embrasure. Andy squealed from a suddenly tight-shut throat, and went down.

He pivoted as he fell, and came down partly on his side and

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partly on his face, arms and legs jackknifing in an awkward heap.

For an instant Rachel could not see where he had been hurt, but a rush of blood was already puddling into the patch of moonlight two feet away. It was the inside of his upper arm, just below the shoulder, and the back muscle of his arm; the tumbling bullet had torn a jagged channel, so deep that his arm seemed half severed. An artery was cut, and the bone broken—perhaps shattered—so that when she straightened the arm it had a joint where none should be.

She tore off the hem of her skirt and made a tourniquet. It had to go almost at the armpit, the wound was so high up. Nothing was in reach for a turn-stick except the barrel of the Whitney revolver, so she used that. She twisted the heavy cord of cloth tighter, and tighter.

When the rush of blood dwindled to a trickle, she tied the Whitney where it was, and fetched the pillow from her bed. Ripped open, this yielded masses of raw cotton in lumpy wads, as it had come from the bale. He choked back a scream, then went unconscious, as she turned him on his face to get at the wound.

It took bandage after bandage, for in spite of great handfuls of cotton the blood kept coming through. After the bandaging she had to make splints, and by the time that was done he was able to help her get him to his feet. She half carried him, taking his whole weight when he lurched, and got him onto his bunk. He was breathing hard and irregularly, in gasps and gulps, but he cried out no more. "Walker—th' Walker Colt—Bring me—"

She put the gun into his right hand, and after that he wanted water. That was all, though. He was past noticing that the Whitney revolver was in his tourniquet, so that she could no longer use a final shot as he had wished. She got the Henry carbine, and started to refill its magazine, but found it fully loaded. She didn't remember when she had done that. She sat on the floor beside Andy's bunk, and what she was feeling most was such a

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weight of weariness that she could hardly lift her hands. Except for those few short dozes, twenty-four hours ago, they had not slept in more than thirty-six hours.

She could hear the Kiowas singing, someplace a good ways off, not so loudly this time. They were using a single drum, muffled by wetting its stretched hide. She couldn't tell how many voices there were.

A soft, dragging sound was coming from someplace, as though the Kiowas might be creeping close again, along the outside of the walls. Somehow it didn't sound quite like that. It sounded as if it were here, near her, in this room; yet she could see nothing move. After she had listened a while she put her ear to the planking. The sound was coming from under the floor.

This seemed out of all reason, yet the dragging sound went on, stopping for minutes at a time, but always beginning again. There was a space under the joists at this end of the room, of uneven depth, but with room for one man to crawl around on his stomach. You could squeeze into it from the root cellar; Rachel and Andy had explored it long ago.

So that was where something was dragging itself around, either stealthily, or else feebly and with great difficulty. Now she remembered the shots she had fired through the root-cellar slide, when an enemy was trying to chop his way in. Maybe one of the shots had creased one, or skulled him, so that he had come to in the dark, not knowing where he was.

The big carved secretary lifted two inches and dropped again, with a bump that shook the whole floor. She had to think for a while before she knew what had happened, and she had forgotten how to think. One end of the heavy walnut piece was standing on the Glory Hole, and the trap door had tried to open. Whoever was under the floor was not mindless; he had found the Glory Hole, and guessed that a trap door must be above it. Not feeble, or weakened, either—he must have the strength of a grizzly. Under the floor was no wounded man, crawling around blind, but a stalking hunter, carrying out a plan.

As quietly as she could, Rachel hitched herself back into the corner by Andy's bunk, where the deepest shadows were. She couldn't see the sights of the Henry, but she would not need them, for she could fire along the floor. She cocked the carbine and held it in her lap, ready to fire it from there. The carved secretary began to quiver.

Slowly, slowly, a fraction of an inch at a time, the trap door of the Glory Hole began to rise.

BEN HAD RIDDEN LATE AND STARTED EARLY. HIS tired horse had gone low-headed, and its running walk had slowed; though the bullion mule, more lightly laden now, jogged steadily on his quarter. The sun was going down as he came in sight of home approaching from the south, across the Dancing Bird.

From a long way out, as he crossed a far rise, he saw that the chimney showed no least haze of smoke beyond the bare trees; and suddenly he knew that something was very wrong. He stopped a moment; then threw away the mule's lead, pulled his carbine from its boot, and went on at as hard a run as his horse had left. Behind the last ridge he stepped down, dropping the reins, and ran forward to the crest on foot. And there he stood for many minutes, looking at the soddy from across the Dancing Bird, at two hundred and fifty yards.

The door of the soddy still stood, but the windows were black empty holes, shutterless, with only a few splinters of framing where the glass had been. A misshapen dead horse, bloating in the summer heat, lay on the roof, its position queerly distorted, as if it were partly buried in the roof itself. The red horizontal light of the sunset struck across the house front, bringing out sharply some hundreds of pock holes, where bullets had blasted cone-shaped craters, big as a man's hand, out of the dry mud. The door of the saddle shed was torn out. That was about all there was to see. But the empty corrals left this place more still than it had ever been, since first anyone came here; not even a bird sailed or whistled, anywhere along this sector of the Dancing Bird. No place Ben had ever seen had ever looked more dead.

His carbine slid from his fingers into the dust; if he had been

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aware of it he would not have cared, or supposed he needed it any more. He reached the creek bed, dropped into it, and waded the mucky shallows to climb the cutbank. Some broad blood-stains, clotted but blackening, marked the slope; but he walked across them unheeding, moving steadily uphill to the house. He was within ten yards when a strange, unnatural sound from within the dark soddy made him falter. What he heard, he knew as he came nearer, was someone moaning and muttering some sort of gibberish, in a voice he did not know. It sounded as much like Kiowa as anything else. He drew his long-barreled Colt, and stepped over a window sill, into the soddy; and there he stopped.

He was standing in a shambles. Great blood pools, some still clotting and sticky-looking, most dried and darkening, spread under both windows, over a great area in the middle of the room, and even showed where a flow had run out of the fireplace, across the hearth, and onto the floor. The carved secretary was lying on its face, the only whole piece of furniture in the room. Broken glass, and a great litter of shattered wood was everywhere, from splintered shutters and furniture put to the ax in efforts at repair; the table was a pile of drift. Three walls, but especially the back wall, were covered with the same bullet craters that pocked the front wall outside. A leg of the dead horse hung down in the middle of the room from a great sag in the broken roof. The clock was bullet-smashed, the water barrel was split and overturned. No greater havoc could have been expected if a regiment had fought here for a week.

The voice Ben had not recognized was Andy's, where he lay half out of his bunk in a fever delirium; and he was begging for water. He moved feebly and aimlessly in a kind of writhing, and his eyes saw nothing.

Rachel stood in the shadows at the far end of the room, a carbine in her hands; and she looked so like a spook Ben hardly recognized her. Her eyes stared at him like dead eyes, out of black hollows. One side of her mouth was puffed enormously;

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her nose was skinned, and perhaps broken. Blood smeared from her mouth and nose was crusted all over one side of her face, and what remained of her dress was stiff with great dark stains.

He failed to speak, on his first effort. On the second try he said, "It's over, Rachel. Now everything's going to be all right."

She stood the carbine on its butt, out in the middle of the floor, as if she were leaning it against an invisible wall. It balanced a moment, then rattled on the planks as she turned away. She stumbled to the bedroom door, and got it open. She almost reached the bed, but struck its edge as she fell; and lay face downward on the floor.

He picked her up, and started to put her on her bed; but he saw the sheeted corpse in the other bed, so carried her away. At the other end of the soddy he found his own bunk smoothly made, untouched in all that chaos. He stripped off the ruins of Rachel's dress, and put her poor dirty little body between the clean sheets, before he went to Andy.

Nine of the range crew came in soon after daylight. They had lost the cook, whom the Kiowas had caught in his overturned wagon. And they thought they had had a pretty bad time, until they saw what had happened here.

Nobody knew where Cash was.

They moved both Andy and Rachel to improvised beds in the saddle shed, and strapped Andy down to dress the wreckage of his arm. Ben himself bathed Rachel, and made her as comfortable as he could. Sometimes, for a few moments, she came half awake; she knew Ben then, but said very little. She knew that Matthilda was dead, and that they had forted up, and Andy had been hurt. For the present she didn't seem to remember much more, and Ben was glad for that. He poured soup into her when he could, and she slept.

Between stages of delirium, Andy was able to tell Ben what had happened here, but only up to a point. He remembered Rachel's firing through the root cellar slide, but he didn't know what had overturned the walnut secretary, or what had hap-

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pened in the fireplace—or maybe the chimney; or what had busted the water barrel. He thought that after he was wounded he had fired at something, from where he lay—maybe several times. And he knew a gun had continued to let off near him, from as far back as he could remember. He had the impression that he had lain there many days.

Late in the morning, shortly after they buried Matthilda, a rider from the Rawlinses brought word that Cash had been found, and he was dead. But he didn't seem to know anything more about it, and rode away without dismounting. They learned nothing else, until Georgia Rawlins rode in at noon.

She said, somberly. "I'm glad to see *you* here, Ben." Her face looked bloodless under her tan, and very drawn; somehow harder, around the mouth and eyes. She made Ben walk out to the creek with her, where they could talk. "I sent a man. Did he get here? We found Cash."

He nodded.

She went on in a lifeless monotone, and told him of the night she had spent here, describing that first night's fight as a "brush." After Cash rode her home or pretty near, he seemingly had lined out to fetch his crew in. But after the Kiowas cut him off, she believed, he must have tried to fight his way home. The sign appeared to show that he had fought a long way from where he was hit, and his horse killed, to where he had ended. Georgia herself had gone out to identify him for certain. She had sewed him into a wagon sheet; and they had buried him on the hillside above the place where he fell.

Georgia leaned against him, much as she would have leaned against a gentle horse; and her tears wet his shirt. Her words came muffled. "I loved him, Ben. I was going to marry him, soon as we could tell you. It was always him. It can't ever be no other man."

The swarm of hands cleaning up the house found two corpses still hidden in it. Wolf Saddle was dead in the root cellar; and Seth, shot through one eye, was in the Glory Hole. That the two war leaders had died trying to come to close quarters was no

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coincidence. They were the ones with no way to let go. Doubtless they would have chosen this, rather than a return to the Kiowas in defeat and dishonor.

Only a few Kiowas were able to see that the tribe itself had little farther to go. The vast areas the Horse Indians required, in order to live by the hunt, could not much longer be held against a race that fed a thousand people upon the land the Wild Tribes needed to feed one. The buffalo, the one great essential to nomadic life on the prairie, was already going, and would soon be gone. The Kiowas as a people would survive, and someday increase. But the Kiowas as the great war tribe of the southwest prairies would be gone before the buffalo.

With more hands at work than there was room for, the soddy turned new again overnight. The roof was mended, the floors scrubbed and sandstoned; new battle shutters were built. A new smooth-over of plaster dried overnight, and was whitewashed the next day. The place looked kind of bare, but they moved Andy and Rachel into the lower bunks of the main room. And still Rachel slept.

Now other people began to come; they were going to keep on coming for days. People they had known long ago, and people they had never seen. Not one of them all could remember having called the Zacharys Indian-lovers, or ever questioning for one moment the origins of the girl Old Zack had found upon the prairie, seventeen years ago. Only Zeb Rawlins, when at last he came, would recall his errors, every one; and own to them as forthrightly as he had stood against them.

For while Andy would become a hero, Rachel was going to be idolized. She could have anything in Texas; she could have Texas. Though Ben didn't believe she would want it, any more.

But up through the third day after the fight, the cowhands were able to keep people out of the house. Andy was resting easier, and Rachel asleep; and Ben sat on a box near the hearth, keeping an eye on them. He didn't want to see anybody else.

A cowhand named Roddy came and hung around near the

stoop; he didn't want to disturb anybody by knocking. Ben went out to him.

"Indians lanced a caow last night," Roddy said. "Just out of pyore meanness. Never took no part of her. Then they taken the lance, and stuck it straight up in her ribs, plain to be seen."

"What color was it?" he asked Roddy.

"Oh, I'd call it black, mainly, with a lot of rawhide wrop—"

"Good God almighty! Where is it now?"

"Well, last I saw, the boys was horsing around—"

Ben recovered the thing, finally, and took it into the house. It was a short lance, no more than eleven feet long—a good three feet shorter than the typical fourteen-foot Kiowa lances. The shorter the lance, the braver the Indian, everybody said. Its needle-tapered ironwood, from a perfect shoot of the incredibly hard Osage orange, was stained black and polished to ebony, except for two feet at the tip, which turned out to be painted red, after the clotted beef blood was cleaned off. It was Striking Horse's lance, all right. His medicine feathers had been removed, but seven spaced ringlets of rawhide showed where they had hung.

The hand hold, placed slightly toward the butt from the balance, was wound with whang, aged iron hard, and worn to a black shine of its own by half a century of use. But six inches of similar winding at the butt did not belong there. Grease and charcoal had been rubbed into the rawhide string to make it less conspicuous, yet it was new. Ben began to suspect what he had here, when he saw that.

He unwound the whang, and found it had secured a parchment-like tube of doeskin, which he was able to slide off the butt of the lance. A strange, creepy excitement of imminent discovery stirred his scalp; for he knew, now, and for sure, what this was. Turning the tube in his hands, he read the message picture on the outside, skillfully drafted in delicate, even lines.

An Indian, conventionally represented as having feathers sticking straight up out of his head, was handing something to

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a white man identified by a stovepipe hat. A wavy line from the Indian's head led to a small drawing of a horse striking with its forefeet, and a similar line led from the high hat to something like a gourd. "Striking Horse gives Stone Hand a present." Couldn't have been any plainer.

He stood up for a look at Andy and Rachel, in the lower bunks at the end of the room. Andy was restless in a fever doze. Two or three times a minute his head rolled and he often murmured, unintelligibly. But Rachel was sleeping quietly. Ben let his eyes rest on her for half a minute, before he pried the tube partly open with his thumbnail.

The doeskin had been scraped very thin, but nothing had been done to keep it soft. He supposed the drawings had been made while it was still green, for now it had hardened in the shape of the ironwood butt, and wanted to stay that way. He had a glimpse of something that might have been the forequarters of a horse, and the speckled face by which the Kiowas indicated 1857, the year of the spotted death, when Old Zack had found a lost baby on the prairie.

So here was one more incomprehensible paradox of Kiowa integrity. Cash had made his brash visit to Striking Horse at a time when the Dancing Bird was being closely and almost continuously scouted, as the sign had plainly shown. A raid in strength must already have been under debate. When Cash asked the old warlock what child, captive or Kiowa, had been lost by Kiowas in the year of the spotted death, he had as good as told Striking Horse outright where that child was now. Ben did not doubt that Striking Horse had used that intelligence, without hesitation and at once, to unleash Seth's murderous assault. Never said he wouldn't.

But at the same time, Striking Bird had promised Cash to send him the answer he wanted, if he could find it out. And now he had sent it—even wrapped on his own lance, in token of validity—because he had said he would. Only an Indian would see no contradiction in sending destruction and the fulfillment of a promise almost hand in hand.

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Shakily Ben pried at the brittle parchment; then stopped abruptly. Some kind of warning had sounded inside his head, unclear in meaning, yet definite as the dry buzz of a sidewinder. He sat down on a box by the hearth, the tube dangling from his fingers, and his eyes brooding upon the ash-banked coals; and he was wondering why he felt suddenly ashamed. He was missing Cassius in a way he had not expected, for though he grieved for his brother he had not expected to need him so soon. What Ben realized now was that he had no one left to talk to, any more.

Andy had been clear-headed for a while today, but it wasn't the same thing. Andy had felt it important to make Ben know that it was Rachel, and not himself, who had got them through the siege. He thought he would have gone to pieces very early in that night of terror and endless desperation, if she had let him.

"She sure fought for her life," Ben said.

"No," Andy said. "No. She wasn't fighting for her life." Almost the last he remembered was Rachel blaming herself, in the belief that she could have prevented the whole thing, had she not moved too late. In those last hours she admitted to Andy that she had been trying to slip away, when Matthilda was taken down, without other plan than to lose herself past finding; and so take out of their lives the disgrace and the danger she had brought them. "It was me she was fighting for. Not herself. She didn't care about her own life, one way or the other."

Ben believed it. And he saw now why he had drawn back from prying out the secret of the doeskin scroll. Nobody, not even Andy, knew Rachel as he knew her, or ever could. If she could not look to him for understanding, she could not hope to find it on this earth. *Yet I was fixing to ask one mean-minded question more, he thought, that I don't even give a hoot about, one way or the other. She'd quit me, she ought to quit me, if she knew it even entered my mind.*

He leaned down and shoved the parchment into the heart of the banked coals. A little shaving of flame had come alive at one

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end of it before he turned away. He went and stood beside Rachel, looking down at her somberly as she slept; and he had never felt more humble in his life. *God help me to make it up to you. For without you I don't know how to go on.*

When he turned back to the hearth only a crinkled black twist remained of the parchment scroll. He touched it with the toe of his boot, and it went to dust.

“Where Did You
Go?” “Out.”

“What Did You
Do?” “Nothing.”

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AN ABRIDGEMENT

The Author

ROBERT PAUL SMITH was born in New York City. While attending Columbia College, he edited *The Columbia Review*. His first novel was published in 1941. Several other novels followed at regular intervals but—before “Where Did You Go?”—he achieved his greatest success as the co-author of the popular play and movie, “The Tender Trap.”

“WHERE DID YOU GO?” “OUT.”
“WHAT DID YOU DO?” “NOTHING.”
Robert Paul Smith
Published by W. W. Norton & Company
Drawings by James J. Spanfeller
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THE thing is, I don't understand what kids do with themselves any more. I have two boys of my own, I live in a suburb where three out of three fathers are up to here with catching that commuting train and paying that mortgage and burning those leaves and shoveling that snow, and when all else is indefensible, say, "But it's a wonderful place to raise children." Spock and Gesell and others of that ilk are the local deities, the school teachers speak of that little stinker from Croveny Road as "a real challenge," there are play groups and athletic supervisors and Little Leagues and classes in advanced finger painting and family counselors and child psychologists. Ladies who don't know *a posteriori* from *tertium quid* carry the words "sibling rivalry" in the pocketbooks of their minds as faithfully as their no-smear lipstick.

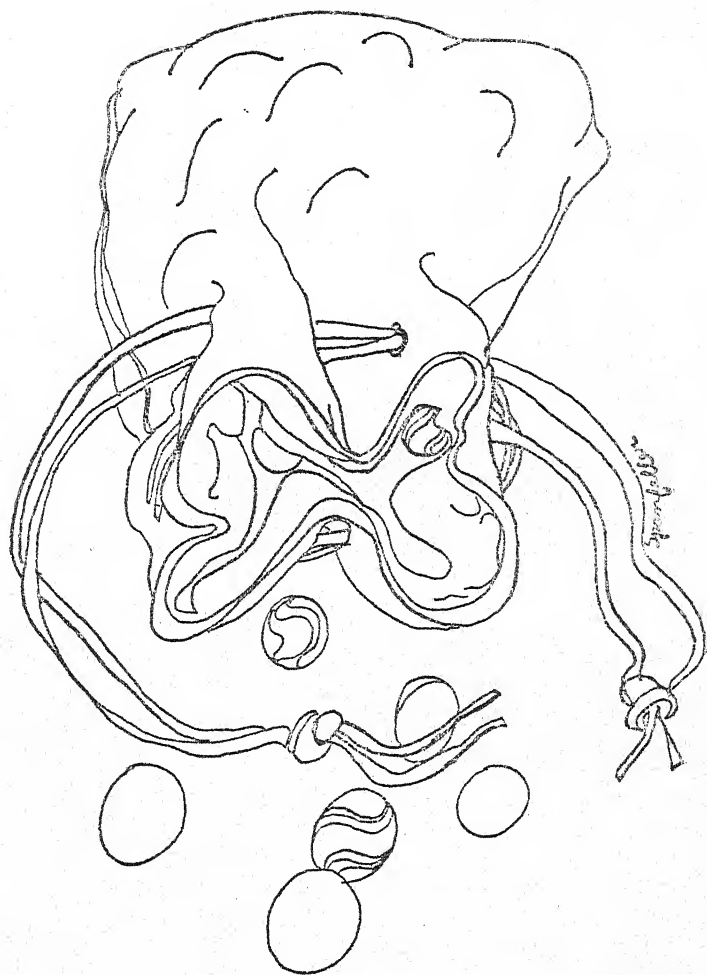
And yet—I was with a bunch of kids a week ago, ranging in age from ten to fourteen (to forty-one counting me) and since none of them seemed to know what to do for the next fifteen minutes I said to them, "How about a game of mumbly-peg?" And can you believe that not one of these little siblings knew spank the baby from Johnny jump the fence? All right, I thought, they don't know mumbly-peg, maybe they're territory players. One of them knew that game. As a matter of fact, he beat me at it, but I figure that was because it was his knife. The wrong kind. When we were kids, we had a scout knife, and for only one reason. Oh, I know it says in the catalogs that that blade is a leather punch, but on my block that narrow fluted blade was a mumbly-peg blade. In an emergency you could punch a hole in something with the blade—but with us it was a knee or a forehead, most often, when we were doing knees

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or heads in mumbly-peg. It was *called* a scout knife, but it was a mumbly-peg knife.

Well now, I taught those kids to play mumbly-peg, and for all I know, if I hadn't happened to be around that day, in another fifteen years they would have to start protecting mumbly-peg players like rosy spoonbills or the passenger pigeon—but why don't the kids teach the other kids to play mumbly-peg? What do these kids do with themselves all the time?

So far as I can find out, they don't play immies any more. I see in the newsreels every once in a while that they're holding the national marble championships. What kind of an insanity is this? In the first place, any kid on my block who called an immie a marble would have been barred from civilized intercourse for life. In the second place, who cares who's marble champion of the *world*? The problem is, who's the best immie shooter on the block. And in the third place, they play some idiotic kind of marbles with a ring drawn in paint, and I'll bet a hat the rules are written down in a book. On my block, the rules were written down in kids. The rules were that as soon as the ground got over being frozen, any right-minded kid on the way home from school, or in recess, planted his left heel in the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees and walked around it with his right foot until there was a hole of a certain size. You couldn't measure this hole. We all knew what size the hole was supposed to be. I could go outside right now and make a hole the right size. (I did. It's still the same size. The size of an immie hole. And while I was outside I drew a line with the toe of my foot the proper distance from the hole. It's still the same distance. It isn't something you measure in feet. It's the distance from the immie hole that the line is supposed to be.) Then you stood on the line and, to start, threw immies, underhand, at the hole. There's a lot more to immies. There's fins (or fens) and knucks down and whether it was fair to wiggle your feet while you were doing fins. (Or fens.) There were steelies, which were big ball bearings and could bust an immie and depending on the size of the kids these were legal or illegal, there were realies and



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glassies. There was the immie bag that your mother made and you put to one side because all right-minded kids carried them in a big bulge in the pocket until the pocket tore. The grown-ups used to talk about not playing for keeps, which was more nonsense like fathers being pals, and there was the time when I owed a boy I will call Charlie Pagliaro, because that was almost his name, one hundred and forty-four immies. He played me until I had no immies, then he extended me credit, and I doubled and redoubled, and staggered home trying to absorb the fact that I owed him one hundred and forty-four immies. Now the first thing to understand is that there is no such thing as one hundred and forty-four immies. Twenty maybe, or with the help of your good friends, thirty-six, or maybe by going into servitude for the rest of your life to every kid on the whole block, you might get up to about sixty. But there is no such thing as one hundred and forty-four marbles.

You go to your mother and say, "I owe Charlie Pagliaro one hundred and forty-four marbles." Your mother says, "I told you not to play for keeps." You go to your father and you say, "I owe Charlie Pagliaro one hundred and forty-four marbles." Your father says, "One hundred and forty-four? Well, tell him you didn't mean to go that high."

You go to your best friend. He lends you three immies and a steelie, which, if I remember, was worth five immies, or if big enough, ten, if the guy you were swapping with wanted a steelie at all. Two copies of *The Boy Allies* and a box of blank cartridges, a seebackroscope you got from the Johnson Smith catalog, and a promise to Charlie Pagliaro that you will do his homework for the rest of your life, twenty-five cents in cash, and that's it. Charlie takes the stuff, and all you owe him now is fifteen immies. He knows you have a realie. Realies are worth more than diamonds. It is not a good thing to have Charlie mad at you. There goes the realie.

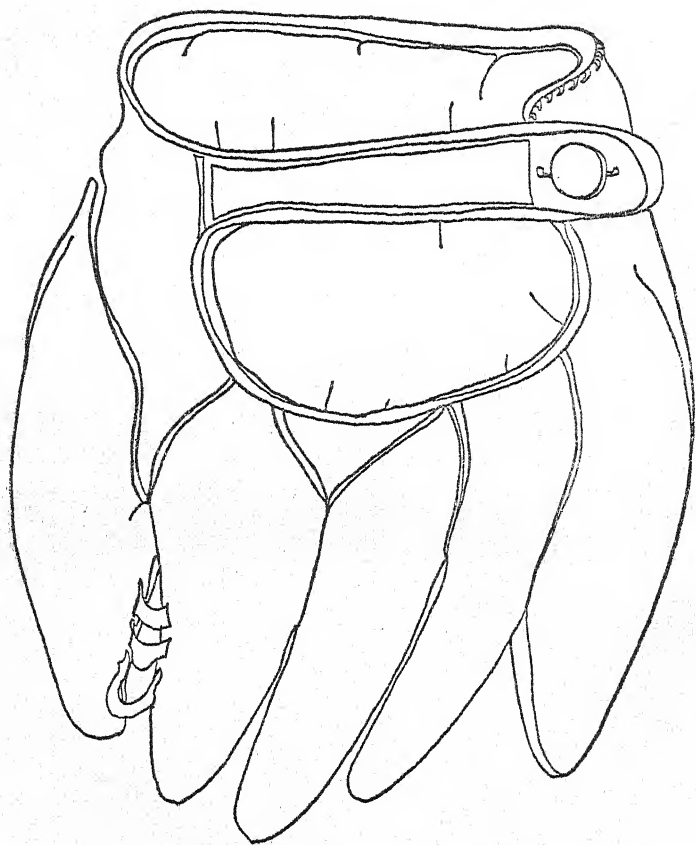
So, they don't play mumbly-peg and they don't play immies. And all you people who are going to tell me about aggies, and

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the way you played marbles—peace. You played a different way. But whatever way you played, *that* was the way, that was the only way to play, and you would have had no more of me telling you then than I will of you telling me now. Most of all, did you ever in your whole life conceive of a grownup coming around and having the effrontery to butt into a game? It wasn't only that he would be silly, he wouldn't know. Also it was none of his goddam business. Oh, somebody's big brother, somebody who had used to be around the block, maybe even was going to college—he knew. We used to play football. Nobody ever taught us, we played, and if somebody's big brother taught you the center was supposed (or not supposed?) to lean on the ball, that you had to get your fingers onto the seam to throw what we called “a sparrow,” that was all right. He was a big kid. He wasn't a grownup. He was on our side.

There must have been some time in my life when I played baseball with nine men on a team, but surely it was not on our block. We played with as many kids as were around, and I don't think there were eighteen kids on the block.

All the kids I see playing baseball these days are in something called The Little League and have a covey of everseeing grownups hanging around and bothering them and putting catcher's masks on them and making it so bloody important the kids don't even know about one o' cat, or one old cat, or whatever you called it. They tell me these kids in the Little League cry when they lose a game. Nobody ever cried in our baseball games unless he caught a foul tip with the end of his finger, and since it was a kid umpiring, no matter what the score came up finally, you could argue long enough about any decision so that you either won or were robbed. Or some kid had to leave in the middle to practice the piano or go down to the store or go for a ride in his uncle's new Essex. So, even though we never played nine men on a side, nor were ever in a game that went nine innings, what I remember is the sound of a ball in a glove, and the feeling in my fingers when the bat threatened to split and I



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remember how somebody got some very precious stuff called neat's-foot oil ("It comes from the foot of a neat, you dope!") and we rubbed that in our gloves instead of Three-in-One.

Kids, as far as I can tell, don't do things like that any more. There's always some interfering grownup around being a pal to them, telling them where to put their feet when they stand at the plate. We found out. Stand the way you wanted to and there was everybody on your side hollering "Take your foot out of the bucket," and you took your foot out of the bucket. When things got tough for our side, we picked out a real little kid, just big enough to hold the bat and stand at the plate. Just stand there, we told him, and the pitcher would carry on for a while, how it was gypping, who could throw strikes that low, then he'd throw him four straight balls and we had a man—a man!—on base.

I suppose this is all just an indication of my advanced years, but I don't know things now like I used to know then. What we knew as kids, what we learned from other kids, was not tentatively true, or extremely probable, or proven by science or polls or surveys. It was so. I suppose this has to do with ontogeny recapitulating phylogeny. We were savages, we were in that stage of the world's history when the earth stood still and everything else moved. I wrote on the flyleaf of my schoolbooks, and apparently every other kid in the world did, including James Joyce and Abe Lincoln and I am sure Tito and Fats Waller and Michelangelo, in descending order my name, my street, my town, my county, my state, my country, my continent, my hemisphere, my planet, my solar system. And let nobody dissemble: it started out with me, the universe was the outer circle of a number of concentric rings, and the center point was me, me, me, sixty-two pounds wringing wet with heavy shoes on. I have the notion, and perhaps I am wrong, that kids don't feel that way any more.

Once again, it's because we grownups are always around pumping our kids full of what we laughingly call facts. They don't want science. They want magic. They don't want hypo-

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theses, they want immutable truth. They want to be, they should be, in a clearing in the jungle painting themselves blue, dancing around the fire and making it rain by patting snakes and shaking rattles. It is so strange: nobody, so far as I know, sat around worrying about the insides of our heads, and we made ourselves safe. Time enough to find out, as we are finding out now, that nothing is so. Not even close to so.

But then: facts, facts, facts. If you cut yourself in the web of skin between your thumb and forefinger, you die. That's it. No ifs or buts. Cut. Die. Let's get on to other things. If you eat sugar lumps, you get worms. If you cut a worm in half, he don't feel a thing, and you get two worms. Grasshoppers spit tobacco. Step on a crack, break your mother's back. Walk past a house with a quarantine sign, and don't hold your breath, and you get sick and die. Cigarettes stunt your growth. Some people are double-jointed, and by that we didn't mean any jazz like very loose tendons or whatever the facts are. This guy had two joints where we had one. A Dodge (if your family happened to own a Dodge) was the best car in the whole world.

We cut our fingers in that web and didn't die, but our convictions didn't change. We ate sugar lumps, and I don't recall getting worms, but the fact was still there. We'd pass by the next day and both halves of the worm would be dead, our mother's back never broke, my sister had scarlet fever right in my own house and I must have breathed once or twice in all that time, and we really knew that what came out of the grasshopper was not tobacco juice. But facts were one thing, and beliefs were another.

We got our schoolbooks, and we went home and in a drawer in the kitchen was a pile of wrapping paper saved from packages, and we folded covers for the books in a certain way. Some kids came to our town from New York City, and they told us that you could go to a stationery store in New York and *buy* covers for schoolbooks, but we got them over lying like that. Some of the girls used wallpaper for their covers, and some of them used glue for the folded-over flaps, but they were wrong.

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Even they knew that. The right way was to fold it. The drawer with the wrapping paper was the drawer with the string. We were rich. We could have had a ball of string if we wanted one, I guess. But we didn't, and nobody I knew did. We had pieces of string. To this day I cannot understand why, right now in my own house, we don't have a drawer with pieces of wrapping paper and pieces of string. My wife, who grew up in New York, *buys* wrapping paper and throws pieces of string away. She doesn't save boxes, either, or empty spools, and she doesn't have a button box. She says that packages largely do not come wrapped in wrapping paper any more, and if they do they are sealed down with tape, and you have to tear the paper to get it off, and I guess she's right about that, and I suppose there's nothing really immoral about springing ten cents for a ball of twine, and our kids wear Tee shirts and pants with zippers on them, so where the hell are the buttons going to come from.

My little boy was mooning around the house the other day—it is one of the joys of being a writer that occasionally when I am mooning around the house because I haven't the vaguest idea of what to do about the second act, or the last chapter, or Life, or why I don't have an independent income or a liquor store or a real skill like a tool-and-die maker or a lepidopterist or a mellophone player—I can slope downstairs and trap a child. The little boy was mooning around. I was mooning around. He had no idea what to do with himself because his room is full of woodburning kits and model ships to be made out of plastic and phonographs and looms and Captain Kangaroo Playtime Kits and giant balloons and plaster of paris and colored pencils and compasses and comic books and money. I will straighten this little bugger out, I said, I will pass on to him the ancient knowledge of his sire, I will teach him a little something about the collective unconscious, by God I will. "Did you ever make a buzz-saw out of a button?" I opened brightly. He thought for a while, and tried to remember what a button was, and concluded that it was something like a zipper, but he

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didn't know what a buzz-saw was. He decided that a buzz-saw was like what I almost cut my thumb off with in the cellar and had out of the house by nightfall. "First thing we need is a big button," I said, and then we went into that thing about, "I don't know where there's a button, for the love of God ask your mother, of course there's a button around the house. Where? In the button box."

That's when I found out we don't have a button box. We went to our neighbor's and after a while they found a button box. Not their button box, but one that Grandma had had. We got a big button. I strung it with a loop of silk thread, and it didn't work and the thread broke. I suppose nobody bothers making silk thread strong now, if you want strong thread you use nylon. When I was a kid, silk thread was so strong you practically cut the tip of your finger off breaking it. *That* was thread. We went to look for string, but all there was was a ball of very good string that was too thick. We went back to the neighbor with the button box and in *her* kitchen drawer there was an assortment of bits of string. We made a buzz-saw. He took it to day-camp with him. The other kids thought it was a new kind of yo-yo and wanted to know where to buy one. When my kid told them his father had made it, they decided he was a liar.

When I was a kid, the year was divided into times. There was a time when you played immies. There was a time when you built kites. There was a time when you made parachutes out of a handkerchief and some string and a rock. There was a time when you played football. There was a time when you played Red Rover, and statues, and one and over and Buck Billy Buck and ringeleveo. Everybody did it. It was like the trees coming into green. There was something that clicked, and the gears shifted, and we all got up in the morning and put our immies in our pockets because that was the day everybody started to play immies. And when the immie season was over, we all knew it. We didn't even talk about it. It was just the end of the immie season, and one morning we stopped playing immies and started

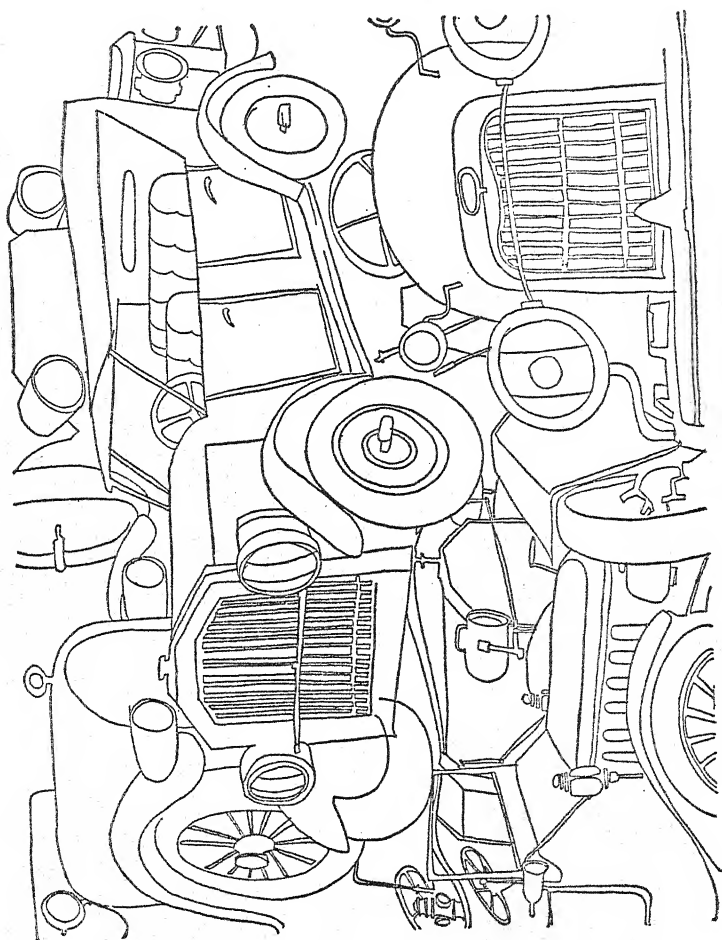
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making kites, because overnight it had stopped being immie time and started being kite time.

There were other divisions: up until, say seven, boys could play hopscotch. Then, the iron door slammed. From there on out, hopscotch was for girls. Girls could ride boys' bikes, but boys couldn't ride girls' bikes. Girls could play tag, but not leap-frog. Girls could carry their books in both arms across their bellies, but boys had to carry them in one hand against their sides. Girls could play immies, occasionally, under great conditions of tolerance, but not mumbly-peg—until around fourteen, when boys would let girls do anything, having plans for later that night, under the street lamps.

That's another thing. Now it is summer, in this perishing suburb where I live, to which we moved because when we lived in the city, we had to go away every summer so the kids could learn about grass. There are the long evenings under the street lamps to talk to girls, to watch the big kids talking to girls, to tease the big kids talking to girls, to be hit by the big kids talking to girls, to play Red Rover, to sit on the porch steps and listen to your father tell Mister Fenyvessey what he thinks of the Republicans, to tell your best friend what your father told Mister Fenyvessey and what Mister Fenyvessey told your father, and what words your father used. It is summer and it is time to get a jelly glass and fill it full of lightning bugs and tie a piece of gauze over the top and take it to your room, and very late at night to see that your finger, where you touched the lightning bug, is glowing too.

But not in our town. The kids are at camp, because, for Heaven's sake, what are the kids going to do with themselves all summer? Well, it would be nice, I think, if they spent an afternoon kicking a can. It might be a good thing if they dug a hole. No, no, no. Not a foundation, or a well, or a mother symbol. Just a hole. For no reason. Just to dig a hole. After a while, they could fill it with water, if they liked. They might find a stone that they could believe was an axe-head, or a fossil. They might find a penny. Or a very antique nail. Or a bone. A saber-



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tooth tiger's kneecap. Or if they didn't want to fill the hole with water, they could put something in it like a penny, or a nail, or an axe-head, or a dead bird and cover it with dirt and leave it there for a while, so they could dig it up later and see what happens to something that you leave in the dirt for a while.

About the Red Rover. We used to use the names of cars. And if it was a hot evening and you didn't want to run, you picked out an obscure name like Simplex, and to this day I can hear the calls in the summer evening under the street lamp. "Pierce Arrow, come over. Hupmobile, come over. Locomobile, come over. Stanley Steamer, Kissel, Moon, Essex, come over. Mercedes-Benz, come over. Hispano-Suiza, come over. Isotta-Fraschini, come over." Oh, we were a cosmopolitan crowd.

The kids could have watered the lawn in the summer. I could have watered them when I watered the lawn. When I was a kid, you watered the lawn by standing there and holding the hose and spraying it back and forth. In arcs, and in fountains, and in figure eights, and straight up in the air, energetically, and dreamily and absentmindedly, washing the walk, and the porch and the window screen and your father in the living room reading the paper. And if it was a grownup watering the lawn, you hung around until he said, "Why don't you kids go ask your mothers if you can get in your bathing suits and I'll spray you," and you pounded home and got into the scratchy wool bathing suit and pounded back and there, I tell you, was Heaven on earth, getting wet on a front lawn on purpose.

It was a hot day, and the clouds gathered and the rain came, the heavy heavy fat drops of summer making quarters on the sidewalk, and in every house screen doors slammed, and it was, "Mother, mother, can I," and all over the block kids ran out, in their scratchy woolen bathing suits, dancing up and down in the rain. The kids could have done that in the summer.

They could have found their best friend and gone for a long walk, kicking a can, and after a while, lying on their backs against a hedge somewhere, looking up in the sky and speculat-

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ing. They could have done the same thing, alone, in the back yard, seeing the shapes swimming in the sky. I forget how old I was when I asked somebody about it, and I was told that those wonderful gliding changing spots were imperfections in the fluid of my eye-ball, that what I was seeing was in my eye. In *your* eye! For so long, for a child's years, the sky was full of wonder, these shapes were in the sky, the sky was full of transparent things that swooped and swam. They were almost invisible, and, I thought, almost bodiless, they were there, but you could go right through them, they were animals that lived in the air. You see, we didn't go around talking about things like this. It's only now, that I am grown up and know everything, that I talk about this.

IT NEVER occurred to us that there was anything wrong in doing nothing, so long as we kept out of the way of grownups. These days, you see a kid lying on his back and looking blank and you begin to wonder what's wrong with him. There's nothing wrong with him, except he's thinking. He's trying to find out whether he breathes differently when he's thinking about it than when he's just breathing. He's seeing how long he can sit there without blinking. He is considering whether his father is meaner than Carl's father, he is wondering who he would be if his father hadn't married his mother, whether there is somewhere in the world somebody who is exactly like him in every detail up to and including the fact that the other one is sitting there thinking whether there is someone who is exactly like him in every detail. He is trying to arrive at some conclusion about his thumb.

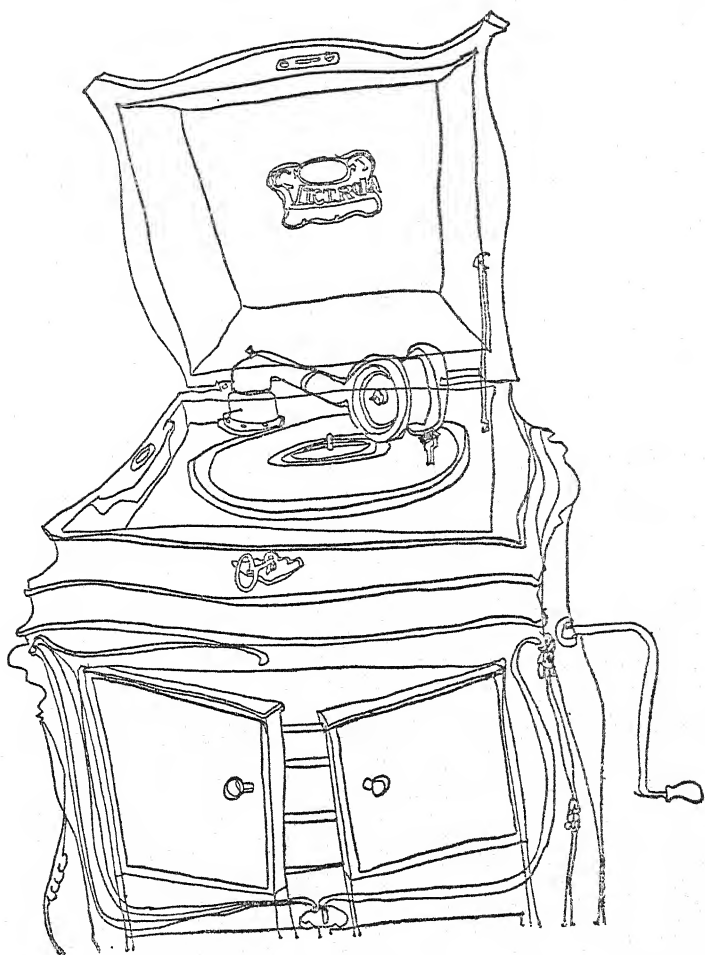
But when we were kids, we had the sense to keep these things to ourselves. We didn't go around asking grownups about them. They obviously didn't know. We asked other kids. They knew. I think we were right about grownups being the natural enemies of kids, because we knew that what they wanted us to do was to be like them. And that was for the birds. "Pop, look at this. It's a pollywog, look at it." "Um," said your father. Another kid said. "Jeez, where'd you get it? Are there any more? What'll you take for it?"

My kids have got a phonograph that plays three speeds, and the amount of antiseptic garbage that comes in three speeds these days about woolly bears, and floppy rabbits and Zoo-zoo the Xylophone and Serpentine the Slide Trombone is having only one effect. They don't play the phonograph very much, and when they do, they play 33's at 45, or 45's at 78, they en-

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deavor to play them backward and sideways—anything at all in an attempt to have something to *do* with the phonograph. When I was a kid, we had one, God save the mark, “kiddie” record, a small disk on which a remote baritone sang “Fiddle Dee Dee, Fiddle Dee Dee, the fly has married the bumble bee,” and let me assure you, he was not singing it so kids could understand it, or sing with it, or learn the happy playtime customs of foreign lands. He was standing up in front of a mike and belting it out like a proper singer. That record was retired as soon as I learned to crank the phonograph. I learned to crank it shortly after I discovered, by looking, that grownups had lied to me when they told me there was a little man sitting inside the machine and singing. By the way, I didn’t feel betrayed that they had lied to me. Of course grownups didn’t tell the truth. That was article one.

Once I learned to crank it, I also learned that if I didn’t crank it enough, it would run down. And oh, the pure joy of listening to Caruso turn from a tenor into a bass! Oh, the sheer delight of having every grownup within hearing distance turn purple at hearing the Victor Salon orchestra in a medley of songs from “The Bohemian Girl” turn in to a combination German band, barnyard, slide whistle, and bass fiddle choir, and then, by judicious cranking, hear it turn back into music again. You could also put things on the turntable, pencils, marbles, pieces of chalk, horse chestnuts, and see how long it would take for them to fly off the turntable and how far under the couch they would go. No jolly little round songs about the friendly little mongoose going buckety-buckety down the big big road with all his woolly little woodland friends to the neurotic old tiger’s house. Cohen on the Telephone, and Harry Lauder, Moran and Mack, John McCormack, and one record by I know not who, of “Kol Nidre” that chilled me to the marrow. Belle Baker, Bert Williams, Martinelli, Galli Curci (surely then the funniest name for the funniest voice in the world), and Caruso, Caruso, Caruso, and to this day, I, the musical idiot, the opera-



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hater, go soft all over when I hear the aria from *The Pearl Fishers*.

The records, you remember, were black, and they had black labels, didn't they, with gold type? They were easily a quarter of an inch thick, and most of them had grooves on one side only. They were to records today as a linen handkerchief is to a Kleenex. These things, too, you see, were not tentative, not provisional. These records were.

I learned that I did not like singing, very much. I learned that when the records went around slow, the sounds were low, when they went around fast, the sounds were high. This, I believe, is science, and I found it out for myself. I found out that when the turntable went around fast, the horse chestnut flew off. I have recently inquired, and have been told, that things fly off a rotating disc according to the relation between their coefficient of weight and their coefficient of friction, or something like that. Well, if you want to believe that kind of talk . . . All I know is, the marble landed under the couch, just this minute, and my head was over to one side and I saw the big iron lamp standard, the Chinese one with the dragons crawling all over it, and overhead the big beautiful yellow silk shade with the fringe that I could not keep from unraveling, the heavy cord that switched the lights on and off. I remember the heavy cord because it had some sort of weight on the bottom, maybe another piece of iron with a dragon on it. In any event, it was a very comforting thing to pop in and out of my mouth. It made a noise, and it was cool.

The fire tools were kind of nice. There was a poker and a shovel and a pincers that made, by itself, a satisfactory noise when clicked, and even more when applied to a recumbent sister's bottom. That noise was followed immediately by the noise of the whole rack clattering to the floor, sometimes the fire screen as well, the front door slamming, and my sister's voice through the door promising imminent and total destruction as soon as I let go the door knob on my side of the front door, and then, of course, the tiresome intervention of a parent. On my sister's side, of course.

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I didn't get licked, nor did my sisters. How they felt about it, I don't know, but I remember kids coming to school and telling with pride of the licking their father had given them. Peace, peace, truculent reader—I am not saying anything one way or the other about corporal punishment. I think it's a hell of a note for somebody six feet tall to beat up on somebody two or three or four feet tall. But it does give the four-footer a clear idea of the way things are, because whether by belt or hand or normal persuasion, the kid knows the six-footer is going to have his way. And when these kids came to school and told about the licking they had gotten, all of us un-licked kids knew that these kids had reached freedom. The enemy had shown his hand, and they weren't confused about why the parent was right. He was right because he had the might, and the thing to do was get mighty, and then let's see who's boss. In the meantime, lay low, and don't give any secrets away. And don't for a moment think that we, as kids, didn't know that the parent had lost when he gave you a licking, and felt terrible about it, and could be angled and played and hooked and landed.

I only got spanked once. My sister was lying on the floor. She was lying on the floor, reading the funny papers on a Sunday morning. (That, thank the Lord, hasn't changed. My kids belly down on the living-room floor for the same reason. I have hope for them.) I was walking around, and at this moment I'd give eight to five I was walking around trying to find someone to read the funny papers to me. I'd give two to one I was counting on the younger of my two older sisters to read them to me. She was easier to cajole than the other. In any event, I stepped on her hand, and she said ouch. My father spanked me, not because I stepped on her hand, but because I wouldn't apologize. I wouldn't apologize because I had myself convinced that I had not done it on purpose. And maybe I hadn't. Now this was a defense in those days. You had to apologize if you did it on purpose, and you did not have to apologize if it was an accident, and it was incumbent on the honor of the individual kid to say whether it was on purpose or an accident. In direct violation of

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this eternal provision of The Law, my father took out and spanked me. It then became, in my mind, a moral issue. I had very little hesitation in lying from then on. I stayed out of my father's way, too, which wasn't hard, because he stayed out of the way of all of us as much as he could. And since he was sick, that was a lot. But all of the fathers stayed away from the little kids. Mothers took care of little kids. Fathers read their papers and smoked their cigars and went for walks and played pinochle and golf. My father, I was told, once took me out in my baby-carriage, he pushed it himself, and it was enough to mark him an odd one for months.

But he licked me, that once, and I bawled, and I knew who he was from then on. He was the one who didn't obey The Law.

It is curious, but the way I learned about stealing was the same sort of thing. In my day, there were established orders of punishment in school. First, there was staying after school. Second, there was being sent to the cloakroom. Third, there was being sent to the principal's office. Fourth was the summoning of parents. Fifth, there was being—well, I don't know the word. It was a public school, so I suppose you couldn't have been expelled. But whatever it was called, it meant that you could not come to school unless something or other was done. You couldn't stay home either, because your parents wouldn't have it. It was for a major crime, and I suppose the nearest thing to it I ever ran across, except the thing itself, was Dante's limbo.

I was a good little boy. I was a smart little boy. I was a meek and well-behaved little boy. And yet, I experienced these punishments in all but the fourth degree. Because I was also a smartaleck of a little boy.

First, we'll take the second, being sent to the cloakroom. Of course I was sent to the cloakroom unjustly. In all the history of the world, no teacher has ever sent the guilty party to the cloakroom. I mean, if the kid behind me goosed me under the seat, then I had to hit him, because when I had got him for two for biting in recess, there was a law saying you had to hit him in

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the muscle as hard as you could and he had no right to—well, you remember. So, I was sent to the cloakroom. In the cloakroom there was remarkably little to do. After a while, in the gloom at one end, I found a chalk box. I'll bet a hat chalk no longer comes in wooden boxes with sliding tops and a thumb-nail slit, and wasn't it packed in sawdust too? In any event, there was a chalk box. I slid back the top.

NOW HEAR THIS: There was no chalk in that box. It was full of knives. Why, it will appear presently.

When we appeared in school, we were frisked. We were searched for the carrying of concealed dirt under the nails; we were required to have, in lieu of an identification card, one clean handkerchief. I wonder, parenthetically, whether kids nowadays know the meaning of the phrase, "Is it for show or for blow?" This handkerchief was for show, it was a passport, and it didn't matter a great deal how grimy it was, by law it was clean if it was folded and unblown-in.

That was what you had to have. If, in addition, you bore any livestock, wittingly or not, you were in the toils of authority. I, for one, fell madly in love with a little girl who came from the wrong side of the tracks because she smelled so wonderful. She smelled of kerosene. Our teacher, walking down the aisle, had run a pencil through her hair, as she did to all of us, why, I never knew. She had found something in Rose's hair, Rose had been packed off to the school nurse, Rose had come back smelling gloriously of kerosene. I loved the smell of kerosene. Rose smelled of kerosene. I loved Rose.

She was an involuntary smuggler, but others were criminals by volition and were dealt with in open court. Other livestock, such as caterpillars, large beetles, small toads, were, if detected, carried outside by you, deposited somewhere in the yard, and later on you were kept after school.

And now the knives: knives were confiscated, not to be returned, if they became visible during school hours. This was more of The Law. You could have a knife in your pocket. You could carry the knife to school in your pocket. You could keep

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your hand on your knife in your pocket during school. But if that hand came out of that pocket with that knife and was seen by your teacher, you were summonsed, you marched to the desk, you put the knife on the desk, and you never saw it again.

Until this day, in the cloakroom, when I opened the chalk box and found it full of knives, confiscated knives, knives seized without due process of law over the years from us second-class citizens.

I had a mother who had two daughters older than me, and a constant refrain of my childhood was, "Your sisters never asked for anything like that." This particular episode was when I was very young, and what I had been asking for, and had been refused, was a knife. I would like to tell you that I struggled with my conscience in the cloakroom, that I wrestled for my soul, and came out of the cloakroom a bigger and better and knifeless man. But in all truth, I must tell you I hooked a knife without a moment's hesitation, put it in my pocket with nothing but glee, and never in all of my forty-one conscience-ridden years have I ever felt one little twinge. The world owed me a knife and I took it.

So that's the moral lesson I learned from being sent to the cloakroom—unjustly. If they call you a criminal, for Heaven's sake, behave like one.

Now we go back to offenses punishable in the first degree: by being kept after school. What I learned from that was that, with my atrocious penmanship, the more times I wrote out, "I will never again . . ." the more illegible it got, and the more my fingers hurt, and the more I could swagger when I got back to the block and announced gruffly, "Old Piano Legs kept me in again." Moral: if you can't lick authority, give it a bad name.

About the Bringing of Parents to School, present deponent knoweth not.

Sometime in my early school years, the enlightened administration of the school decided not to grade kids on the basis of 100 on a report card, or even Excellent, Good, Fair, Poor.

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It was to be *tout court* Satisfactory or Unsatisfactory. I brought home report cards which were depressingly the same. I was Satisfactory in all subjects but one. Month after month, Penmanship, Unsatisfactory. My mother looked at the report cards, adjured me to write better, signed them and I brought them back. That was my parents' connection with the school. By the way, the system broke down, instantler. It was no time at all until we were off into Very Satisfactory, Quite Satisfactory and Almost Unsatisfactory, More or Less Totally Unsatisfactory and such like embroidery. There was the usual Could Do Better If He Applied Himself, or Is Making Satisfactory Progress. And once in a while, Is Doing Very Well. But always, these were in a grudging tone which, honestly, we liked. They were decorations extorted from the enemy. There was no blarney like I see on my kids' report cards, about real challenges, and gets along well with the group, and does not (or does) participate helpfully in social integration. We knew where we stood. When we *made* a teacher confess that we were good, by God, we were *good*. I don't think my kids can tell any more whether anybody thinks they're making out: they're being bathed in such a sweet syrup of reassurance that nothing short of a twenty-one-gun salute is going to convince them that they've done anything extraordinarily good, nothing but a jail term is going to convey disapproval. I don't really think that: I think they know—as kids always know—when somebody's conning them. *They* know, even if we don't, whether they're cutting ice. But if they're willing, and they are, to face a few facts, it seems to me shameful we're not willing to level with them.

Now, about punishment in the fifth degree. I don't know much about how it went with other kids, but the way it happened to me was the first time the public school system of my town was up against my peculiar brand of hard head.

We had a teacher who was interested in teaching, and we loved her and crucified her daily by the clock. We talked about things, and read things, and it was this teacher who first pointed out to me a small defect in my character which certain mal-

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contents like my wife, friends, agents, bosses, publishers advise me I have never quite conquered. I am, these insensitive dolts inform me, stubborn. Nothing could be further from the truth. I am only stubborn when I am right and they are wrong.

This teacher advised me of this small flaw in my otherwise superb character. I took heed.

I had discovered, at I guess about age nine, Mark Twain. I understand there are some people who do not believe that Mark Twain was God, but number me not among these heretics. It was balm to my soul to discover him, because I had previously thought that James Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving were supposed to be writers. The day I found Mark Twain's essay about the literary offenses of Cooper was the day I came of age, whatever the vital statistics say.

It was unfortunately about then that this wonderful teacher told the class that by such and such a date we would be expected to have read "The Pathfinder." I rose to my feet and declined to do so. On direct examination, I averred that the reason I would not do so was because I had tried Cooper, found him wanting, and in summation, communicated in the most moderate terms, my belief that he was not a very good writer.

I said he was a lousy writer and I would not read him.

After a brief recess and the clearing of the courtroom, I was induced to add that Mark Twain thought so too.

I was informed by the judge that, my objections notwithstanding, I was banished from school and I could not return until I had opened my mind sufficiently to admit the possibility of giving Cooper a second chance.

I did not feel that he deserved that much of me.

It is always the fact that in all the crises of a child's life, he can remember where it happened, the names of all the participants, the events leading up to the crime, the sentencing—but never the execution. What happened after that, I do not know, but I know that my parents were not summoned to the school, that I did not stay home even one whole day—there would

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have been no way of explaining that to my mother—that I eventually returned to the school, that I went on loving and crucifying the teacher, and that I never read *The Pathfinder*. Nor will I do so now.

The moral I draw from this: there's nothing wrong about being stubborn. It's only wrong when you're not right about the thing you're being stubborn about. Like people thinking Cooper could write.

I seem, by some easily explicable psychological quirk, to have passed over Being Sent To The Principal's Office. Our Principal was sixteen feet tall, had tempered steel fingernails, and eyes that I never encountered again until high school, when I first used a Bunsen Burner.

The Principal shrank to eight feet one day when my best friend, in assembly, pointed out to me that under the table on the platform, the Principal was doing what we didn't know then to call adjusting his clothing. We gave this event some local publicity, and our discovery was confirmed, eventually, by the whole male student body. It was, every assembly day thereafter, an event second in importance only to the Pledge of Allegiance.

Shortly after, a legend was created: some boy, whose name nobody knew, had been grasped in the Principal's talons. In some way, a button had sprung from the boy's coat. A Father, who was twenty-three feet tall, had appeared in the Principal's office, with needle and thread, a gun with Maxim silencer, muscles like Charles Atlas, and a clear record of forty-six successive wins (amateur) over Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Under his eyes, in the presence of the boy, the Principal had sewed the button back on the coat. Thereafter, the Principal skulked along the corridor, passing easily *under* the drinking fountain. From the later evidence, it seems clear that he was a harassed middle-aged man with a baritone voice and a master's degree.

There is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise. All

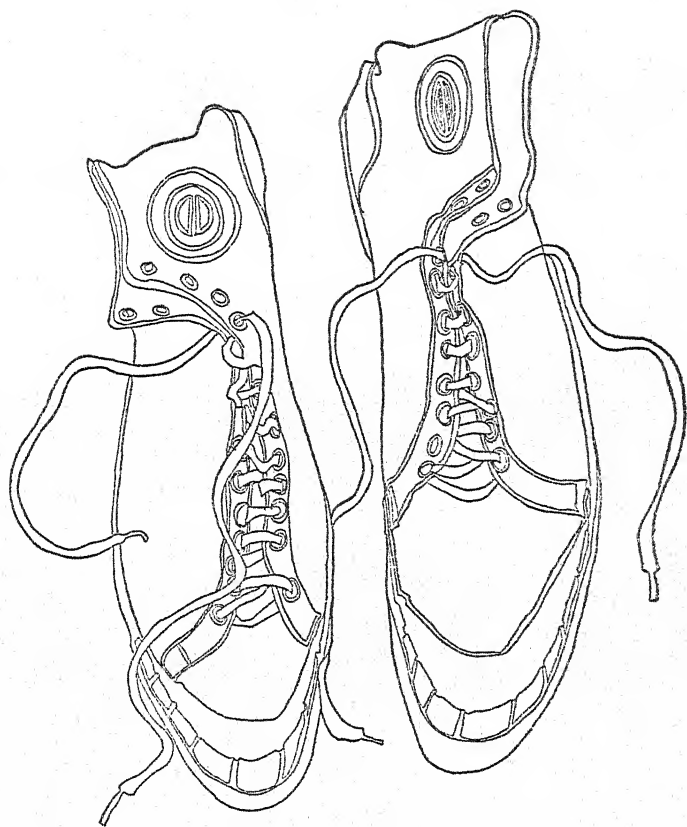
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I know about him is that he is reported to have said in conversation that the trouble with kids nowadays is that there are no vacant lots. He must be a good man, and I am sure he must mean by vacant lot the same thing I do. The first thing to understand is that the only thing a vacant lot was vacant of was a house. Outside of that minor lack, a vacant lot was the fullest place you ever saw. Officially, I suppose, we lived in our houses. When challenged by authority for vagrancy, we gave our street address. My recollection is that I lay on my back in my baby carriage, sucking my thumb and waiting to be sprung from the thralldom of Mother and Nurse and goo-goo, so that I could learn to walk and talk and join my peers in stealing lumber to build a hut on the vacant lot.

In any event, by the time I was a full-fledged citizen, the vacant lot was the one at the corner. Its first feature was a rockpile, shaped roughly like the crater of a volcano. We mostly sat on the rim, and we mostly built fires at the bottom. It was, roughly, three miles across from lip to lip when I first went there. Later on, it got smaller. The lot itself had a path through it hacked out of the living jungle.

I don't suppose bamboo is native to New York State, but how else is there to explain the trees that lined the path, way over my head? Later on, some sort of blight struck this plant. It never again grew so tall. I don't know what sort of plant it was. It was the plant that grew on the vacant lot. It was thicker than a pencil and less thick than a broomstick, and it never was green. It was always off-white and dry, it burned with a lot of smoke, and it was called "scribblage." That is to say, the plant was not called scribblage. The stuff was called that, it was a generic term, something like the word junk. That's it. Junk was manufactured. Scribblage was vegetable junk. Scribblage was used to line the bottom of the rockpile, to hide valuables underneath a pile of, to make the tops of deadfalls with, to lay over Tarzan. In short lengths, it was used to smoke, like a cigar.

Tarzan of the Apes lived on that lot. I was cavalier a few



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lines before. We were never so familiar as to call him just plain Tarzan—it was always Tarzanoftheapes. For the benefit of the misguided youth who encounter this . . . the real, the original, the blown-in-the-bottle Tarzanoftheapes was not Elmo Lincoln or Johnny Weismuller or any of their heirs and assigns. Tarzanoftheapes was not a character in a comic strip or in a radio or television show. He was a creature of the imagination, sketched out by Edgar Rice Burroughs with (as we found out later) a more-than-generous unwilling assist from Rudyard Kipling, at fifty cents a throw. In books. Burroughs created a workable sketch: it was fleshed, given spirit and body and habitation by us. In a very real sense, Tarzanoftheapes existed; during the day he was Mitch, the kid next door, who had muscles and a disregard for broken bones. At night he was me, who had less muscles, but more imagination. I ad-libbed Tarzanoftheapes. With Mitch it went strictly according to the book. Once in a while, Mitch would let me be Tarzanoftheapes during the daytime, but there was no percentage in that. I knew Mitch was really Tarzanoftheapes.

Let's get back to the lot. Tarzanoftheapes, Mowgli, Huck Finn, the Boy Allies, the Motor Boys, Joe Bonomo, General Pershing, Theodore Roosevelt, Tom Swift, Mitch, Simon, Mitch's kid brother, Simon's kid brother and I lived in that lot. We went home for meals, for bed, and for jawing. We went to school because it was The Law. The rest of the time, we built a hut. What Roosevelt and Mowgli did with their evenings I haven't the vaguest idea.

When I was a kid, the way you built a hut was this: some kid would, in his wanderings, come back to the block busting with news that somewhere in town, a new house was going up. This meant two things to us.

First, it meant that for some time, whenever we didn't know what to do with ourselves, we could go over and watch the men building a house. That was entirely wonderful: the equivalent with today's kids, I guess, would be—well, the

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mind boggles. Three weeks at Los Alamos, I guess, with Jackie Gleason.

You could see men with wheelbarrows push a wheelbarrow across a plank that spanned an excavation. The plank went up and down very satisfactorily. It looked as if the men would fall off, perhaps *under* a wheelbarrowful of cement. They never did, but we hoped. You could watch men mixing cement, in the biggest container any of us had ever seen.

You could hear Italian being talked, you could see men climbing ladders and getting powdered absolutely white with cement, you could see muscles bulging and heavy things being lifted. You could smell sweat, and hear swearing such as you had never heard before, and guys hollering at each other until they turned purple.

You could sit on the sidewalk and be close enough to touch a man eating a sandwich made out of a whole loaf of bread. You could see a man climb to the ridepole and tack on a green bough, and then you could see a whole lashing of cementy, garlicky, spitting, nose-blowing between the fingers onto the ground, laughing, hollering brown-moustached men drinking whiskey out of a bottle, water out of a hose, beer out of a barrel, wine out of a jug.

We sat on the sidewalk, and once in a while they swore at us, and one day—surely the greatest day in the history of the world—one of the men gave me a bite of his sandwich. He also gave me a small green object shaped like a fat leaf. It was an Italian hot pepper, and the inside of my mouth turned to fire and the tears ran out of my eyes. But I got to drink out of the very hose the men had been using, and they didn't laugh for more than three hours.

We sat and watched them, and every day we were thinking about the other thing that a new house going up meant to us.

It meant that we could steal. For our hut. Willie Sutton or Dillinger never planned a heist better. We had to time it close to the end of the construction, because like all criminals, we

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had to justify our crime. Had we stolen when the house was still going up, it was possible that we might take something that was needed for the house. That was clearly immoral. We were one with Robin Hood and W. C. Fields. We planned to steal from the rich and give to the poor. "What poor, Daddy?" "Us poor." We knew the day, just like we knew the day when immies stopped and baseball started.

It was usually summer, and the evenings were long. It was hot, and there were scratch meals up and down the block, and you could get out on the block early. You could skulk down to where the new house was, you could nonchalantly stroll to the corner, pretending you were not aware you were dragging an express wagon behind you. We were superb actors, aided in no small measure by the total lack of an audience, other than ourselves.

At the corner, we synchronized our heads (lacking watches) and were off. From there on out it was the sack of Rome.

We stole shingles, shingle nails, two by fours, once a keg, a whole keg, of nails, we loaded our pockets, our shirts, our knickerbockers (now, see, there's another thing about kids today; assuming there was anything to steal, without knickers, where the hell would they carry their loot?). We stole siding, we stole rolls of tarpaper, lengths of pipe, pieces of stone, almost empty cement sacks, once we got a box of hinges and a linoleum knife—the most lethal-looking weapon man has ever made. We hooked doorknobs and scraps of cable, push-buttons and tiles, wallpaper and faucet handles.

We took anything that was not nailed down. And that was, literally, the test.

We went back to the lot by different routes, we stashed our loot. We went home and when somebody said, "Where were you?" we said, "Out," and when somebody said, "What were you doing until this hour of night?" we said, as always, "Nothing."

Tomorrow we would build our hut.

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I have been trying hard to remember just how we started to build it. Certainly there was no foundation. I seem to remember building the first wall in one piece, boards and tar-paper hammered onto a couple of two-by-fours, and the two-by-fours extending below, the whole structure raised and the extensions going into holes, and rocks being jammed around. I imagine we got the second wall up the same way, and ran roof beams across the top so that it stood up. The roof, if memory serves, and I am getting pretty dubious about that, was something that was lying around the lot. An abandoned cellar door, perhaps.

I am lying a little now—hell, I am lying a lot. I don't really remember building the hut. I remember repairing it, and expanding it, and putting a better door in it, a hasp and a lock. I remember packing rocks from the rockpile around the perimeter, to strengthen the hut—it was by then a fortress—against any attack. I remember tamping down the dirt floor, and finding a piece of linoleum and a gunny sack to brighten the corner which was mine.

I suppose, when I come right down to it, none of us could stand upright in the hut, and I have a kind of notion that when there were more than two of us in it, no one of us could move.

No matter. It was ours. It belonged to us. And if you were not one of us, you could not come in. We had rules, oh Lord, how we had rules. We had passwords. We had oaths. We had conclaves.

I learned that with three people assembled, it was only for the briefest interludes that all three liked each other. Mitch and I were leagued against Simon. And then Simon and I against Mitch. And then—but you remember. I didn't know then just how to handle that situation. I still don't. It is my coldly comforting feeling that nobody still does, including nations, and that's what the trouble with the world is. That's what the trouble with the world was then—when Mitch and Simon were the two and I was the one.

What else did I learn in the hut? I learned to smoke, first,

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cornsilk wrapped in newspaper. I can taste it to this day. We never had the patience to let the cornsilk really dry. I don't imagine kids do that very much any more, mostly because they've never heard of it. What you do is take the cornsilk, spread it out in the sun until it is brown, like the little beard you find in the husk. Wrap it in a spill of newspaper—it'll look more like a very small ice-cream cone than anything else—set fire to the end, being careful not to torch off your eyebrows. My recollection is that it bore no relationship to tobacco, but it wasn't bad at all. It had one big virtue. When caught, you had not committed a sin, as you did later when you smoked real cigarettes. Real cigarettes stunted your growth, we knew that. What that meant to us was that your growth stopped, right there. It was not impeded. You just plain stopped growing, as if you were frozen. You would be three feet tall when you were sixty years old. It was in no way contradictory that we never saw a grownup three feet tall. They had never smoked as children, and certainly the ones who had were not going to walk around in the daylight letting everybody know what *they* had done.

And to make this intellectual adjustment absolutely complete, we were able to hold this certain knowledge, this fact, intact and at the same time, as soon as possible, start smoking cigarettes.

Getting cigarettes was quite a problem. Most of the fathers on our block smoked cigars or pipes, and so far as we knew, no woman smoked. There were no vending machines. Getting cigarettes involved suborning some kid between childhood and adulthood, and the blackmail he thereafter commanded was too expensive. So we stole them.

We did, as a matter of course, considerable stealing.

There were two kinds of stealing: there was the kind of stealing that we had to do continually for survival; we knew it was stealing, and we had been told it was wrong, but we could see no way of obtaining certain necessities without stealing, so we called it something else. Hooking, pinching, borrowing—which

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last we occasionally called loaning, just to complicate the situation.

We pinched food: potatoes to roast on a scribble-and-wood fire at the hut. They were not exactly roasted: they were put in the fire until black on the outside, when they were called mickies. They were then broken open and seasoned with stolen salt. They were totally carbonized on the outside, quite raw on the inside. I remember them as being nasty and wonderful at one and the same time, and perhaps the best part of it was that often there were little worms of red fire still running around the skin, while we ate the barely cooked, terribly hot inside.

We stole medicine: it was the days of great, epic, and constant purging, and there were many medicines which came in powders. They lay in a little cardboard box, little carefully folded stiff tissue-paper enclosures, like odd and unique handmade envelopes, half the packets red, half blue. I suppose they were Seidlitz powders, I heard them talked about then, I think they were cathartic, but I have not heard of them since I was a kid, and I do not really know. What we did know was that if you put first one colored envelope, then the other, into a bottle of water, there was considerable action. We dared each other to drink them, but I don't recall that any of us took the dare.

We loaned chalk from the school, money from our mothers, golf balls from smaller children, clothesline from anywhere. Truly, I will get to the clothesline pretty soon.

That was the loaning, the hooking, the pinching. The money we took from our mothers was not stealing, because it was money that was lying around. On kitchen tables, bureaus, mantelpieces. That was, like at the new house, not nailed down and it was not stealing.

The other kind of stealing was honest-to-God stealing, and we did that in a different way, knowing that we were committing criminal acts, scared, awaiting the arrival of the police, and pretty damn proud of ourselves. Money that was not ly-

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ing around came in that category. If a pocketbook was lying around, but it was closed, taking money out of it was stealing, and we did that only on extreme provocation. Extreme provocation was when (And do you remember your schoolteacher forbidding you to ever start a sentence that way—or split an infinitive to boot—or use dashes as punctuation?) we had been denied our birthright, to wit, a lethal weapon. This was, most often, a bee-bee gun, next most often a hunting knife, next most often, fireworks.

The obtuseness of parents is incredible (and I can hear my own kids saying, “But of course”), but I never got a bee-bee gun or a hunting knife when I was a kid, because my parents said they were too dangerous. And well they are. But how, then, was it allowable that we had a dart board and darts, and I tell you I ground those points on the front steps to better than a needle point, and any time we wanted we could go borrow—and I mean really borrow—the ice pick? The ice pick was usually so sharp it could not be honed any better. It was the universal handy-dandy all-combination tool, for making holes in anything, and after you had used it for boring a hole in a belt to strap a kid to a tree to play Indians burning settlers, it was good for an hour of throwing into the garage wall, *thunk*. About darts: we used to get a kitchen match, loan ourselves a needle, force the needle into one end of the match and bind it with loaned black thread. The other end was split, and two little wings of paper folded in. This was a dart that stuck to anything, including other children’s clothes, and occasionally other children. I shudder to think of it.

So we stole for our arsenal, like the Irish rebels, and we got nowhere.

We stole for lust, too. I don’t know what age I was when I discovered naked ladies, but I remember where. At the barber shop, and in the Police Gazette. In those days, a little boy walked into the barber shop and sat down. There was no equity about your turn: if there were men around, you waited until

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they were through. And you didn't run around saying, "Yang yang," the way kids do in a barber shop now, and having fond fathers smile at you. Open your kisser, and you were melted down to a small puddle by the assembled glares.

So I kept my mouth shut and looked at the naked ladies in the Police Gazette. Then I sat in the barber chair and looked at the naked lady—she was usually an Indian lady, and not completely naked—on the calendar.

That's where I found out about naked ladies, and so did the other kids, and after a while it occurred to us that if the barber, Lou Kahler, the Square-Deal man (and that was no political slogan) could get these magazines, we could too.

There was a candy, cigar, stationery, toy, newspaper, rubber band, rubber ball, chewing gum, poker and pinochle card, library-paste store which we honored with our patronage. In the back was a large rack of magazines. We entered the store, and one of our outposts dickered with Mr. Cantor over some licorice whips, and chocolate sponge. The rest of us proceeded to the magazine rack. One of us got down the *Saturday Evening Post*, a magazine in which we had absolutely no interest, except that it cost a nickel and was large. In that magazine, every few pages, we introduced other reading matter. *Film Fun*, *College Life* (not *College Humor*—that had jokes, this had girls) *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, *Physical Culture* (don't be silly, it had naked ladies, too), and whatever other instructive and edifying reading matter we could find. I took this lustful sandwich under my arm, and even more debonair than Jimmy Valentine, I strolled in a cosmopolitan way down the aisle of the store, past the petty playthings of children, gave Mr. Cantor a nickel, and then, boy did we run for that hut. I don't suppose I have the nervous system now to do this once, and some tiresome hanger-on of my youth will claim that I didn't do it even then, but you know how people will knock down a successful criminal. I know I did it half a dozen times, and the last time was not even worried about Mr. Cantor. It was foolproof. Of course,

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a year or so ago I passed his store and I don't believe I went in. Just didn't feel like it, that's all.

I don't believe my kids will have to hook those magazines: first, because I don't believe any of them exists any more; and second because the last time I looked at the *Saturday Evening Post*, a lady was deploring brilliantly and quite rightly, I thought, the depravity of the Cannes Film Festival, and in case anyone wondered what depravity she was talking about, there was a profusion of photographic bosom that would have made *Film Fun* look like *St. Nicholas*.

Now the old man is really snarling: when I was a kid, there was a difference between respectable and disrespectable, even a distinction between good and bad, and that seems to have gone by the board along with Concord grapes and sickle pears (don't give me that Seckel pear jazz) and Country Gentleman corn and blackberries with grit and taste in them, pullet eggs and stiff farmer cheese. There were two kinds of magazines: one with pictures of naked ladies in it, therefore bad, therefore enjoyable. There was another kind of magazine with stories about dogs that everybody thought were chicken-killers but were not, about young men who invented new kinds of carburetors and married the boss's daughter with freckles on her nose, with editorials that were in praise of America, all America, every bit of it, both sides and top and bottom, to and fro and hither and yon and upwards and onwards; where the illustrations were drawn so that you could count every hair in Grandma's head as she threw her hands up and said, "Laws!"; where the good guys were clean-shaven and the pure girls were blonde: therefore these magazines were good; therefore intermittently tolerable, only occasionally enjoyable.

Before that, there had been *John Martin's Big Book*, which was so wonderful I cannot begin to tell you about it, and *St. Nicholas*, which my sisters liked.

But at this age, when we lived in the hut and smoked cigarettes and honed after Renée Adorée (pronounced, of course,

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Reenee A-door-ee) we were Sinn Feiners and Revisionists and Bolsheviks in our souls, we wanted big muscles and big guns and big knives, we were, and I am not making fun, enemies of society and we needed things that were bad more than we needed cod-liver oil. And let me tell you, we had opponents worthy of our steel; the day came when I was walking to school and somebody said I would not smoke out there on the street, so of course I did, and you know that the lady who lived at the top of the hill on Primrose Avenue called my old lady, and I caught several kinds of hell. The lady on Primrose had not even the slightest quaver of doubt at calling my mother; I was a child, I had, every day on my way to school, played the game with the other kids of standing up in front of her hedge with my back to it, putting my arms out wide, and falling back like a felled tree. She had hollered at us for doing it, we had run to avoid identification, she knew I was her and her hedge's enemy, and first chance she got to get even, she did.

But here's the point: that left me free to ruin her hedge and smoke cigarettes, both delightful occupations. My kids can't break any grown-up statutes, and hear the delightful noise of shackles breaking, because they can't find out what laws there are to break. Let me settle the problem of juvenile delinquency once and for all, because I happen to know: the reason these kids are getting in trouble with cops is because cops are the first people they meet who say, and mean it, "You can't do that."

If there's anything in the world kids need, it's rules. When I was a kid, we honest-to-God did the business of drawing a line on the ground and if a kid wanted to fight, he had a choice, to step over the line or not. There it was. No more argle-bargle, step over the line, and pow. Or, stay on your side of the line. Keep the knife in your pocket in school and keep it. Take it out and lose it. Come in the house this minute, or straight to bed when I catch you.

The lady at the top of Primrose tipped off the domestic cops,

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and there was a rule established. The rule was, don't smoke on your way to school when you are eleven years old and people on Primrose Avenue know who you are.

Among the other things that were clearly and demonstrably good and bad were books. Good books were either library books or birthday presents. Bad books were fifty cents apiece, new, and were tradeable. Bad books were *The Boy Allies*, *The Motor Boys*, *Tom Swift*, Sax Rohmer. They were not read so much as devoured. There was an established rate of exchange, and it took at least three *Rover Boys*—they were, for some reason, held in much scorn in my literary circle—for even not the latest *Tom Swift*. The newest *Tom Swift* was read by three people at once, one holding the book and two saying, "Not so fast," or "Come on, fa Crise sake, turn the page."

Then an uncle of mine gave me a complete set of Mark Twain, and I was, and am, equipped for life. I started in at Volume One, and read through to the end of Volume Twenty. I concluded that there was very little else of value written down, and I went back to Volume One and started all over again. I have never stopped doing this.

I found Mark Twain, and my education as an adult began.

As a kid, I read Dan Beard, *Tanglewood Tales*, *The Tennessee Shad Stories*, *Stalky and Company*, and all the rest of Kipling—it is odd, but I cannot remember reading any children's books at all. Not Grimm, or Andersen, or the Blue, Green, Yellow or Puce Fairy Stories.

We did have a set of books for children: it was called "The Boys' and Girls' Bookshelf" and that I read from Volume One to Volume Whatever it was, and I remember only one thing from it.

There was a photograph of some square in some foreign city: there was a fenced-off grass park, and on the road at the right, otherwise deserted, was a hansom cab coming down the street. I used to stare and stare at this picture, why I cannot tell you, and one day I saw the horse and carriage move. I re-

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ported this information to a sister—I was very small—and she informed me that this was not possible. I then concluded that it was unwise to tell important things to sisters.

There was another book, of which all I remember is that there was a frontispiece illustration, in color, called “The Garden of the Birds.” They were very odd-looking birds, some with tails that would have pulled them ass-over-tea-kettle, some with heads they would have had to trip over, and all the birds stood on little stick legs that, I seem to recall, had no feet, but were just stuck into green grass. This was before I could read, and for reasons that are quite inexplicable to me now, there was enough in this picture to keep me studying it for months.

To find out how the birds were supposed to work, I guess. Or just plain nothing to do.

Because that was the main thing about kids then: we spent an awful lot of time doing nothing. There was an occupation called “just running around.” It was no game. It had no rules. It didn’t start and it didn’t stop. Maybe we were all idiots, but a good deal of the time we just plain ran around.

Many many hours of my childhood were spent in learning how to whistle. In learning to snap my fingers. In hanging from the branch of a tree. In looking at an ants’ nest. In digging holes. Making piles. Tearing things down. Throwing rocks at things.

Spitting. Breaking sticks in half. Unplugging storm drains, and dropping things down storm drains, and getting dropped things out of storm drains. (Which we called sewers.) So help us, we went and picked wild flowers. This was Hunt’s Woods again. In the spring I went there for violets, and yellow violets, and dogtooth violets, and Jack in the Pulpit, and sometimes Dutchman’s breeches, and Indian pipe, the whitest thing I have ever seen in my life, strange and really ghostlike against the black boggy earth. Later, something we called star grass, tiny, intensely blue flowers and the stem triangular, a real wonder.

All of us, for a long time, spent a long time picking wild flowers. Catching tadpoles. Looking for arrowheads. Getting

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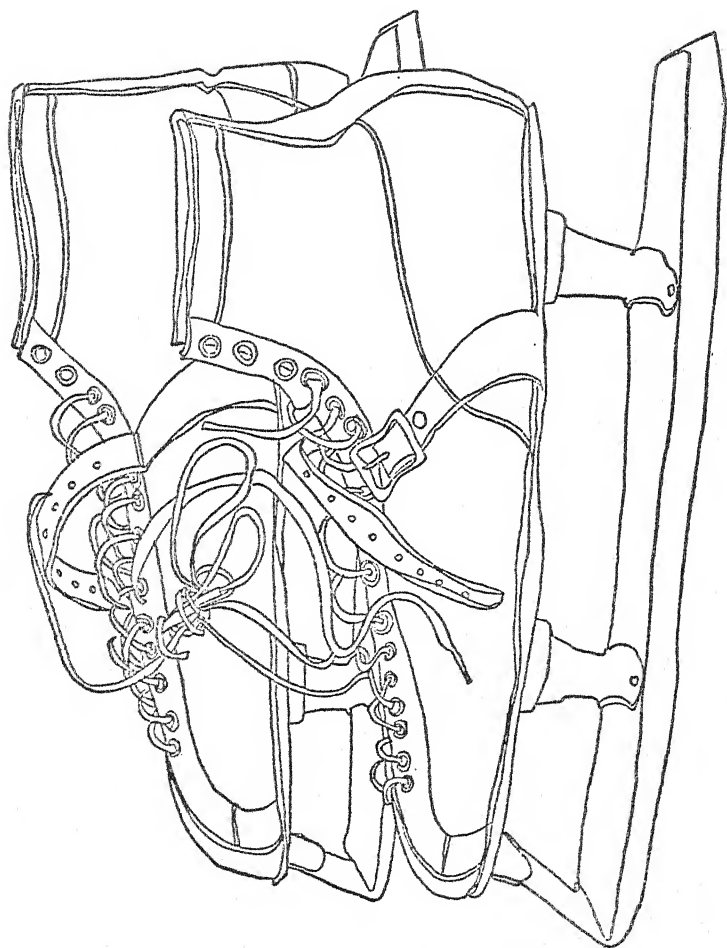
our feet wet. Playing with mud. And sand. And water. You understand, not doing anything. What there was to do with sand was let it run through your fingers. What there was to do with mud was pat it, and thrust in it, lift it up and throw it down.

In the winter, after the snowballs and the snow forts, after the sleds and the toboggans, there was the crusty snow, and there was the (what to call it? Not a game, not a sport, not even a contest)—there was just the *thing* of seeing if you could walk on the crust without breaking through.

There was The Reservoir (which is now a swimming pool, I am told.) It was capital T on The and Capital R on Reservoir. It was the only one in the world, you see. We played hockey there, we had learned discussions about the various kinds of skates. Double runner, for little kids. Then single runner, that clamped on. Then, for the girls only, figure skates. I had hockey skates, after a while, when I graduated to shoe skates, and ankle supporters, which were shameful and put on so nobody could see. And did no good. What we all wanted was racing tubes, because only the big kids and the men had them, and they went around in a fast and vicious circle in the best part of The Reservoir, crouching, wearing knitted Balaclavas, crossing their feet on the turns and making a wonderful noise.

But about this doing nothing: we swung on swings. We went for walks. We lay on our backs in backyards and chewed grass. I can't number the afternoons my best friend and I took a book apiece, walked to opposite ends of his front porch, sank down on a glider at his end, a wicker couch at mine, and read. We paid absolutely no attention to each other, we never spoke while we were reading, and when we were done, he walked me home to my house, and when we got there I walked him back to his house, and then he—aria da capo.

We watched things: we watched people build houses, we watched men fix cars, we watched each other patch bicycle tires with rubber bands. We watched men dig ditches, climb tele-



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phone poles—I can hear the sound now of climbing irons on a pole, this was a race of heroes!—we watched trains at the station, shoe-shine men at the station, Italian men playing *boccie*, our fathers playing cards, our mothers making jam, our sisters skipping rope, curling their hair.

We strung beads on strings: we strung spools on strings; we tied each other up with string, and belts and clothesline.

We sat in boxes; we sat under porches; we sat on roofs; we sat on limbs of trees.

We stood on boards over excavations; we stood on tops of piles of leaves; we stood under rain dripping from the eaves; we stood up to our ears in snow.

We looked at things like knives and immies and pig nuts and grasshoppers and clouds and dogs and people.

We skipped and hopped and jumped. Not going anywhere—just skipping and hopping and jumping and galloping.

We sang and whistled and hummed and screamed.

What I mean, Jack, we did a lot of nothing. And let's face it, we still do it, all of us grownups and kids. But now, for some reason, we're ashamed of it. I'll leave the grownups out, but take a kid these days, standing or sitting or lying down all by himself, not actively engaged in any recognizable—by grownups—socially acceptable activity. We want to know what's the matter. That's because *we* don't know how to do nothing any more. Kids have got enough sense to roll with the punch, to give in and be a slack-jawed idiot when boredom is afoot, but we can't let them alone. It's the old business of the reformed drunk: we can't do that any more, so we won't let them.

Every time I get into an argument these days, somebody jaws me about now look here, you say there is no progress, well how about disease, what do you think it was like in the eighteenth century? What I think it was like—and I am not against progress, I just think we've taken in a lot of crud along with the good, and I'm not sure if they're separable—is that it never occurred to people then that they shouldn't hurt, and

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therefore it didn't hurt them as much as we, who now know things needn't hurt, think.

We were bored, when we were kids, but we never thought that a day was anything but a whole lot of nothing interrupted occasionally by something. My kids are bored. I was bored. But I didn't know the word.

There is a difference between doing nothing and being bored. Being bored is a judgment you make on yourself. Doing nothing is a state of being.

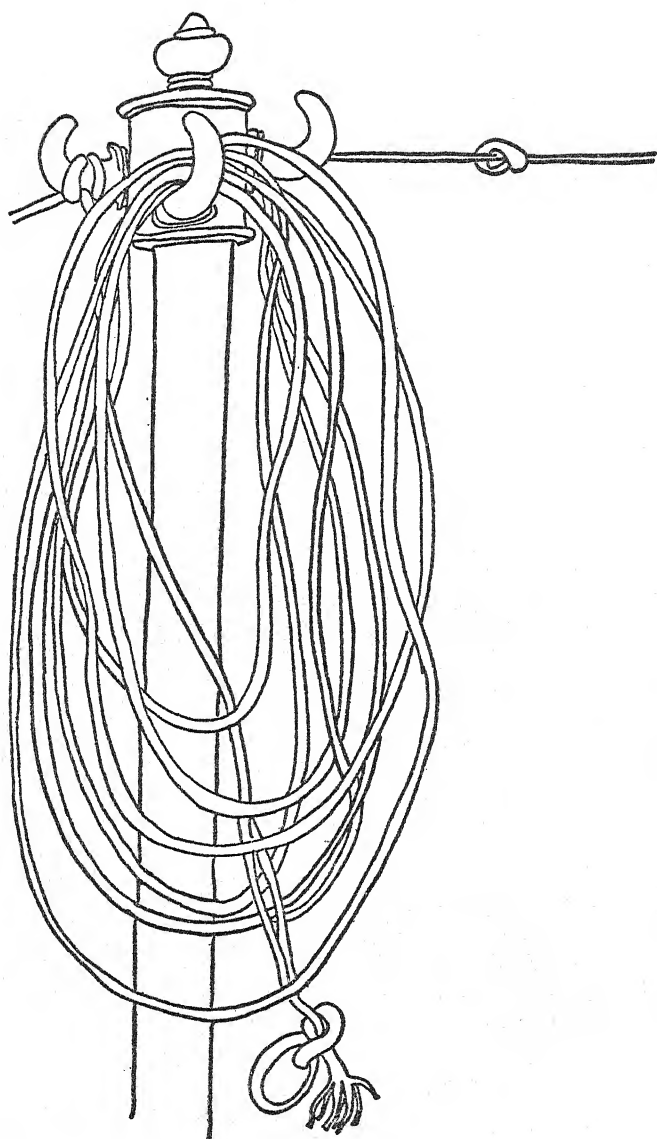
Kids know about this, if you'll leave them be.

It is now time to talk about clothesline.

Clothesline was to my childhood what Scotch tape is to my kids. Clothesline was the universal matter. Clothesline was what, when you decided on any project, you had to find first, unless you were indoors, when what you had to find was a hairpin. This you found by finding your mother.

Clothesline was, for girls, skipping rope. It was used by boys for tying each other, and any girls handy, up. Sometimes this was done against the tyee's will, but almost as often it was done with permission. One of us had seen Houdini, all of us had read about him. We tied each other up to see how long it would take to get free. We tied up prisoners. From time to time, and now I cannot get inside that year's head, we tied each other up just for tying each other up. No game, no revenge, no torture, no acting out. Just tying up, as sometimes we ran around and screamed just for that itself.

Clothesline was a sort of natural resource, found in abundance growing in backyards, and it was The Law that when it did not have clothes on it, it was borrowable. It was not permitted to cut it, however, and once it was necessary to cut it, unless it was a very long clothesline and the loss would not show, you had to steal it. Then it was all right for belts and bolas. I just remembered a game of my early childhood, which was to run through the wash, and feel the damp and clean-smelling sheets against one's face. Do *that* with an electric



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drier! Along with clotheslines, sort of the fruit of this freely growing vine, were clothespins, for which we had a number of uses. In my town, they were the clothespins without springs: they could be made into dolls, they were good for digging, they made fine tent stakes, they could be turned into a sort of primitive pliers, and with the aid of a few strips of wood and a couple of nails, a toy in which two figures with little wooden hammers struck alternate blows. We thought of clothespins generally as just something good to have a few of stashed away. They were very good-shaped things. Once in a great while we would encounter a spring clothespin: these were real treasures, and were carried clamped on the finger until incipient gangrene set in.

I haven't mentioned clothespoles. These were not those upside-down umbrellas you don't see very much any more. These were honest upright poles, set at the corners of a square. They were as big around as my head when I first learned to walk, they had an acorn-shaped turning on top, and a cross pole. They were painted white, and were for a long time a corner in "Puss in the Corner," later home base in hide-and-go-seek. Later on, a big tree was home base, and this tree was, I now realize, one of the many things in my childhood that I knew with a sense that I no longer know anything with. I knew that tree not by sight, or smell; not by location, or height, or kind: I knew that tree by forehead. As I knew the picket fence by sound; the ornamental iron fence outside the Bailey Estate by getting my knee caught in it; the stair banister at home by behind, the red leather chair by coolness on my thighs, the washcloth by taste. Somewhere in here belongs the way your fingers got wrinkled in the bath, when you had stayed too long. And that thing we did, at what age I cannot tell, of running a needle along underneath the skin of our hands. It did not hurt, but it was frightening, and that was part of why we did it.

I seem to have gotten past clothesline and into torture. Very well, there was that kind of self-torture, like with the needle. There was the holding of breath, and the not-blinking of eyes,

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the drinking of nauseous mixtures, the eating of untried substances, the first corncob pipes, the cigars, the pulls at the wine bottle.

But I meant the torture of other kids. There was a definite series of tortures, physical ones. I don't mean that general casual torture that all kids practice, like plain hitting, like mud-throwing, isolation. These were things we did to each other to see how well the other kid could stand up. There was the Indian Wrist Burn. This consisted of grabbing another kid's wrist in one's two hands, placed close together. One hand twisted clockwise, the other counter. It hurt like hell.

There was the Indian Scalp Burn. This was done by placing the palm flat against the newly haircutted back of another kid's neck and pushing up against the grain.

There was the Indian Chest Beat. This was usually the climax of wrestling. You had another kid down. In the books like *Tom Brown's Schooldays* you were then supposed to have licked him and would let him up, but in our friendly circle, the minute you let him up he would walk away three or four paces and then jump you or heave a rock at you. It was almost always so with fights when I was a kid. In all the books, the until then mild boy hammered the villain with straight lefts and right crosses until he sank on the ground never to rise again. Our fights didn't work out that way. In the first place, we took turns being the bully, and in the second place, fights never ended. I had a fight with a guy who is now, they tell me, a distinguished physician in my home town. Then he was not. He was a boy named Piggy. I had a fight with Piggy that went on for two months, after school, every day. We were both heartily sick of it, but the other kids thought it was great and Piggy and I hammered each other day after tiresome day.

But the Indian Chest Beat: you were on top. You placed a knee in each of the underdog's elbows, as you sat on his stomach. You beat, alternately with each clenched fist, on his breast bone until he cried or you were tired, or somebody came along. This also hurt like hell.

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I never liked very much being slugged, and I never liked very much slugging people, and when I was thirteen and tired to death of fighting Piggy, I decided that maybe one of the best things about growing up was you didn't have to fight any more. With fists. I swore a great oath about it. It's been no trouble to keep.

If I were asked—and since it's extremely unlikely that anyone will ever ask me, I propose to ask myself right now—what two objects seem to me now to have bulked the largest in my childhood, my answer would be prompt. Garnets and chestnuts.

I have saved them for the last because that's another thing I did in my childhood, and I wish I could do now—save the best for the last.

I never saw anything more beautiful than my sister's Roman-striped hair-ribbon. I am reconciled at last to never seeing one like it again. Nothing will ever look or taste as good as the Country Gentleman corn I ate, there will never be quite as satisfying a dish as a mound of mashed potatoes and the round spoon making a crater on top and filling it with gravy; I will never feel quite the quality of despair I once felt at flunking algebra, nor will I ever feel quite the same thrill of niceness, eternity, and yes, beauty, as my first—and last—comprehension of Euclid; no book will ever start, “‘Tom!’ No answer. ‘Tom!’ No answer;” I will never smell anything so satisfying as the very first encounter with my own smell as a male, not a boy; no Super-Constellation will ever fly as wonderfully as the first model airplane built from plans in *The American Boy*; I will never have a friend like the friends I had then; I am pretty sure now I will never find an arrowhead.

But all the same, the best for the last: garnets and chestnuts. The rockpile on the vacant lot was composed, perhaps all, surely largely, of what we called and what may have been sandstone, and we found out fairly early that if you pried at it with a knife, you could split it into sheets. One day, splitting the sandstone, we found little red nuggets in it. We spent some time,

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prizing the little nuggets out. Did one of us know then that these were garnets, or did we not know until we showed them to a grownup? It doesn't matter. We knew they were stones, we knew that they were precious stones. When we found the word garnets, we knew that they were precious stones used in jewelry, that they were practically the same as diamonds, that our fortunes were made.

When we got together enough garnets, we were going to buy a motor buckboard, get a really good Galena crystal and million-ohm earphones, get racing tubes and every Motor Boy book published, buy all our clothes at the Army-Navy store, go to visit Dan Beard and Raymond Ditmars and Breitbart the Strong Man and (just me) Luther Burbank; I was going to stop taking Maltine, nobody was going to chivvy me off the window seat where I was in the balloon with *Tom Sawyer Detective*, and chase me out to get some fresh air; if I wanted a pocket oilstone for my knife, I was going to get it, having passed the age where I thought a flat stone and some spit was really effective; I would have a subscription to *The American Boy*, and to *Boy's Life*, and to *The Open Road*, and to *Popular Science*, and to *Popular Mechanics*—and to *Film Fun*, and to *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*.

We chipped away like prisoners on a rockpile, and we stashed our garnets away in matchboxes: we would have made a cache out of them, but we didn't know whether to pronounce it cash or cashay, and we didn't trust each other so much any more. We carried the matchboxes in our pockets and from time to time—say, at intervals of fifteen seconds—we opened the matchboxes and bathed in our loot like the Count of Monte Cristo in the movies. I had little twinges every now and then, and I'm sure the other kids did, but we never talked to each other about it, when we found that the garnets sometimes broke apart when the knife blade hit them instead of the surrounding sandstone. I believe I even had a theory that they dried out, hardened, when exposed to air, because how could they be jewels in a brooch or a pin or a ring if they broke.

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Jewels were things that were very hard. But I didn't worry about it long. There was some man on the block, not a parent, maybe a furnace man or a yard man or a handy man or a chauffeur, who was the court of last resort. He was a grownup, but he leveled with kids.

We took the garnets to this man who was on our side: he pronounced them garnets. We went back and split more tons of sandstone. I don't know who it was who finally told us—maybe this same man. They were the kind of garnets used to make that rough sandpaper called garnet paper. They were not jewels at all.

We gave up the magic lantern and the hunting knife with scabbard and hip boots; we waved goodbye to the order, no futzing around now, of the entire contents of the Johnson Smith catalog, all in one swoop; we knew we would never have the complete works of Tom Swift.

As I write this now, I wonder, is it possible they were real garnets? Would it be worth tearing down the house that sits on that corner and making it into a vacant lot again? Were the rocks hauled off somewhere, and do they sit now on a vacant lot? Anyone for a garnet mine?

The chestnuts are still around. These were horse chestnuts, and next to clothesline, the most useful thing in the world.

When I started my love affair with horse chestnuts, just the way there was only The Reservoir, just one in the world, so there was only one Horse Chestnut Tree.

To get to it, I went out the back door of my house, across the backyard, to the stone wall. Our house was at the bottom of a hill, and the yard that abutted ours was, say, six feet higher than ours. There were a number of footholds in the stone wall, and the age of which I am writing now, there was one that got me to the top of the wall in one climbing step, my belly on the top of the wall, and a certain amount of minor scrabbling with one suspended foot, a certain amount of wriggling, and I was on all fours in the next backyard. I straightened up slowly, and viewed the terrain. For the moment, I was safe, because this

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was our own stone wall I was standing on. From there on out it was no man's land. There was, after a sortie across the backyard on the right, a driveway. There was, after an even longer expedition across the backyard directly ahead, a path that led from their back door along the side of the house to their front door and thence to the street. I didn't know either of these families. All that meant was that they didn't have kids my age, and consequently they didn't exist.

The driveway to the right was safer, except that that backyard had a flower garden in it, and the lady of the house liked her flower garden. On the other hand, the driveway was a little ways away from the house. The path directly ahead was right next to its house, therefore right next to people. More than that, there was an unwritten law about cutting through lots. Short cuts were, basically, against The Law. By usage, anyone who objected to your cutting through a driveway was an old grouch, but people who objected to your strolling along their path had a good deal of sweet reason on their side.

The problem was solved one way or another, usually by one kid going one way, one the other, to halve the odds.

It now occurs to me as curious that we should have all this regard for law and order when what we were going to do next was illegal, both by unwritten law, possibly by statute law, and certainly in most vigorous terms by whoever owned the house that the path led by.

Because on that house's front lawn was The Horse Chestnut Tree. We visited it for weeks in the fall before it was time, tried to but could not resist pulling the early green burrs off the lower branches. The prickles on the burrs were not yet hard, but splitting the green burrs was mostly a matter of hitting them with stones on the curb, and splitting the nuts along with the burrs.

A little later on, the prickles on the burrs were harder, and sometimes there was a fingernail hold by which you could split the burrs open without hammering them. Then the horse chestnuts were white, or only partially marbled.



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All this debris we left on the front lawn of this house.

Later still, one day there would be burrs on the ground. This was the day. The burrs were less green, the prickles pricked, enough to hurt, not enough to draw blood. You split the green burr and you saw the brown, marbled, wonderfully shaped nut, glossy but not shiny, made to rub your thumb over. On the other side, the dry woody button. The dullness of this irregular slightly rough patch was perfection. It made the smooth part smoother. All this wonder was cradled in the green burr lined with dead, soft white.

It is hopeless to try to describe perfection. I will try no longer. I will simply state that to me the noblest work of nature is a horse chestnut.

We wore knickerbockers then, and we filled our pockets with horse chestnuts, and when they were full, dumped them into our pants. There was a simple limit to the number of horse chestnuts a kid could want: As many as there were.

Now what did we do with them? Well, first, we just got them. Then we piled them in piles and were pleased that we had gotten more than, or better than, our friends. Then we carried them around in our pockets and showed them, and traded them, and polished them against the sides of our noses. We tried to eat them, but could not.

After several weeks of that, we started to use them. They could be made into pipes, the same as acorns, with straws for stems. That was for little kids. They could be pierced with the mumble-peg blade of a scout knife, strung one at each end of a string, whirled around the head and caught on telephone wires. Unlike kites and handkerchief parachutes and model airplanes, this was intentional. This was the function of this arrangement. I mean, man, these were *made* to be caught on telephone wires.

But first, foremost, forever, and I pledge I will teach the kids on my block this very year, they were meant for the game of killers.

You take a chestnut, and you hook the ice pick. You wait

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until nobody is in the kitchen, and then one kid presses down on the pilot-light button so that a long delicate blue finger of flame comes out, and the other kid puts the ice pick in the flame until it is red-hot. When it is, he bores a hole in the chestnut.

The next thing to do is to take the loan of a shoelace. The best kind is the kind that are in your sister's high shoes, and the best way to get it is—well, you know how. If you can't get a shoe lace, heavy brown twine, the kind without the splinters woven in, is okay. A knot in one end, the chestnut strung on, then everybody outside.

You have one. I have one. We choose, odds or evens with fingers. Whoever loses—let's say it's you, for literary ease; you hold up your string with the chestnut dangling. In my right hand I take the end of my string, in my left, the chestnut. I hold the chestnut almost, but not quite, directly above the left hand with string tight and bring it down in a whipping movement. The object, first, is for my chestnut to hit yours, the secondary object is to hit it and break it. This ordinarily does not happen the first time. Now you get a crack at mine.

Sooner or later, a crack will show up in one or both chestnuts. Now an even more delicate *frisson* comes into play: it is possible that you, striking with a cracked chestnut, will bust yours while hitting at mine. There is a kind of marvelous irony about this that we recognized even then.

We called the chestnuts killers. You had a one-, two-, or forty-killer if you had broken that many chestnuts. However, if a one-killer broke a forty-killer, my memory is that the one-killer became a forty-one-killer, but I am not sure about this.

Of the folklore of the care and treatment of killers, there was no end. Roast them like mickies, soak them in Three-in-One oil, store them in the cellar, bury them in talcum powder—but one I remember best. My father, as I have said, was sick. Now we knew, as kids, if a man was very sick, he took very strong medicine. "Jeez, if it's strong medicine for a man, think what it would do to a killer." I took a pinch of this, a wet of

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that from the medicine chest and dumped it into a milk bottle. I soaked a couple of killers in it.

It was magic. That's how I got my forty-killer. Would that it had been magic for my father.

Well, it's getting on for fall. I will show the kids about the horse chestnuts.

I keep thinking that they don't know about any of these things, and maybe they don't. But then, grownups when I was a kid didn't know—did they?—any of the world I lived in.

Maybe my kids have got a whole world of their own, with different objects, and I am not admitted to their councils. I devoutly hope so.

My world, as a kid, was full of things that grownups didn't care about. My fear now is that all of us grownups have become so childish that we don't leave the kids much room to move around in, that we foolishly believe that we understand them so well because we share things with them.

This is not only folly, it is not fair. At somebody's house one night, a harassed father who was trying to talk to grownups with his brood around, finally spoke a simple sentence of despair, "For Gossakes, go upstairs or downstairs!"

He was, I believe, asking for privacy. He was, I believe, entitled to it.

I think kids are, too.

Let them moon, let them babble, let them be scared.

I guess what I am saying is that people who don't have nightmares don't have dreams.

If you will excuse me, I have an appointment with myself to sit on the front steps and watch some grass growing.

Silver Platter

ELLIN BERLIN



AN ABRIDGEMENT

The Author

ELLIN BERLIN is the daughter of Clarence H. Mackay, before his death the president of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, and granddaughter of John W. Mackay, an Irish immigrant who became rich in Nevada. On January 4, 1926, she was married to Irving Berlin, America's most successful writer of popular songs. Ellin Berlin was first published in *The New Yorker*; her first book appeared in 1944.

SILVER PLATTER

Ellin Berlin

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Introductory Letter

New York, N. Y.
December, 1947

Dear Granny—

My first memory of you is long ago—before either of the world wars—the year was 1906 or 1907. I think you were stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria. I shall find the exact date as I follow your story through family letters, through newspaper files, through memoirs.

A grandmother was a new thing to me. My grandmother lived abroad. She was a lady from Europe. I almost don't remember. I remember a sweet powdery smell. I remember a smooth opaque skin and carefully coiffed black hair. And I remember the big pearls in the lobes of your ears.

I saw you again in 1909 in Paris; I must have visited you but I don't really remember you again until 1920 when you came to live with us in America.

I remember that you were small. Your feet were tiny and arched. And your hair was alive. It was dark, streaked only a little with white. And your skin was soft and fine and white so that I could imagine how it must have been before the lines and wrinkles. Your eyes were big and startlingly blue. It is hard to begin to know someone when she is seventy-seven. But we managed. We managed very well. It shouldn't be hard for me to tell your story. You told me a good deal. And the record is there for me to find.

You were kind to my sister and my brother and me. You comforted us when we were in disgrace. You watched us fall in love and you gave your opinion if we asked for it. I don't know what you told the others. With me you were interested and practical and always a little detached.

You listened when I told you about Irving. And you said you enjoyed Mr. Woolcott's book, where the story was better told. Woolcott was very eloquent about the poverty of the tenement in which Irving lived on Cherry Street. Did you remember Cherry Street? It runs into Pearl, where you were born. We got to know each other well, you and I. I think I can tell your story.

"If you don't get sentimental." I can hear the sound of your voice as though you were speaking to me. You were annoyed by the visitors who tried to embalm you as a saintly old lady. You didn't like being old and you never chose to make a virtue of it, nor would you wish any part of your history sweetened or altered. You had every right to be pleased with it as it was. So I shall try to set it down as you told it to me, as, at its end, I knew it, and as I find it on the record.

The Road to Downieville

LOUISE DID NOT remember when they lived on Pearl Street. Before she was a year old her parents had moved. They had lived in so many places: on West Broadway, on Franklin Street, on Varick Street. Two years ago when she was going on six they had moved to the rooms in Grand Street.

Today she walked past St. John's Park, fashionable now as once the other streets had been. She looked through the railings at the frozen fountain. The little park was cold and deserted in December. In the spring ladies and gentlemen would take their keys and unlock the gate, and promenade across the enclosed green.

Louise had left the last parcel of embroidery at the house of a lady who had a key to the park. She would take a turn on Broadway before she went home. Broadway was her favorite street. Once, with her father, she had driven down Broadway in a hired carriage.

Her father had sailed to the West where the gold was. "And when I find it, we'll have our own carriage and pair. You'll see, Louise. You'll have everything."

Louise considered walking west toward the river but that would make her too late. Mémé would worry and her grandmother would scold, birthday or no birthday. She ran to make up for the time already lost. There was less time than usual today, less daylight time anyway. December twenty-first was the shortest day of the year. It was lucky to be born on such an important day. Her birthday was the very turning point of the year. Eighteen fifty-one would not end officially for ten more days, but surely this was its true end.

On the corner of Grand Street, Martin Duhme was standing outside his grocery shop. He beckoned to Louise. "Here, for

your birthday, Louise, I hear you're eight years old. That's a fine age to be." He held out a fat polished red apple.

"Thank you. Oh, thank you, Mr. Duhme." She held the fruit delicately as she climbed the narrow stairway of 9 Grand Street.

On the top floor, lamplight streamed through the open door to welcome her.

Mme. Visera held the lamp in her hand while Mrs. Hungerford cleared the worktable for supper.

"You shouldn't frighten your mother like this, Marie Louise," the old lady said sharply to her granddaughter. "It's wrong of you to linger late on the street and it's dangerous."

"You shouldn't be frightened for me, Mémé." Louise untied the ribbons of her bonnet and held up her face for her mother's kiss. "I'm never afraid for me so why should you and Grandmother be?" She tossed her head as her mother put away the bonnet. "Be careful of it, Mémé. It's my beautiful birthday bonnet. It's like a true lady's bonnet. Why doesn't Grandmother make bonnets for the ladies?"

"We're lucky to have their embroidery to do. And see the dress I have done for the little girl in Washington Square." Mrs. Hungerford smoothed the changeable violet taffeta. "There are to be three rows of passementerie. I shall try to finish it after supper."

The last mouthful of the birthday pudding was eaten. The white cloth was folded and put away. The table was again spread with its working paraphernalia.

Louise sat between her mother and her grandmother and sorted the colored silks. "Tell me about the Hungerfords, Mémé. Weren't the Hungerfords once grand, important people? Weren't we grand in England, Mémé?"

"We've never been grand in America, that's sure. We've never been anything but poor in our lives and in all the lives of which I have any knowledge."

"But, Mémé, Father said, Father said . . . I remember he said that long ago we came from a castle in England."

"Yes. There was a story in his family. There's such a story in most families, I suppose." Mrs. Hungerford's dark head bent more closely over her work.

"And what news have we, Eveline, of the brave captain?" Mme. Visera asked. "I saw you had a letter today, but you mentioned no news."

"There isn't much news. The gold isn't right in San Francisco. It's in the mountains and the rivers, though Daniel hasn't found any yet. But he has prospects. He hopes to send for us soon to join him in Downieville."

"Downieville," Louise repeated. "Downieville isn't a pretty name."

"Your father speaks of the pines. Sweet-smelling pines and clear air. You'll like that, Louise."

Before she fell asleep in the narrow low bed beside her mother's, Louise thought of the town and the river. Neither name pleased her at first. Yuba was too harsh. Downieville was too plain; it lacked the foreign flourish of San Francisco. Downieville, Downieville. Perhaps it would do. It had a soft sound. Soft as down, people said. Downieville. Soft, soft as the velvet and furs she would wear when the gold was found and she drove with her father, the captain, in their own carriage and pair.

Eighteen fifty-four was the year of the journey. The road to Downieville was long. Even the beginning of the journey was long. The advertisements had promised that the sea voyage from New York to Aspinwall would take only a week. But storms delayed the vessel, and the Atlantic journey took almost a fortnight.

On the morning of the thirteenth day they reached Panama. The cathedral and the balconied houses were beautiful to behold, but Louise scarcely saw it. She was too eager for her first sight of the steamer which was to take them to San Francisco.

The very first afternoon on board the *John L. Stevens* Louise found a friend. She stood with her elders on the deck in the shelter of one of the two big smokestacks. A woman with two

children approached them. The little boy was very small. Even the little girl was rather young, not much more than six years old, Louise thought. She had a grave face and light brown wavy hair.

The little girl's name was Louise Althea Meier, and she and her mother and her baby brother were on their way to Downieville.

Louise Hungerford laughed with pleasure. The same name and the same destination. "Almost the same name. My whole name is Marie Louise Antoinette, but nobody calls me that. You can call me Marie Louise and I'll call you Louise Althea. Then we'll know which we are."

San Francisco was a thousand times more exciting than Aspinwall or Panama. Every street had the excitement of Broadway. All the steep, crowded streets were filled with strange sights: a gentleman with a big diamond flashing in the sunlight; a miner swinging a pistol in one hand and a bag of gold dust in the other; a Chinese in oddly cut clothes with a strawhat like a basket.

This was not like New York. Even in the few hours Louise could see that San Francisco was not in the least like New York. New York was a sedate and settled city where people lived and walked in their appointed places. Louise felt a pang of homesickness. Perhaps she would never see New York again.

At Marysville the last stage of the journey began. The children rode on burros, their elders on muleback.

Louise's bones and muscles ached from the long hours in the saddle. When the mule train came to a slow stop Louise was too tired to lift herself from the burro's back to the ground. Her fingers were too stiff to untangle themselves from the reins.

A gentle hand unloosed her hands from the leather. Strong arms lifted her from the hard chafing saddle. She looked up at the laughing handsome face. How could she ever have feared in the secret dark that absence would make him a stranger? The war and the West hadn't changed him. Just so had he laughed and held her when he lifted her down from the pre-

carious height of the barber chair in the old shop on West Broadway.

"Well, Louise, here you are at last. It's been a long time."

She clung to his shoulder.

"I promised to come for you in a carriage, but that might have taken too long, dearie. It's better this way."

"Much better." She rubbed her face against the smooth broadcloth. His coat against her cheek was softer and better than the richest velvet that ever upholstered a carriage.

In that first summer Louise lived by day in Downieville and by night in New York. At night she found her way back to the ease of accustomed places.

Years later Louise would not clearly place the events of that first summer. The first summer, the first fall, the first winter, the first spring until summer again. The first summer? The second? Her memory would never be quite sure. The seasons, like the summer that began them, would never be remembered in certainty.

Marie Louise and Louise Althea were inseparable companions. Their full names were too long for informal use, and the neighbors, in order to distinguish Marie Louise from her playmate, Americanized Marie and called her Mamie.

Captain Hungerford's drugstore the Pestle and Mortar was not as large nor as newly painted as its rival the Sierra Drugstore. But Marie Louise sipped her soda there in proud contentment with Louise Althea. New paint and gold lettering weren't everything. A proud name was a lot. "At the Sign of the Pestle and Mortar" was a fine proud name. The other stores in Downieville had plain names. S. W. Langdon and Bro., J. Meier, A. S. McMillan and Co. Daniel Hungerford would never choose even a name in an ordinary way. Marie Louise Antoinette for his daughter.

The seasons met and overlapped as Louise learned to know the town which once had been only a name heard in a distant lamplit room. She grew accustomed to the burning heat of the

summer and to the long winter cold. She learned to know the violence of the elements: the crushing mass of snow and ice moving swiftly, inexorably from the Buttes; the surface of the earth trembling in the windless quiet of a summer day; fire flaming in the night, threatening the flimsy wooden structures.

She learned to know the violence of man. It must, even in the old days, have surrounded her. New York was not free of brutality and murder. Perhaps the difference was that here violence was close at hand. Even a child must know. She must see. She must hear. Nothing was hidden in the narrow town, nothing was muffled by the frail walls.

The dark violence was not all. There were friends here. There was the warmth of being enclosed in a small community.

There was hope here. Hope is natural to youth. In this young country the faces and the voices reflected and echoed the hope that was expectation in Louise's heart. And there was courage, this she knew. Only brave men would come so far to follow a dream. Only brave men would endure so cheerfully the hard years of hope deferred.

There was safety here. In the little town, as in the great city, the lamp shone strong and bright on the worktable. The quiet evening hour was the hour Louise had always known. While her mother sewed, her father told of his hopes. The drugstore was but a stopgap. Any day, Eveline, the golden strike would be made. Louise listened as one listens to a fairy tale. Someday the gold; someday the cotton frock turned to a satin ball gown; someday the shabby little house become a great marble palace; someday the velvet-lined carriage.

Educated at Benicia

UNTIL THE LETTER came, Louise had not believed in St. Catherine's. Though she knew the advertisement by heart, the academy in Benicia had no reality for her.

"St. Catherine's Female Academy, Benicia, Cal., near the residences of Judges Heydenfeldt and Hastings. This institution is conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic, of whom some are from the States and others from Mexico and France, and they are prepared to teach in English, Spanish and French the branches usually taught in similar well conducted establishments. The yearly session of eleven months commences on the first Monday in September."

The Downieville schoolhouse stood solid and new with its white paint and its freshly shingled roof. The little wooden school was her school. The children were her friends. In Benicia, Louise would be a stranger. And to arrive in January, to arrive at the half term, would make her a stranger alone.

"Well, dearie? Your mother and I shan't force you to go against your will."

"But, Mémé, it costs so much."

"I know. I know. Two hundred and fifty dollars payable half yearly in advance. But they can teach you, Louise. Education is worth having at any cost."

"They can make you a lady, Louise," Major Hungerford said. "And the other pupils will be ladies, too, little ladies."

Louise looked at her mother. "Like the little lady in Washington Square, Mémé? Like the young ladies in the house on St. John's Park?"

"Yes, Louise, like that. Are you afraid? Your father and I don't want you to feel you must go if you are afraid. We can

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still write Reverend Mother Goemaere and say we have changed our minds."

Louise looked down at her plain frock. It was clean and carefully mended. She remembered the little girl in Washington Square. Her dress was of silk merino, banded with fine embroidery.

"No Mémé." Louise lifted her head and smiled. "I want to go to Benicia; I want to learn to be a lady."

It was late at night when Louise reached Benicia. She stood beside her father as Mother Goemaere opened a red ledger and wrote: *Marie Louise Antoinette Hungerford de Downville. Entrée le 15 Janvier 1857. Agée de 13 ans.* "There, you see, my child. You are one of our children now."

Louise looked admiringly at the writing. She determined to learn to write like that, with fine flourishes and elegantly pointed letters.

"Now, Louise. It is Louise you are called at home?"

"Yes, Reverend Mother."

"We want you to feel that this, too, is your home. For many months. For many years, we hope. Come, Louise, you will go now with Sister Aloysia O'Neill. Sister Louisa, our children call her."

"Run along, dearie." Major Hungerford kissed her. "You're in good hands."

The small frame building in the hollow below the hill was sheltered from the winter winds. The Spanish girls from the south complained of the cold. They stayed indoors as much as the nuns would let them. To Louise the short winter was mild. She remembered the long Downieville winters and rejoiced in the warmth of the sun. In February and March the Sierras were deep in snow, while at Benicia in the early afternoon there was spring in the sun-drenched air.

In May the long spring reached its fullness. The first day of May was inaugurated with stately ceremony. The new statue of the Blessed Virgin, lately sent from the mother house in Paris,

was carried, in singing procession, through the grounds. After the procession the Queen of the May was crowned. Louise listened to the queen as she accepted the honor. Perhaps someday she would stand like that. Perhaps in her last year they would choose her.

After May the school year moved slowly through long hot days to its end. The closing exercises were held on the last day of July. After the exercises there was little time for farewells. "We have a long journey before us, Louise," her father reminded her. There was no time. Suddenly the end was here. As Louise looked back, the months were brief as so many weeks or days.

"Good-by until September. Good-by until next year." This year was swiftly, unexpectedly gone. But only a month away the next year waited peacefully. Next year there would be time.

As Louise journeyed home, the thought of next year grew remote. The immediate joy of homecoming filled her heart.

Mrs. Hungerford was waiting when they arrived. She was sitting behind the worktable. So Louise had always imagined her when they were separated. It was good to have the picture true. Major Hungerford helped Mme. Visera to bring Louise's supper. "I'll not have anything just now, Eveline. There's a meeting of the guards. If you'll forgive me—"

This, too, was part of the picture Louise had often watched as she waited for sleep in Benicia: her mother sitting at her work and her father going about his soldierly business.

"I've thought of it so often, Mémé. I've imagined it just like this."

"Then you're glad to be home, my darling? Even though you liked the academy, you were a little homesick there?"

"Only at first, Mémé. And even then I could picture you and comfort myself. I could always imagine you just as you were."

"Benicia is so far away, Louise. Wouldn't you perhaps rather stay here?"

"Oh no, Mémé. You were right about St. Catherine's."

"I hoped—"

Louise stared at her mother. "You sound, Mémé, as if—I'm going back to St. Catherine's, aren't I? I'm going back next year?"

"Oh, Louise, I—but we'll talk of this in the morning."

"Talk of what? Tell me now, Mémé."

"Yes, I'll tell you now. It's best to say the hard thing quickly. Your father gave you no hint?"

Louise shook her head.

"It's not his fault. He tried. He's so ambitious for you, he loves you so much that he tried. Though he couldn't afford it, he tried. Your father and I have had unexpected expenses. Grandmother has not been well and times have been hard here. We still owe the Dominicans eighteen dollars. And we should have to pay not only that but an advance on your tuition for next year. There's no way we can manage it. We can't go any deeper into debt."

"Then I can't go back? Not ever?"

"Perhaps someday, Louise. Your father has been unlucky. But luck turns. Perhaps someday."

"Perhaps someday," Louise repeated. The fairy tale was no use. No magic wand would transform the shabby house. No velvet-lined carriage would carry them away. The steep mountain walls would hold them prisoners forever.

"I'm sorry, my darling. I know you hoped for next year. There's one thing more you must know. But this I hope will be joyful news." Mrs. Hungerford pushed back her chair and got heavily to her feet. "As you see, I'm expecting. It's to be in October."

"Oh, Mémé." Louise looked unbelievably at her mother's altered figure.

"I know, my darling, after all these years. I was surprised myself." Mrs. Hungerford laughed uncertainly. "But I'm glad. I'm glad for your father. He mourned so bitterly when your little brother Nito died. I hope the new baby may be a son, another Daniel." She drew Louise into the warm circle of her arm.

"Kiss me, Louise. And remember you are the child of my

youth. The new baby can't take your place. He can only share it a little."

Safe in her bed in the dark, Louise gave in to the tears she had suppressed before her mother. When the sobs subsided she lay motionless with hot burning eyes. The new baby would be young Daniel. He would be the pride of her father's heart. His coming would change everything. He would not take her place, Mémé had said. But his place would fill the house. Unexpected expenses, Mémé had said when she spoke of the payments to the convent. The coming of the baby was the unexpected expense. Louise clenched her hands and swallowed hard. If it hadn't been for the interloper, her father would have found a way to send her back to Benicia. Now he would cease to think of her. The new baby would be the young lord of the house. Her father's pride would be in him.

Louise grew accustomed to being at home again. This summer was like all the summers. Day after day the sun beat down on the narrow town. The waters of the Yuba were low and sluggish. Through the open doors of the saloons music blared.

Late at night Louise could hear through her window the raucous tumult of the town. She heard the shouting, drunken voices. She remembered the quiet of Benicia. She did not speak often of St. Catherine's, not even to Louise Althea, but she remembered.

Louise spent the night of the second of October at the Meiers'. She did not speak of the baby to Louise Althea. Louise Althea was too young to know about a baby ahead. Louise wished that she were too young to know. If she didn't know she wouldn't be frightened for Mémé. She had heard Mrs. Kibbe and Mrs. Meier talking. "At her age we never know," they said. "After such a long interval we can only hope."

In the morning Mrs. Kibbe came for her. "I've good news for you, Mamie. You have a lovely little baby sister. Your mother's well, she wants to see you."

"A sister? There must be some mistake."

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"That's what the poor major thinks, I'm afraid." Mrs. Kibbe laughed. "But she's a fine healthy child. Come and see her, Mamie."

When Louise reached the house Mrs. Hungerford was asleep. "We won't disturb her," Mrs. Kibbe said. "But you can see Baby."

Louise was left alone with the baby. She looked down at the mottled wrinkled face. Poor little thing. It was very ugly. And no one was pleased with it.

"I'm pleased," she whispered. "I wouldn't have been pleased with the boy. But I'm pleased with you."

Very carefully she slipped her arm under the small body swathed in knitted blankets. She held the bundle on her lap. "They're disappointed, but I'm not. You're funny-looking." She laughed softly. "But someday you'll be pretty. Someday you'll be a pretty little girl. Poor little thing, they haven't even a name for you. They never thought of anything but Daniel, but someday you'll have everything. When I get to be a lady I'll see that you have everything."

The first of January, 1858, was a peaceful day. After the noisy night-long celebration of the New Year, Downieville was quiet, deep in snow. In the early evening the streets were silent.

Louise sat with her parents. In a corner of the room Ada Elmire slept in the padded basket that was her cradle.

The clanging of the bell broke the silence. The jangling bell was the sound of danger. It was the sound that Louise would remember, the hopeless metallic cry for help that continued after all help had vainly come.

There had been other fires. In the very first summer there had been fires in the night. But their destruction had been limited to two or three houses. On this New Year's night all of Downieville was in flames.

Major Hungerford led his family through the streets bright as day. The flames were all around them. Burning embers fell

like rain. Louise was with the group that got across the river to Jersey Flat before the bridge went. Then men must return to fight the fire. They told the women to climb high on the hill. Unless the wind changed, the hillside would be a safe refuge.

Mrs. Hungerford gave Ada to Louise to hold. The women made a fire in the stove of a deserted cabin. The children and the old people huddled close to its warmth.

Louise, with Ada in her arms, sat beside her grandmother. Mrs. Pond and Mrs. Hungerford and Mrs. Kibbe dressed the burns of those who had been hurt.

Comforted by the warmth, Louise let her head droop on her grandmother's shoulder. Except for her arms, her body relaxed. As she slumped in drowsiness she did not loose her hold of the baby. She lost count of time.

In the end, at dawn, she must have slept profoundly. Suddenly the red glow of the stove was dimmed by daylight. Around her the women were moving and talking.

The old people and the children, it was decided, should remain here in the warmth, in the care of Mrs. Kibbe and Mrs. Hungerford. Those who could be of use would go back to town.

Louise and little Orrilla Kibbe walked to the edge of the clearing and looked down. The wind had stopped. Heavy smoke floated above the ruins of the town. Here and there a narrow flame darted. By daylight the pale flames were hard to see from the hilltop. As their eyes grew accustomed to the distance and to the haze, the children saw the black unrecognizable skeletons of buildings they had known. Sometimes a thin flame licked a dark outline. The outline changed as the mass of timber twisted and fell.

"Don't look any more, children." Mrs. Kibbe drew them back toward the cabin. "It's a bad thing to stand afar off and look at desolation. It's easier to bear when you can help. Come inside now."

Louise lingered for a moment behind Orrilla and Mrs. Kibbe.

She forced herself to look away and follow them. This was desolation; she repeated aloud the unfamiliar biblical-sounding word. Afterward, whenever she heard the word she would remember her first glimpse of its meaning: the green and pleasant town burned to black ruin beneath the white unyielding mountain walls.

She would remember, too, the details which she saw later as she walked with her mother through the burned-out streets.

She would remember the lonely look of the buildings which had escaped: the courthouse propped up on its tall, ungainly steps; the St. Charles Hotel, its white-columned elegance blackened by smoke but otherwise unhurt; the Catholic church on the hillside above the ruins, its steeple tall.

She would remember the jagged broken shape of the blackened wall that was all that was left of the Pestle and Mortar.

She would never clearly recall the swift days of reconstruction. Every building that was left was used to shelter the homeless. The Hungerfords slept in Meier's store. Both families had lost their dwellings.

On the bitter cold January day it was impossible to imagine the rebuilding, impossible to believe in spring and a town made new.

Eighteen fifty-eight had been a sad year. Louise was glad it was over and 1859 well begun.

The fire had been the beginning of misfortune. Mme. Visera had never recovered from the chill she had caught that night. A blessed release, Mrs. Hungerford had said. "We must not grieve."

Louise did not feel the deep sorrow which Mrs. Hungerford so firmly denied even while its marks were plainly visible on her face. Grandmother had been old always. One naturally expected that the old would someday die, and they must expect it too. Louise remembered her grandmother as old, always old, but Mémé must remember her long ago. She must remember

her pretty young French mother. She must have been pretty, since Mémé was said to take after her. In the lamplight Mémé looked tired. Louise shivered. For a moment she was frightened. For a moment she imagined her mother old. For a moment she imagined the unendurable sequence of time.

"What is it, Louise? Are you sad about Maman?" Mrs. Hungerford touched her daughter's cold hand gently as she took her work to examine it. "You're doing it very nicely. Mrs. Kibbe will be pleased. You're a great help to me. And, dear knows, I need help without Mr. Meier at the store."

Louise took back the dress. That was another thing that had happened in the dreary year. The Meiers had moved away. Since the first days in Downieville, they had been friends. Since before Downieville. Now the old friends were moving away. To Utah Territory, to the Northwest.

"It's hard, Mémé, having the Meiers move away."

"Yes, my darling. Hard on all of us. I wish your father and Dr. Aikin had been able to rebuild the drugstore."

"Perhaps he could be a doctor, Mémé."

"He'd like that. But it's not possible. We have a great many doctors now. Dr. Kibbe, Dr. Carr, that young Dr. Bryant. And they are graduates. Dr. Carr from the Baltimore Alms House Hospital. Dr. Bryant from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. Even though Dr. Bryant has been kind to your father, teaching him what he can at the hospital, it's no use."

"Isn't Dr. Bryant young to be in charge of the new hospital? And so lately come here too. I should have thought Dr. Carr or Dr. Kibbe."

"Your father says he's a very clever young man."

"Anybody home?" Major Hungerford's voice rang loud and confident.

Louise and her mother looked at each other. It was a long time since they had heard that hearty tone.

"Dr. Bryant walked over with me from Jersey Flat. I don't

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think you've met my ladies, Doctor. Mrs. Hungerford and my little daughter, Louise."

"Your servant, ma'am." The tall young man bowed over Mrs. Hungerford's hand with old-fashioned grace.

"The doctor has been telling me about a very interesting business proposition, my dear."

"Oh, Daniel."

"Mrs. Hungerford's a little nervous of new business propositions. But this one's sound enough, only as I told the doctor, I have other commitments at present."

"It's a golden opportunity, ma'am, or I shouldn't have mentioned it to the major. We're forming a company to be called 'The California and Utah Camel Association.' You know there are plans afoot to import the ship of the desert for use on our western plains."

"No. I hadn't heard."

"I know ladies don't care for business as a rule. But this is so romantic a venture—practical, too, or I wouldn't touch it. Can't you visualize the prospect, ma'am? Can't you see its scope? From the Far East to our western plains. Isn't it a perfect example of the old world serving the needs of the new? This is truly Young America. Young America in action!"

As he talked, Dr. Bryant's dark eyes flashed and his slim white hands moved expressively. Louise listened and watched. If only her father wouldn't speak of her as if she were a child, she thought angrily. If only she weren't so short. Her ridiculously small stature made her appear a perfect baby.

"The California and Utah Camel Association will be the first in this rich field and we shall reap a fortune. A fortune, Major! But I mustn't tire your good lady. Forgive us, ma'am."

"You don't tire us, Doctor." Louise spoke quickly before her mother could answer. "I'm very much interested. When I was at school—I was educated at Benicia—we studied the Crusades, so I know something of the customs of the East."

"And what do you think of my plan?"

"She's a little young to have an opinion on a business mat-

ter," Mrs. Hungerford said gently. "She won't be sixteen until the end of December."

"Still, I value her opinion." Dr. Bryant's eyes were fixed on Louise. "I should like to know more of your views, Miss Louise. I have some books and articles on the camel which might interest you. Major, have I your permission to call?"

"Of course, my boy, I'm delighted. Delighted."

After that meeting Louise thought about the young doctor. His tall, elegant carriage suited his eastern voice and manner. After that March morning Louise knew that 1859 would be a good year.

Dr. Bryant came often to the house. In May the California and Utah Camel Association was incorporated. Dr. Bryant showed them a copy of the charter.

It was in May, too that the piano arrived. Louise stared with unbelieving joy at her father's gift. The golden-oak base bulked large in the small parlor.

Mrs. Hungerford polished the wood until it shone. "Can you really afford it?" she asked. "Is the barbershop doing well enough?"

"I can afford this piano. I got it cheap from a fellow moving to the Northwest. I still have faith in the California mines. No need to move on. A man can still find a fortune here. Any day, with a little luck, a man can strike it rich. Meantime, I got Louise her piano. No sense in her forgetting everything she learned at Benicia."

Louise practiced diligently. She learned to play "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Annie Laurie" and "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

It was June. The window was open. Anyone passing would hear a song nicely played. Anyone entering would see a young lady at her piano, a young lady as accomplished as any in the Atlantic states.

"Louise," Mrs. Hungerford called. "Louise, will you take this embroidery for me to Mrs. Genung's in Jersey Flat?"

After she left the package at the dressmaker's Louise walked

slowly past the old Fetter Building. It had survived the great fire and was fitted up as the county hospital.

"May I walk a little way with you, Miss Louise?"

"Certainly, Dr. Bryant."

"You know, Miss Louise, when I first saw you I thought you were still a little girl."

"I know. And goodness knows, I am little."

"But you hold yourself like a young queen. A straight carriage is a rare and lovely thing in a woman."

In the narrow town it was easy to meet casually, unexpectedly. In the late afternoon Louise took her mother's parcels to Mrs. Kibbe, to Mrs. Purdy, to Mrs. Langton.

"You're very good at arranging things, Doctor."

"This walk together? I arranged that. You knew I didn't have to be at the hospital. You knew I wanted to be with you! And so we talk about camels and politics and the beauties of nature."

"And what would you like to talk about? You look so fierce, Doctor." She laughed. "We can talk about anything you like."

"I don't want to talk at all." He stopped and leaned toward her and held her for a moment. He bent and kissed her mouth. "This is what I want. And what I have no right to. You're a child."

She lifted her gloved hand to her mouth. Her fingers and her lips were trembling. She felt the trembling through her whole body.

"Oh, my dear," he said. "I didn't mean this to happen."

"Yes, you did, Doctor," she said firmly. "We both did. And I arranged to meet you just as much as you ever arranged to meet me. And I never mentioned our meetings to Mémé. So you see I knew they weren't accidental."

"She'll think you're too young to marry. I think I can manage the major, but your mother will say you're too young and she'll be right. You are too young. You won't be sixteen till the end of the year."

"Sixteen isn't young to marry. Not nowadays it isn't. Why even in Mémé's day—she was only eighteen."

"Sixteen is young to marry a man like me. I'm not good enough. I'd try, God knows I'd try. And I love you enough so that by a miracle I might succeed."

"We'll succeed. I'm old for my age. I'm old enough and you're good enough. You're a graduate and a gentleman. You're everything I dreamed."

They kept their secret for the rest of July. They met casually. The doctor took Louise's parcels and carried them for her. Sometimes they sat in the cool of Mrs. Kibbe's garden.

The flowers were in full bloom: roses, larkspur, mignonette.

On the last day of July, Mrs. Hungerford spoke to Louise about Doctor Bryant. "Mrs. Kibbe mentioned that she'd seen you and the doctor together. And then Mrs. Purdy. Have you been meeting him when you went on my errands?"

"It was accidental at first, Mémé, and then—" Louise faltered.

"It doesn't seem honorable of Dr. Bryant not to have declared himself to your father, that is if—"

"Oh yes, Mémé. His intentions are honorable and he wanted to speak. It was I who wanted to wait."

"Why, Louise? Why couldn't you come to us?"

"Partly because I knew you'd say I was too young until my birthday. And partly to keep it the way it was."

"Your birthday!" Mrs. Hungerford exclaimed. "But, child, even then you'll be only sixteen. Sixteen is very young. It's the age when one is in love with love. One can fall in love with anyone."

"But he isn't anyone. Don't you see, Mémé? That's the lucky part. Edmund is a gentleman and a graduate. You know how highly Father regards him."

"Yes, I know. He's very charming. He's educated. He has a profession. But we know little about him. If it had been a neighbor's son, someone we're long acquainted with—"

"But there's time to get acquainted. As you said, there's more than four months until my birthday."

"Don't get your heart set on your birthday, Louise."

"My heart is already set, and my mind. I'll wait till I'm sixteen but no longer."

By September Louise knew that it was well that the secret summer had ended when it did. She needed time in which to persuade her parents to permit the marriage. They had never denied her anything within their power to give. They would not deny her Edmund Bryant.

Louise was sixteen on the twenty-first of December. On the first of January she married Edmund Bryant. Her head was high, her hand was light and steady on her father's arm as she walked to her waiting bridegroom.

Washoe Fever

"THE WASHOE FEVER seems to be the prevailing mania at present."

At present! Louise looked from the article to the masthead: the *Mountain Messenger*, March 28, 1863. Since the first year of her marriage the fever had raged in the mountains. In Downieville, in Marysville, in Yreka, in Forest City, in all the towns, men had caught the fever and gone across the Sierras east to Washoe. Miners went first. For almost four years the Virginia City dispatches had told of the riches that waited. Ophir, Gould and Curry, Gold Hill, Silver City: these were the magic names. These were the places where a few feet of land changed hands for thousands of dollars. The figures leaped from the pages of letters and of newspapers. Almost every hill and mountain, they said, from Humboldt to Mono was quartz-capped and metal-bellied.

In spite of the fever, in spite of two wars, the years with Edmund had been happy. A daughter had been born to them. Edmund had become one of the leading doctors of the town.

Only the few weeks of the Piute War in the spring of 1860 had been frightening. Louise tried not to remember the May morning when Edmund had gone with the other able-bodied men to defend Virginia City against the Indians. Edmund had come home safe and so had her father. Many had been less lucky.

It would not have been considered much of a war in the Atlantic states, Louise supposed. The dead had been counted in scores, not in thousands, but the dead had been friends and neighbors.

The present bloody conflict was remote. In the mining towns

sympathies were with the Union, but not many felt impelled to go to the war.

Her father had gone. As soon as the War of Rebellion broke out he had announced his intention of offering his services in Washington. There wasn't much military renown to be won in '61 and '62 in the Army of the Potomac. At least they had made him a lieutenant colonel. Louise sighed. She remembered his letters from Camp Brightwood. He had succumbed to dysentery. Then he had suffered an injury to his leg through a fall from his horse.

The colonel had come home full of enthusiasm. He would raise a California regiment and attack the Confederacy through Texas. He had been promised this command. The authorities in Washington had promised. Any day now, he would hear.

He had not heard. The orders had not come. Weary of waiting, the colonel had gone to Virginia City. There he would help in the recruiting and organizing of a territorial regiment. All the young men were in Washoe. That was the place to raise troops. He and Mémé were now settled in Washoe.

Many had gone from Downieville. How did the *Messenger* put it?

"Many of the citizens of Downieville and influential men are taking their departure from us. Judge R. H. Taylor and Dr. E. G. Bryant left us last week, and propose sticking up their shingles in Virginia City."

Louise walked restlessly across the narrow room. The dark street beyond the windows was quiet. Downieville was settling into a peaceful town. Stagnant, Edmund had called it. But surely it would never stagnate entirely. After all it was the county seat. It would be quieter than in the old days but it need not be less prosperous for those who had a trade or, more proudly, a profession. Downieville was becoming a place in which a child might grow up in peace, unafraid.

She picked up the lamp and shaded the brightness of the flame with her hand. She carried it into the bedroom where

Eva slept. She had been christened Eveline Julia, but since she could speak she had called herself Eva.

She was so little. How would it be for her in Virginia City? They said it was like Downieville in the days of '51 and '52. Even in '54 and after that, Downieville had been a frightening place for a child.

"Mémé managed and I'll manage." She touched the dark sleeping head. "I'll manage, Eva."

Louise left Downieville in the stage early on a summer morning. She would never, she thought, see the valley again. Edmund would not return. He had given up his position at the hospital. Their cabin was sold. And yesterday Miles Langley had agreed to purchase their interest in the Pioneer Livery Stable. That investment had brought in a nice little sum, but Edmund insisted that there were investments a thousandfold richer to be made in Washoe.

The road turned sharply in the forest. The last sight of Downieville was gone.

On the afternoon of the second day the landscape began to alter. Yesterday and today they had driven through a green and smiling land. Suddenly, in the swift descent, it seemed, of one mountain, the change came. The pines were less deeply rooted. They clung precariously to the stony earth. And then there were no pines, there were no trees at all. All around there was nothing but the dusty gray of the sagebrush. Beyond the slate-colored valley were hills, bare of vegetation.

Eva exclaimed with pleasure, "Look, Mammy. It's pretty."

The rock shone red as the sunset sky. The barren hills shone bright in unexpected colors. Nowhere was there any green.

"Very pretty," Louise said mechanically. But it wasn't pretty. It was strange and unnatural.

Silver City broke the darkness of the journey. Bright lights gleamed and brassy music rang from the bars that lined the steep street. The stage stopped briefly and then rolled quickly

through the dark again. Gold Hill blazed around them. Then they drove on. From Mount Davidson the wind howled across the divide. Here were the lights of their destination, Virginia City. Above them in the west and below them in the east the noisy sprawling city clung to the mountainside. Louise looked down at the roofs of the buildings below her on her right. On her left the streets rose steep as attic stairs. This narrow crowded street was C Street, Virginia's main thoroughfare, of which she had read. It seemed narrow as a Sierra trail. From the bars came the singing of the hurdy-gurdy women, heard long ago. Craycroft's Saloon, the Gem, under different names they were here. The Eldorado Saloon. The Delta. The Snug. On the wooden sidewalks and across the muddy street the crowd surged. Here they all were again: the miners in flannel shirts, the women in flaming spangled dresses, the gamblers in black broadcloth. From saloons and gambling houses came the raucous voices she remembered. On the steep, barren ascent of Mount Davidson was the mining camp she had seen nine years before in the valley of the Yuba.

The passengers descended wearily from the coach. Louise carried Eva. A voice welcomed them. The child stretched out her arms.

"Tired, dearie?" Edmund lifted Eva onto his shoulder. He reached his other hand to Louise. "It's not far to our lodging, just two blocks up the hill. I'll call a man to take your luggage."

Louise smiled at the sound of the warm confident voice, at the sight of the strong arm that held their child safe above the crowded street. He was very like her father. She had chosen well. And he had chosen well. She would be to him as Mémé to her Daniel. Mémé had managed in Downieville in the '50s. She would manage in Virginia in the '60s.

Times were good for all of them that year. The Hungerfords and the Bryants prospered with the prospering city. They rejoiced when good news came from the armies in the East. Virginia was now heart and soul for the Union. Nevada's silver

would win the war. Nevada would next year become a state, an integral part of the Union which her wealth would help to preserve.

Louise's own dreams were coming true. In their two rented rooms she was making for Edmund and Eva the home she had planned. It was good to be twenty years old and happy. It was good to love and be loved by her parents and her sister, by her husband and her daughter. Soon there would be another child. She smiled contentedly. That was good too.

The new baby was another girl, but even Edmund was not disappointed for long. Little Marie was too pretty a baby to be anything but a delight and a pride. For eight months Marie grew in health and beauty. She was patently the pride of her father's heart. Louise watched Edmund indulgently. She supposed gentlemen couldn't help favoring prettiness even in a child and, of course, in every family the new baby came first. Fortunately Eva was too little to mind.

The septic sore throat had raged in Downieville when Eva was an infant. Louise had been frightened. She had wept for her friends, for the heartbroken, comfortless young mothers, and she had hidden her own fierce joy that her first-born was safe. In Virginia, too, there were epidemics of illness among young children, but if Eva, a small delicate child, had come unharmed through the perils of infancy, surely Marie would be safe.

Marie, the strong one, the pretty one, the favored one, was not safe. It was to her that illness came. The others in the lodging house were untouched. The fever seized Marie. The doctors could not help. They could only watch while Marie choked herself to death.

Since the earliest days in Virginia there had been expeditions to the outlying districts. "Ho! for Humboldt!" the prospectors shouted. In 1864 as Virginia's prosperity declined, the lure of far places grew stronger.

It was natural, Louise supposed, for Edmund to follow a new

trail. It was well for him to go. Grief had made her a poor companion. It was no wonder he grew impatient with her and sought in the bars more cheerful company. He, too, in his own way was sorrowing.

Mrs. Hungerford spoke reluctantly of Edmund's drinking. "My darling, it's not to criticize or to carry tales. But if you could try, on his return, not to forget your sorrow but to put it away a little. Gentlemen don't always understand. They grow impatient with long grieving."

"Edmund is never impatient with me, Mémé. And even in drink, he's always a gentleman." Louise faced her mother proudly. Not even to Mémé would she admit that Edmund could be unkind. It was not he but the devil which, in unhappiness, in disappointment, possessed him.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have spoken. The stories we heard may have been exaggerated. And poor Edmund has had several disappointments. If only this new venture turns out well . . ."

"I hope so, Mémé, but he's been gone longer than I thought and my funds are low, really very low. The broker on C Street cleaned out our small savings. Father Manogue is trying to get me work. He knows some ladies for whom I can sew."

"My darling, if only we could help, but things haven't gone well with your father lately. Indeed, things are not well with Virginia."

The work was a comfort to Louise. She sewed late into the night until her eyes were heavy and her back ached. The physical fatigue was welcome; it made her sleep.

Edmund returned, penniless and in debt. Against his wishes Louise continued to work. "Just until you settle into your practice again, Edmund, just until your obligations are paid."

When Louise went out to sew in bad weather she left Eva in the care of her landlady. On a late afternoon she came home long after her usual time. She should not have gone to do that last alteration, but the extra money would be useful. As she approached the lodging house the door opened.

"My dear, I was watching for you."

Louise stared at the pitying face of a neighbor. "The doctor, is the doctor . . ."

"Him? He's all right. It's your little girl. Had a bad fall. They took her in the parlor. It was here in the hall she was. At the foot of the stairs and if you ask me . . ."

"Forgive me." Louise hurried through the parlor door. Edmund was sitting with his head in his hands. He did not look up. Another doctor was bending over the sofa. "There now, you should feel better, dearie." He turned and saw Louise. "Glad you're here, Mrs. Bryant. The little girl's been asking . . ."

"Mammy. Mammy. They couldn't find you, Mammy."

"Darling, I'm sorry. I met a new lady at one of my customers' and I went home with her. Are you . . . is she all right, Doctor?"

"She suffered a great deal. But she's a brave girl. And the pain is lessening. Now that you've come we'll take her upstairs."

"How did it happen?"

Eva began to cry.

"It frightens her to speak of it. And Dr. Bryant is, ah, not quite himself. But I gather that she slipped away from your good landlady to follow her father upstairs when he came home and she must have missed her step and fallen."

"We'll take you upstairs now, darling. Edmund." Louise raised her voice a little. "Edmund, if you'll help us, my dear."

Edmund lifted his head and looked at her vacantly. He got slowly to his feet and walked unsteadily to the sofa.

"No!" Eva screamed. She buried her face in her mother's dress.

"She's afraid of being moved, Mrs. Bryant," the doctor said. "She suffered a good deal before the splint was put on. Let me carry her. It won't hurt, Eva."

Without loosening her grip of her mother's hand, Eva allowed herself to be carried upstairs. The doctor placed her gently on her bed. "She should sleep now. I've given her something to ease the pain."

Presently Eva's hand relaxed. She lay still. Louise walked to

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the door with the doctor. "How grave is the injury? I'd rather know."

"I can't make an exact prognostication, ma'am. It's the hip. That's always slow and uncertain."

"You mean she may not walk?"

"Oh, not as bad as that, ma'am. I can almost promise you not as bad as that. But she may be lame."

"For a long time or all her life?"

"For a long time, certainly. It's a bad break in a bad place. I'll come back in the morning. Now I think I can best help you by taking Dr. Bryant along with me for the night. The little girl must have absolute quiet."

By the end of '64 it was clear even to the most optimistic that the great days of Virginia City were over. Stock values steadily decreased. Wages fell and unemployment rose.

"The boom is over, dearie," Colonel Hungerford told Louise. "I'm clearing out."

"Back to Downieville?"

"No. Not Downieville. They're worse off than we are. I mean to move on to San Francisco. If I'm right there on the spot I can deal better with the government and the military."

"And Mémé goes too?" Louise asked.

"Yes, but you'll not be away from us long. Edmund tells me that he, too, has plans. Poor boy, he's had a run of bad luck. Washoe was an unlucky venture for us all."

Louise bade farewell to her parents and Ada. She hid from them her ignorance of Edmund's plans and waited for him to tell her.

Soon after the Hungerfords' departure he spoke to her. It was in the morning and he was sober.

"Well, Louise, I've put off telling you but I suppose the colonel's been ahead of me. I mean to go to San Francisco."

"Father said something. Have you an opening? Does it promise well?"

"Better than here at least. Though what promise I have left. . ." He spread out the fingers of his hands. He could not

hold them steady. "See that? Ten o'clock in the morning and I shake like an old woman. How can you endure me?"

"I love you, Edmund."

"It's as simple as that, isn't it? You were very young and there had never been anyone else and so you were caught. Poor Louise. Poor child. Wouldn't you rather stay with your mother in San Francisco, Louise, until I get established and can take care of you? Do you suppose that will ever be? Do you suppose I am wrong and that, after all, the clever young doctor can be brought back to life?"

"Soon, Edmund. Soon as ever you can get away from this hateful place. But I won't go to Mémé now. She has too much as it is. With Ada to provide for and Father not settled at anything. I'll stay here. I can manage for Eve and me. I'll manage just fine until you send for me."

Through the hard winter no word came from Edmund. Mrs. Hungerford mentioned him rarely in her letters. She urged Louise to come to her. Perhaps in the spring, Louise thought, she would pay them a visit. In the meantime she would manage. She moved to cheaper lodgings. One room was enough for her and Eva.

The spring brought victory to the Union. At noon on the tenth of April one bell after another began to peal out the glorious news of Lee's surrender. Steam whistles and anvils, guns and pistols added to the din. From every flagstaff the colors flew. The celebration lasted into the night. Bonfires were lit. Crowds marched singing through the town.

In her room Louise could hear the noise of celebration. The sky was bright with victory bonfires. She read and reread her mother's letter, trying to grasp its contents. The facts were plainly stated but her mind refused to accept them. Edmund had disappeared. After he had been gone for a week his partner had come to the Hungerfords for news of him. That had been two weeks ago, Mrs. Hungerford wrote, and there was still no news. She urged Louise to come to San Francisco.

Louise determined not to leave Virginia. She must not add

to Mémé's responsibilities. And besides, Edmund might return to her. If she were here alone, he might come.

That summer the wind blew hot across the divide as though a great furnace were hidden in the mountain. It was hard for Louise to keep herself and her child looking clean and respectable. It was hard to hold her head high, to refuse to see the pity in the eyes of neighbors. She would not give in to poverty and fatigue. She would not change. Edmund must not find her altered.

The summer ended. The winter began. She would endure the cold as she had the heat. She would manage. She had several customers who could afford the best and paid well: Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Fair, Mrs. Jones. Eva was almost herself again. Her face was filling out. Soon, the doctor said, she might be able to discard her crutch. In the spring, he thought.

Louise pushed her way against the blinding, snow-laden wind. As she approached her customer's house she lifted her head and fixed a smile on her cold, chapped lips. The door opened.

"Come in out of the cold, Mrs. Bryant, dear. You must be perfectly frozen." The warm Irish voice welcomed her. "We'll just have a nice cup of tea and a little visit before we get to the trying-on."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fair." Louise smiled at her hostess. Mrs. Fair was pretty. Not handsome and imposing in a regal way but warm and laughing and softly pretty as a rose. Mr. Fair was very well off. He was superintendent of the Ophir mine. Sudden tears filled Louise's eyes.

"My dear, you're crying."

"Oh no, Mrs. Fair, not at all. It's just the hot tea after the cold." She did not say it was the courteous kindness, warming to her heart. Perhaps someday when Edmund returned and there was not such a desperate need for pride, she would speak of it.

The Bottom of the Wheel

IN THE SPRING of 1866 Louise received news of Edmund from Father Manogue. She returned from work to find the priest standing in the lodging-house parlor.

"Your landlady said I might wait for you here, Mrs. Bryant." His face and his voice were grave. "I have news for you, Mrs. Bryant, hard news. Best to say it quickly. Edmund is ill, very ill indeed. I was over to Yuba County and I got news of him in La Porte. He's lying ill near there at a place called Poverty Hill."

"How ill? There'll be time for me to get to him?"

"Yes, but he's a desperately sick man. You know how things have been with him. Even before he left here. You know of his drinking. The poor fellow, we all knew. And you must have known too . . ." The priest hesitated.

"Have know what, Father?"

"Or perhaps you didn't know, my poor child. You're very young. Even before he left Virginia he'd gone on the drugs. In going to him you're not setting yourself an easy task. And I'm thinking you'd better not to go alone. Your mother now might go with you, or the colonel."

"No, Father." Louise's voice was steady. "I don't want them to see him. They mustn't know. I can go alone. I'm a little acquainted in La Porte. There's Mr. Creed Haymond and—and . . ."

"You'll not want for friends. I've spoken of you to Ellen McMahon. She's a sort of connection of mine by marriage. And Father Delahunty has a brother living in La Porte. No, you'll not want for help and kindness. But have you the strength to face this with none of your own? With only strangers, however kind?"

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"Edmund's my own and he wouldn't want my mother and father to know. I'll go out on the morning stage. But Eva. I wouldn't want her to see her father like this."

"She can stay with the Sisters. They'll be glad."

"And will you tell them that I've gone to join Edmund, that I'll make arrangements to bring Eva on presently? I'd like the people of Downieville and Virginia not to know. Not ever. Edmund's been well thought of. If he recovers he can start again. And if not—if not . . ." Her throat closed. She could not finish the sentence. She held herself stiff.

"I know, my child. I'll not say a word. Not ever. Not to anyone. I promise you." Father Manogue stood up. "And now, I'll just walk along with you to the stagecoach office and we'll make the arrangements for your journey. You're a good child to go bravely and unquestioningly to your poor husband. Come along now. The best way with a hard road is to get started on it."

In the high Sierras the snows were not yet melted. The journey was long and hard, first by stagecoach and then on snowshoes. Mr. Haymond and Mr. Delahunty accompanied Louise from La Porte across the mountains.

In a one-room wooden shack on the outskirts of the mining settlement of Poverty Hill, they found Edmund. The room was cold and dirty and evil-smelling.

"Louise." For a moment his eyes met hers in recognition. Then he sank back on his disordered bed.

She bent to kiss the pale face. Above the unkempt beard his cheeks were hollow. In the white weary mask, only the eyes, when they had looked on her for an instant, had been Edmund.

"It's no use, ma'am." An elderly woman stood in the doorway. "I live up the road a piece. I do what I can. But it's no use to call him. Sometimes he comes out of it of his own accord. Mostly he lies like that."

"It would be better," Mr. Haymond said, "to get him into La Porte. We should at least try what medical aid can do. We

can make a litter and get him back. He don't weigh much, the poor fellow."

To Louise the journey to La Porte seemed long. Edmund lay on the litter like a man dead. They stopped to rest at Brandy City. As she watched him, his eyes opened. "Remember, Louise. The little bit we had, remember that."

"I'll remember."

Edmund lived until the twentieth of June. Under the care of the doctors he seemed to be mending. Then quite suddenly he collapsed. Louise waited through the night while the doctors worked over the bed. It was morning when someone summoned Mrs. McMahon.

Louise felt a strong arm supporting her. "You must be brave, Mrs. Bryant. It's best for him that in the end it was quick like this."

Louise rose slowly to her feet. Steady, keep quite steady; there was still a little more to do for Edmund. She suffered herself to be led away. She stood quietly while the kind women pinned and sewed and fashioned her mourning garments.

She waited for her father. Mr. Haymond had sent for him. He would help her with the last thing. Her father and the doctor must write a death notice that would not reveal the nature of Edmund's illness.

When Colonel Hungerford came she held herself steady in his embrace. "Father, you must see to the obituary. Mr. Haymond has arranged for the funeral. The Reverend Mr. Chivers is to preach the sermon. And many are coming from Downieville and the other towns. Edmund was much loved and respected. It must say so in the paper. You must tell them how to write it. He would want it written right. And for Eva's sake there should be a record."

"My darling, don't worry, I'll arrange everything."

The funeral was as Edmund would wish. Through her heavy veil Louise could see that the church was well filled. Mr. Chivers' eulogy was eloquent.

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On the next morning she started her journey back to Virginia City. She was established there. She could make a living for herself and Eva. In San Francisco she and her child would be a burden to her parents. Virginia would be no harder than it had been. Grief would make the summer no hotter, the winter no colder. Grief would be the same anywhere. She held herself from looking back. Resolutely she looked ahead. Without hope one saw the future plain. With clear, dry eyes she saw the future she would make for Eva. It would not be the golden future that first her father and then Edmund had dreamed for her. But she had never entirely believed in the dream. It was not too hard to face the reality that lay before her. Out of that reality she would make a respectable and happy life for Eva.

Back in Virginia City Louise sewed for the store of Sam and Henry Rosener. She sewed for the ladies. By the time Eva was grown the stitches would be measured in miles. And somehow, someday there would be money to pay a great doctor to cure her lameness.

On Christmas Eve St. Mary's bell rang three times to announce the Mass: at half past eleven, at a quarter before twelve, and at midnight. Before the second ringing of the bell Louise and Eva were in their places.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Mass was over. Eva's eyes were heavy with sleep. Her cheeks were flushed from the warmth of the crowded church.

"Merry Christmas," Mrs. Fair whispered. "Let me drive you home, Mrs. Bryant dear. It's too far entirely and too cold for the little one to walk."

In the carriage Eva slept. The women smiled down at her.

"It's their day, Christmas," Mrs. Fair said. "Bring her to dinner with us. It'll be only ourselves and a poor lonesome bachelor friend of Mr. Fair's, that's all."

"Why, I . . . thank you, but . . ."

"There's no but about it at all," Mrs. Fair said firmly. "The both of you'll come and make a happier day for all of us."

SILVER PLATTER

Eva slept late in the morning. Louise did not wake her until it was time to dress for dinner at the Fairs'. When she was ready Eva took her two dolls to their landlady, Mrs. Mock.

"Will you mind my child for me? You must be nice to them both, Mrs. Mock, and not let the old one know how much more pretty the new one is."

"I'll take good care." Mrs. Mock looked approvingly at her lodger. "You look nice, Mrs. Bryant. I noticed last night, if you'll pardon my mentioning." She touched the brim of Louise's bonnet. "Much better without the veil. For the little one and for you, too, it's much better. And I have a Christmas gift for you."

"But, Mrs. Mock, I didn't expect . . . You shouldn't."

"And who has the better right? Didn't you fix my old dress from the Bay good as new so I could wear it to the Sisterhood's Hanukkah supper? Now for your holiday I have something. Look, you'll like it." Mrs. Mock opened a box and held out a necklace of sparkling jet. "Don't worry, only the box is new. I had this already for a long time. And jet you could wear. It would only brighten your mourning a little."

Louise caressed the beads. "You shouldn't. I shouldn't . . ."

"Come put it on. Going to those rich Fairs, better you should look nice and hold your head high."

"Mrs. Fair isn't like that. She's not proud."

"The rich are always proud. And why not? They know they've made the riffle. To wear a little piece jewelry wouldn't hurt you in their eyes."

Louise clasped the jet around her neck. She ran to the mirror. "Oh, it does look nice! Thank you, Mrs. Mock. You are good to me. Come, Eva, we mustn't be late."

Her new necklace gave Louise confidence. She held her head high as she greeted Mr. Fair. Mrs. Fair, she knew, had not meant her invitation in the spirit of charity, but of Mr. Fair's friendliness she was less sure. He had, as Mrs. Mock said, as he would say himself, made the riffle. Louise thought he might have little patience with those who were less strong, less lucky.

He held out both hands in welcome. His dark eyes were

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bold and admiring. "A Merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Bryant. You're looking very well on this festive day. And so is this little lady." He lifted Eva in a bear hug and set her down.

Louise smiled. A woman need not be successful. Mr. Fair required only that she be pretty and agreeable.

"Glad you're with us, ma'am," Jim Fair continued. "I know your father. A good man, the captain, colonel I should say, but more cut out for soldiering than mining. And that's only to his credit, eh, John? You've met John Mackay? Heard of him anyway, I'll be bound."

"I . . . I have had the pleasure." Louise looked in amazement at the grave, fair-haired man, John Mackay, who was known to all Virginia City. He certainly hadn't the appearance of a millionaire. As a nameless gray-shirted miner he had called on her with Sam and Henry Rosener at Mrs. Mock's to offer her the Masonic Lodge's condolences and sympathy soon after her return to Virginia City.

As she talked to Mrs. Fair, Louise watched John Mackay. He made no attempt to interrupt the ladies' chatter. He hadn't the quick easy charm of most Irishmen, Louise decided. Jim Fair had it to his finger tips.

Eva left her mother and limped across the room. Louise watched her. "See how at home the child is, Mrs. Fair. Usually she doesn't leave my side."

"Come to say how-de-do to me, have you, my dear?" John Mackay held out his hand to Eva. He lifted her carefully onto his knee. "Come and sit with me."

As he talked with the child, his gravity relaxed. They laughed together. She reached up her hand and stroked his long blond mustache.

"I like you," she said.

"John's the sly one," Jim Fair said. "To look at him first, you'd be taking him for a dour man, but he always gets off with the prettiest girl in the room."

He offered one arm to his wife and the other to Louise and led them into the dining room. John Mackay and Eva followed hand in hand.

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Louise looked admiringly at the table handsomely set with matching china and glass and with an abundance of solid-silver implements.

When the long meal ended the daylight had gone. Mrs. Fair lit the lamps. The brightly papered room was warm in the soft light. Louise did not want to leave the comfort and ease of the Fair house but she must not outstay her welcome. She could live the day over as she told every detail to Mrs. Mock.

Mrs. Mock was an eager audience. She listened with rich enjoyment.

"And then they sent us home in their carriage. I was grateful for Eva not to have the long cold walk. And glad for me too." Louise laughed with remembered pleasure. "A private carriage has long been my ideal."

"And was it Mr. Fair himself who brought you? I heard a man's voice."

"No, it was John Mackay. He offered to accompany us."

"That's nice." Mrs. Mock sighed with satisfaction. "He's a coming man in Virginia. He's not married and he's of an age to think of settling down. Well past thirty he must be."

"He's thirty-five, Mrs. Fair said, but he was Eva's conquest, not mine, Mrs. Mock. He was good to Eva and I was grateful. She is ever a little shy."

"And it was smart of him to make friends with her. He's a smart man and a good one. Listen, I'm telling you, you could go further and fare worse."

Louise did not resent the matchmaking gleam in Mrs. Mock's eye. She had seen it often enough in Mémé's. Mémé took credit for several Downieville marriages.

"I fancy many a cap in Virginia is set for Mr. Mackay, Mrs. Mock."

"And why not yours? For your little girl's sake and for your own, Mrs. Bryant dear. You're young, you're pretty. And already he likes the little girl."

The storms in January of 1867 were the worst Louise had experienced in Virginia. It was dangerous to walk abroad.

Windows were blown in, signs and awnings were swept from buildings. Sometimes a roof or even an entire frame structure was blown away.

Louise had seen John Mackay twice since Christmas Day. Twice when she had been with Mrs. Fair he had come in. She was sick of poverty, sick of its airless ugly rooms and its greasy ill-cooked food. She was sick of shabby made-over dresses, sick of the respectable edge of failure. She looked down at Eva. "For your little girl's sake," Mrs. Mock and subsequently Theresa Fair had said, "and for your own, poor Mrs. Bryant dear. You're young, you're pretty."

Louise studied her reflection in the glass. They had spoken true. She was young and pretty. There was no sin in ambition. In a man it was counted a virtue and a woman could achieve only through a man. How odd, she thought, if John Mackay should be the one to take her the rest of the way on the road that first her father and then Edmund had promised her, the long road that had led from Grand Street to Downieville and from Downieville to Virginia.

That winter in Virginia the snow lay thick. The icy winds blew from Mount Davidson. Louise worked long and hard but when she went out to sew she forgot her drudgery in listening to the ladies talk.

Not since the first prosperous year had Louise interested herself in the finances of the Comstock. The fortunes made and lost, the stocks rising and falling, were no concern of hers. She had clung to her rung at the bottom of the ladder, desperately intent on maintaining her precarious hold. Now she raised her head and looked and listened. The ladies quoted their husbands. They spoke knowledgeably of the hierarchy of Virginia City. When they mentioned William Sharon their voices changed. In every community there is a royal name that cannot be pronounced with a natural inflection. In Virginia City in 1867 that name was William Sharon. Sharon was the agent for the Bank of California. The bank controlled most of the leading stocks. It was buying up the mills on which the mineowners

depended. In the end it would own the lode and the city entirely. In Virginia, Sharon was the bank. Sharon, the soft-spoken little man, was king.

Could Mackay and Fair become the equals of Sharon? Louise listened and wondered.

Mr. Sharon laughed at the Irishmen, the ladies said. If Mackay got too big for his boots, Mr. Sharon vowed he would make him pack his blankets out of Virginia City back across the mountains. Mackay had made a nice little fortune out of the Kentuck; let him be satisfied with that. He and Fair were competent mine superintendents; let them be satisfied with the job for which they were fitted. The stocks of the Comstock could and would be managed and manipulated and owned by bankers, not by ignorant miners.

Louise listened to the light feminine voices as they repeated Sharon's judgment of the Irishmen. Mackay and Fair were not, she thought, men easily satisfied. Nor easily tired and discouraged. John Mackay had come from California in the first rush to Washoe. Many of the firstcomers, after an early dazzling success, had been ruined. John Mackay had risen slowly through the hard years. Now that he had joined forces with Jim Fair he meant to rise more swiftly.

Louise, with her mouth full of pins, knelt as she shortened the hem of the talkative lady's dress. Drive John Mackay back across the mountains? Louise thought not. John Mackay had learned strength and patience from those very mountains. He would not be an easy man to defeat or to discourage. California and Nevada had schooled him well in patience and endurance.

That winter Louise came to know John Mackay. He spoke sometimes of his boyhood in Dublin and of his mother.

"It was a hard life. I know now how hard it must have been. We were poor as the poorest in this country are not, but I don't remember it as hard, she made it all seem so easy. So natural-like. I was little use to her, though she didn't let me know that either at the time. I was near fourteen before I did

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a proper man's work. In New York we were by then and my father dead."

His brogue grew deeper when he spoke of his mother as though he were back with her in his Irish childhood. He spoke with affectionate admiration of Theresa Fair. "Jim's the lucky man to have such a fine woman. But then he's a lucky man altogether. And so am I. Me and Fair have both done well. And I think we'll likely do better now that we've teamed up. Me and Fair." His voice was warm as he spoke of the partnership. A partnership with John Mackay, Louise thought, would be long enduring. A woman could depend on such a partnership. A woman would be lucky. . . .

Very few were aware that John Mackay was courting Louise Bryant. It was a quiet courtship. Slow and quiet as the Irishman's speech. Louise was not entirely sure of him but by the springtime she thought it probable that if he were what she wanted, he could, with a little judicious encouragement, be hers.

Mrs. Mackay

"MARRIED

"In Virginia, November 25, by the Rev. Father Manogue, J. W. Mackay to Louisa Bryant. (No Cards.)

"(It is seldom that as brief an announcement affords us so much gratification, or that a case of Krug honors the chronicling of as happy an event. The union of so estimable a couple and the devotion of a thousand worthier friends make every wish of joy and prosperity which we could utter superfluous; and so we simply offer the congratulations which all who know them must extend to two so worthily mated that none can say which made the better choice.)"

The cutting from the *Territorial Enterprise* of November 27, 1867, was pasted on the first page of the plush-bound album. It did not seem possible that the November day was almost a year ago. Time slipped quickly by when one was not afraid, not tired. She had almost forgotten the pleasure of easy remembering.

Ada had declared that their first Christmas with John came straight from *The Arabian Nights*. "Like 'Ali Baba,' Louise. Do you know that story? It's very interesting. In it there was a cave of riches and treasure. Well, that's what our parlor is exactly like—Ali Baba's cave."

Our parlor, Ada had said. That was John's best gift. The furs, the jewelry, the richly furnished parlor itself: none of these was as good as being allowed to share the whole with Mémé and Ada.

"No use having a big place unless you've a family to match," John had said. Mrs. Hungerford and Ada had moved with the Mackays to the house on the corner of Howard and Taylor streets. Colonel Hungerford came to visit but for the most part

he was away, engaged in a business enterprise in Mexico. That enterprise, Louise suspected, was financed by John, though he would not admit it.

John had piled the parlor with presents for them all. Louise smiled as she remembered the lavish display. The best had not been on display. The best had been promises come true.

For Ada the promises were easy to fulfill. Ada would have all that Louise had dreamed for her. She would grow up to be a lady. She would be educated by the Sisters here and later at Benicia, or even at a convent in the Atlantic states. For Eva it was more difficult, but John had promised that she should be helped. "We'll have the best surgeons for her, Louise. If there's a man anywhere on earth who can cure her lameness, you shall take her to him."

The parlor was quiet. The children had gone to the matinee with Mrs. Hungerford. Louise put the album on the table beside her. It was no small triumph to be one of the ladies of Virginia. Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Bonner, Mrs. Sharon herself; all now acknowledged that Mrs. Mackay was one of them by right, not by courtesy. Here she sat, Mrs. John William Mackay of Virginia City. Little Mamie Hungerford had never imagined being a lady more fashionable than Mrs. Mackay. She had never thought to own a finer mansion than the one on the corner of Howard and Taylor streets.

The wind was rising outside. For a moment Louise saw the room clearly. Brocade and velour, polished oak and Turkey carpet, all were new, all were the best that money could buy. It was a handsome room, but she remembered handsomer ones, she remembered a paler and more spacious elegance. She remembered the houses on Washington Square and on St. John's Park. This was a high place, but she could go higher.

John meant to gamble all they had. He meant to uncover the riches of the Comstock if it took every dollar he had accumulated. Louise knew she should be frightened. She realized she was scarcely afraid at all. She believed in him. She was as willing as he to gamble on his knowledge and on his strength.

Hers was a bigger gamble than his. She was more newly come to security. But, like him, she wanted more than mediocrity, however comfortable, however safe. She wanted him to be master of the Comstock. She wanted, for both of them, the power and the glory.

At the meeting of the stockholders in March of 1869 John Mackay and his partners gained control of the Hale and Norcross Mine. The trustees of their choice were elected. Jim Fair was appointed superintendent of the mine.

Louise rejoiced. She watched with proud satisfaction the firm's successful reorganization of the Hale and Norcross. Instead of assessments on the stock as there had been in the past, this year dividends would be paid to the shareholders.

On August 12, 1870, John William Mackay, Jr., was born in the Grand Hotel in San Francisco. The big bedroom was cooled by the breeze from the Bay. With her week-old son in her arms Louise lay quiet, wrapped in happiness and luxury. "It's different for you, Willie," she whispered. "So different and you'll never know. If our luck holds, you'll never know."

She remembered the cabin where Eva was born and the lodging house where Marie was born and died. She looked across the richly furnished room to the tall windows curtained in brocade. She had scolded John for his extravagance in engaging so handsome a parlor suite. "My dear," he had said, "from here on we can afford the best or nothing at all. So enjoy the best while you may. Besides, nothing's too good for the boy's arrival."

John had been confident that the baby would be a boy. Louise had hoped for a boy for his sake, but her own fierce, proud delight in her son astonished her.

After the Renaissance splendor of the Grand Hotel the wooden house on Howard and Taylor streets seemed poor and mean. In the small rooms the handsome furniture looked pretentiously out of place. Virginia City was a dusty mining camp huddled untidily on the perilous slope of a mountain that

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darkened the autumn days. Louise had never intended that San Francisco be the end of her journey, but it was better than this.

Her joy in her son was still strong and complete, but outside that warm happiness, darkly beside it, was the shadow of disappointment. The doctors of San Francisco had been able to do nothing for Eva. The shadow was on John too. Even while he was holding his healthy little son the expression of his face altered. His eyes were sad as he watched Eva limp awkwardly across the room.

At Christmas he said to Eva, "Nothing here or at the Bay is good enough for you, my little dear. How would you like a trip someday to Gay Paree? There we could find you a real first-class doll with a wardrobe fit for a princess."

When they were alone he said to Louise, "If the French and Germans make peace by spring, we'll take Mémé and the children and all go abroad. They say the French doctors are the best. One of them may be able to do something for her."

She felt her heart beat fast with joy and hope for Eva and with joy at release for herself. It would be like release from prison to escape, if only for a few months, from Virginia, to see, even in passing, the city of her birth, to see France and perhaps Italy.

"You'd like that, old lady. Paris. Maybe London and Rome."

"You've the second sight of the Irish to read my mind—but truly it's mostly for Eva."

"Sure, I know. But I'd like it to be for you too. And for her it's better that we be tourists and let the doctors seem incidental. We can stop a bit in New York going or coming if you like."

"Not this time. I wouldn't want to be a tourist there and I'm not ready to be anything else yet."

"That's my smart girl. But someday, if what you want is New York, I'll make you a present of it on a silver platter."

The journey for Louise was like a dream. New York, their first brief stop, was altered as in a dream the familiar place is dis-

torted. St. John's Park was gone. Far uptown beside the Fifth Avenue there was the new Central Park. The avenue itself had changed. Between Twelfth and Twenty-third streets there were shops. Beyond the shops were new imposing edifices: hotels and clubs, churches and residences. Granite and marble were replacing brownstone.

On this journey there was time only to see the surface of the city. If they came again, Louise thought, not as travelers passing through a seaport but as residents returning to their home, they would stay in one of the new hotels on the fashionable avenue. The hotel would be a beginning. After that there would be a house, an elegant house on the square or a white stone palace near the vast new park. Someday they would surely come again. They would come for good. John would give her the key. St. John's Park and its keys had vanished. Louise smiled. It would take a key of gold to open the door to New York society. John would provide the key. Someday a journey would end in homecoming. This journey was for Eva.

Louise was awed by London. She had never imagined such an immensity of stone. She had not expected so vast a metropolis. At first she felt lost within its confines. Slowly she learned to find her way in the cities within the city, cities of finance, of government, and of fashion.

For the first weeks the weather was chilly, the skies were overcast. In May the sun shone. In the parks and in the squares the trees and shrubs were bright with leaf and flower. Most of all Louise admired the squares set about with private mansions—Berkeley Square, Belgrave Square.

In June it was at last safe for tourists to go to Paris. The Commune was over. The defeated city was at peace. Paris was more beautiful than Louise had expected. In spite of war and siege and revolution Paris was a city of light. In the day the wide vistas of the new boulevards and flowering parks were open to the sun. At night the gaslight shone on fountains and monuments. At the end of the broad Champs Elysées the tri-

umphal arch stood proud and tall as though no invading soldiers had lately marched beneath it.

The young surgeon whom John had been advised to consult was not in Paris. He would not return until September.

"We'll see the sights here," John said. "And then we'll make a bit of a Grand Tour. We've time for Rome before the doctor'll be back in Paris."

"And the Italian lakes?"

"Sure, if you want to, though I bet there's not a one of them is a patch on Tahoe, but we'll take them in. We'll take in every last thing we've time for between now and September."

In September the doctor advised against an immediate operation. The winter was not a good season for convalescence and for weeks, perhaps months, he would not be able to let Eva leave Paris. The best thing for the child, he said, would be to take her south for the winter. In the Mediterranean sunshine she would grow strong.

John decided that Louise and the children should remain in France with Mémé. "The doctor's right, Louise. A winter in the South will do Eva good. And it'll be nice for Ada too. She's getting a big girl, near fourteen. It's time you were giving her those educational frills you've had your heart set on."

This was not the way in which Louise had hoped to visit the southern shore. She had not thought that she would first see it veiled in apprehension. "If you think I ought, John."

"I think you ought. It may make all the difference to Eva. And it'll do you good. You'll like a winter under blue skies and with warm breezes instead of our eternal Washoe zephyr. I'll come back in June and we'll see Eva through her ordeal together. Meanwhile you look on this time as a holiday."

The winter was a happy one. Nice and its environs were all Louise had dreamed. Ada and Eva attended an academy that was the equal of Benicia. It was not winter unless one looked at the calendar and read the names of the months. Winter had no reality in the Riviera's summer. The year stood still.

John was not able to return in June. He wrote to Louise, urging her not to wait for him. For Eva's sake it was best that the operation be performed as soon as possible.

Louise returned with her mother and the children to Paris. During the long weeks that preceded and followed the operation she hid her fear. She remembered what John had said when they had decided to allow the French doctor to operate. "He's supposed to be the best man in Europe on this sort of thing. If, in a bad situation, in the mines or anywhere else, you call in an expert, you've got to trust him or he's no use to you. Eva's in a bad situation. It may be this fellow can get her out of it. I doubt he can make it any worse for her."

The doctor made Eva's situation no worse. Indeed he improved it, but only a little. Louise listened to his explanation.

"The operation has been a partial success, madame. A complete success was, as I told you, to be hoped for only, not to be expected. Still we have accomplished something, all that was possible. The child will be a little less lame you see, madame . . ."

Louise did not listen. The man had failed. Why must he go on talking? He had failed, but somewhere there must be someone else.

"Forgive me," she said, "but perhaps there is someone else. You are, after all, rather young."

"No, madame, there is no one. There is no further hope, madame. It will be best if you will accept that. It is best if one can recognize that one is at the end of a road that leads nowhere. Anyone with any knowledge of surgery will tell you the same. Further operations, further treatment can cause only useless suffering."

Louise walked slowly away from the nursing home. It was hard to relinquish hope. The end of the road, the doctor had said. So be it. Now she would find another road for Eva. Eva was lame. She would always be lame, but much could be done. There were dancing masters who could teach her to move with grace. There were dressmakers who could hide the slight

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crookedness. Eva had a pretty voice. She should be taught to sing and to play the piano. She must be helped. She must not be destroyed. And she would be destroyed unless those who surrounded her ceased to think of her as a cripple.

They must begin now. A trip to Gay Paree, that was what John had promised. That was what, from this day on, Eva must have. Tomorrow she would come home. Tomorrow she must begin to forget the weeks of pain.

Louise turned back toward the hotel. She determined to tell the truth only to John. To Mémé and Ada she would speak of Eva's improvement. She would speak briskly and cheerfully and they would believe her. "With the years," she would say, "with the years as Eva grows stronger there will be an even greater difference. Her lameness will become almost imperceptible." And her words would have a sort of truth. She would believe as she spoke. For she, Louise, would make the difference.

In the two months before John came Louise watched Eva grow in confidence. The first night he was in Paris, John remarked to Louise on the change. "I didn't want to speak of it in front of her for fear I'd embarrass her, but there's something different about her. She has a new look altogether, a happier look. You've made a fine start. We'll give her a little more of Gay Paree and then we'll go to Nice. I can stay till after Christmas. Then you and Mémé and the children can finish out the winter."

"Are you sure, John? Can you afford the time away from Nevada? I haven't even asked about the new Consolidated Virginia Mine."

"Nothing to tell yet. We got control last January. That was cheap enough even with searching and securing the titles. Since then, though, we sure spent plenty. We've put into the Con Virginia pretty near everything we took out of the Hale and Norcross."

"And nothing to show?"

"Not so far. Sharon calls us the joke of the Comstock. He

was none too pleased when Hayward and Jones struck their bonanza in Crown Point. He'll be still more displeased if the Irishmen are right about the Consolidated Virginia."

"And are you?"

"We believe we are. Now if we can only hang on. We found the vein in the Best and Belcher. A seam is all it is, but we're tracing it north. It's a mighty narrow road, narrow as a string sometimes, but we believe it will lead us to the heart of the lode."

"And if not?"

"If not, we'll go broke and start over. Meantime you'll at least have had your European tour and Eva will have had her chance."

Bonanza

IN THE EARLY summer of 1873 John returned to Paris. Louise had known from the tone of his letters that things were going well in Virginia City. She had not known how well until they were alone on the night of his arrival.

"I wouldn't put it on paper even to you, Louise. Letters can go astray," he said. "But we've struck it. Finally, my girl, we've struck it. In March the vein began to open up. The ore is there. It's been a long pull, old lady. This isn't just another strike. This is the real bonanza. This is the heart of the lode."

"After twenty-two years. That was the long pull, not just these last months. Twenty-two years in the mining country. So many hadn't the strength for it, but you had. First in Sierra County and then in Washoe."

"You've known the long hard pull too, Louise. That's why it's worth it to make you queen of the Comstock and any other damn place you've got your heart set on. You've known it all, same as me, the whole twenty-two years of it."

"Almost. It was nineteen years ago this summer." Louise looked from the wide, deep-carpeted, silk-curtained room to the small remembered rooms in Grand Street, in Downieville, in Virginia City. "You've brought us all home safe, John."

"It's you, Louise, who have brought the girls home safe. You and Mémé between you. I thought today when I saw them they were like little princesses, the both of them. Ada was always lovely but now she has style, not just her clothes but the way she speaks and holds herself. She's a real little lady."

"That's what I promised her. Long ago I promised . . ."

"Did you now? Well, you sure kept your word. And Eve is grown pretty and she has a confidence she never had."

"And Willie?"

"He's a fine boy. And thank the Lord you haven't got him rigged out à la fancy. Sure I can see he's going to grow up a good tough Irishman like his father."

"He won't need to be tough."

"It never hurts."

"I suppose not. But he's my baby and I don't want to think of him growing up and having to fight his way as you did."

"Maybe he won't have to—but we want to make certain sure he can. You leave that part of his education to me. The girls I'll be leaving to you entirely. What do you plan now for them?"

"I want to bring Eva home with us. But Ada ought really to stay here with Mémé and finish her education. Perhaps Father would be willing to leave La Paz and come abroad to be with Mémé and Ada. He's long hankered to make the Grand Tour."

"He shall have his Grand Tour and Ada her education. And what do you want for yourself?"

"I don't know. San Francisco perhaps to begin. I hate to take Eva back to live in Virginia. The Sisters do their best, but . . ." Louise hesitated. "And not just for Eva, for me. I hate Virginia."

"I know you do. I undersatnd. And I'll have to be at the Bay near as much as in Virginia. San Francisco will suit me fine." He smiled and added, "To begin with. For it's to be New York in the end, isn't it? That's your heart's desire. It'll have to wait, but in the end you shall have it. You shall have what I promised—the whole damn world on a silver platter."

Louise had never known such a summer. She could take pleasure in each hour and let it slip away. Other days as fair were waiting. She was not part of the European world of fashion but she felt at her ease as she watched that world. Someday, if she chose, she might enter it as a visitor. Already she looked as if she belonged to it.

She drove with John in the Bois on one of their last afternoons in Paris. "John," she asked, "do you remember what a frump I looked that first summer? No one would take me for a tourist now." She laughed with pleasure. "Though I like being

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a tourist," she continued thoughtfully. "I like not bothering to please anyone but ourselves. A child's holiday must be like this. A rich child, of course, Almost thirty and I behave like a girl on her first outing. Do you think me very spoiled, very extravagant? I love it all so: the clothes and the jewels and the beautiful, expensive hotel rooms. Most of all I like knowing it will last. Do I sound very foolish, babbling like this?"

"No, you sound young, younger than I've ever heard you. I like the sound of it. And I like you to enjoy your holiday. You deserve it. You've been game from the day I first spoke to you about the Hale and Norcross. But you were never a willing gambler."

"I was willing, John. But I was frightened sometimes."

"Sure you were. So was I, many a time. So was Jim Fair, though he'd never say so. Only a fool would be otherwise. But the point is we never lost our nerve. And here we are on top."

"The richest mines on earth! I want to see your mines. I want to go to Nevada for a little while, though I never thought I should say it. I've another reason for going home. A better reason. For over a fortnight I've been sure. We're to have another baby next April."

"Then you'll certainly not be coming to Virginia nor going down any shaft. We'll get a house in San Francisco. We'll do nothing to endanger you or the boy."

"Maybe it won't be a boy this time."

"Sure it will. And I'll tell you, Louise, I've been hoping for this and I've been thinking. I'd like to give this one a biblical name. Abraham maybe, or Samuel. They're very American, those Old Testament names."

Louise looked at him in dismay. "But those names are so old-fashioned and ugly. Even Daniel. I know Father would never have chosen such a plain name for himself. Oh, no, John, please. I had something quite different in mind."

"And what would that be?"

"Clarence! It's a very fashionable name. I thought we would

call him Clarence Hungerford, Clarie for short. That goes nicely with Willie. Please, John. And anyway maybe we'll have a girl."

"We'll have a boy, all right. And you can call him anything you like. It's little enough for a mother to ask to name her child."

Louise did not see the bonanza mines for many months. Her second son was born in San Francisco in April of 1874. In the fall of the year, she visited Nevada.

Virginia City looked much the same. Boom times had returned. C Street was crowded. The saloons and the brokers' offices were overflowing with customers. The noise of machinery roared day and night.

Theresa Fair was waiting to welcome Louise. "Have you come back for good?" she asked. "Though this house can't seem much after your nice place in O'Farrell Street. Or likely you're thinking of building a real mansion at the Bay. I've missed you."

"And I you."

"And you must stay for a bit now. You won't know the place. Such prosperity. It's like old times."

"I know the place. I know it too well to wish to stay."

"Oh, my dear, don't get to remembering the bad days. You must forget them."

"I don't forget any of it. I don't forget your kindness, Theresa. I can speak of it now because if I cry I'm not ashamed. And I don't forget Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Jones and the Rosener brothers who gave me work when I needed it, and Mrs. Mock. Many a week she carried me when I couldn't pay. And Father Manogue. They are the kind friends I can count on less than my ten fingers." She held out her hands. "I owe them much and I shan't forget, but to Virginia I owe nothing. It's a cruel, destroying place, as dangerous in good times as in bad. It's no longer dangerous to me but I have no love for it."

"Then you're not staying?"

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"Not for long. I want to go down in the mine. And after that I'll be glad to shake the dust of Virginia City from my feet." She sipped her tea and smiled at Theresa. "And don't look so disapproving, Theresa, my dear. You won't stay here the rest of your life either. Don't you realize that with wealth like this we can queen it anywhere? Sometimes I still can't believe it—Mamie Hungerford from Downieville come all this way."

The first year in O'Farrel Street ended and the second year began. These were quiet years. After the long uphill pull Louise was content to rest and look about her. The pattern of western society was not unlike that of the East. The Spanish families were the equivalent of the descendants of New York's colonial families. In San Francisco there were the rich newcomers: the Crockers, the Millses, the Ralstons. Twenty-five years seemed to be equal to about a hundred in the East and, Louise supposed, to three hundred according to English reckoning. Perhaps more, she thought, since the English aristocracy looked back to the Conqueror and American society to the landing of the *Mayflower*. In California the ships that counted rounded the Horn before '49. Of course, to count today the pioneers must have prospered in the years since the Gold Rush. To count anywhere one must be prosperous as well as gently born. Everywhere the elegant societies had been kept alive by newcomers, by their strength and their wealth. The wealth of the Comstock would, Louise knew, be more important than Farleigh Castle. Still, the legend of lost grandeur had kept her going in hard times. She owed it something now. She would prove it true and refurbish it. It would be useful. Even in a republic aristocratic descent was much admired. She remembered the crests she had seen shining on polished silver in New York houses long ago. There had to be silver for the crest to be seen, for the legend it represented to be accepted. Well, when the time came there would be plenty of silver. Millions of dollars' worth of silver was pouring out of the Con Virginia and the California.

When John came from Nevada, Louise went with him to dinners and balls. She watched the elite and studied their ways. Her time would come.

The summer of 1875 was a pleasant one. There were disturbances in the stock market, but Louise had learned from John to pay little attention to the rise and fall of prices. The Nevada Bank Block in San Francisco was nearing completion. Silver flowed in a never-decreasing stream from the mines of the Comstock.

In October, Virginia City was ravaged by the worst fire in its history. Louise shuddered at John's account of the devastation. Dwellings, their own included, and places of business, churches and theaters whether of brick or wood, had gone up in flames like so many cracker boxes.

"But we kept the fire away from the mines. That's the important thing. Pat Manogue saw it, God love him, though it must have near killed him to see St. Mary's burn. But since the mines are safe, we can build him a new church. We can build the whole damn city again."

After the fire there was peace from anxiety again. The Nevada Bank opened. The Centennial Year began. This would be the year, Louise decided. It should be a lucky year in which to change the pattern of her life. It was time to leave San Francisco. Eva would soon be sixteen. She should complete her education in the East. Ada, at eighteen, was ready to come home and make her bow to American society. The easy holiday years were over. It was time to move to New York and to make a place there for her family.

On an evening in February she said to John, "I think it's time for the move to New York."

"You're right. In the spring. It'll seem natural for us to go East then to see the Centennial Exposition. Nevada will have a fine exhibit."

"But, John, the exposition is in Philadelphia."

"Philadelphia and New York are near enough on the cars. Many will be staying in New York during the exposition. I

know you're meaning to settle us in New York, but there's no need to tell the world about your plans until you've succeeded."

"You've no need to be afraid of New York for me."

"It's a mighty big camp, Louise."

"New York's not just big, it's different. It's not like Virginia or even San Francisco. It's a city long established, rooted in tradition. I'd like to have Eva finish her education there. I'd like Willie and Clarie to have the advantage of growing up in a cultured, aristocratic society."

"And you'd like to be queen of the biggest camp of all."

"I suppose you're right. It's the finest, proudest city in America and I'd like to be part of it."

"And so you shall. I'll do what I can. There are several men of importance there with whom I've done business. I'll let them know we're proposing to visit their city. But, mark you, Louise, this is in its way a business deal. And there'll be the equivalent of the California Bank crowd among the society ladies. They may not like the Irish any better than Sharon did."

"John, dear John, you've no need to be afraid for me. I'm a born New Yorker. The ladies will soon see that I belong among them. I'm going home."

In New York the spring of 1876 was cold and rainy. The little boys grew restless cooped up in the parlor suite of the Everett House.

"Rain, rain, go away," Clarie sang. "Come again another day."

"Don't sing that," Willie said crossly. "Here rain always comes another day. You don't have to ask it to. And that's a baby song anyway."

Clarie's large blue eyes filled with tears.

Eva took Clarie on her lap. "Willie's just cross because he can't go out to play."

"And anyway there's no one to play with," Willie said angrily. "At home we had friends. Mammy, when will we have

friends here? Don't you know any ladies with little boys or even girls?"

Louise turned away from the window. "I'm afraid I don't yet. But soon I will. We have to get settled first."

She turned back to the window and drummed impatiently on the glass. It shouldn't take so long to get settled, to get started.

She had received letters from three of the gentlemen to whom John had written. The letters were almost identical. The gentlemen were happy to learn of Mrs. Mackay's arrival in New York and hoped they could be of some service to her during her stay. In each case the writer regretted that his wife was out of town for the present, but on her return she would do herself the honor of calling at the Everett House.

It was a week since the letters had come. A week was not a long time, Louise told herself. It seemed long because she was waiting, but it was not long for ladies to be out of town—if they really were out of town. She frowned and stared at the square below her window. Suddenly the wet cobblestones gleamed in the sunlight.

"Look, children!" she exclaimed. "Clarie's song worked, the rain has gone away and there's enough of the afternoon left for a nice drive."

On the way out of the hotel Louise stopped to inquire for mail. A fashionably dressed couple were speaking to the clerk.

"Please be sure," the lady said, "that Mrs. John Mackay receives our cards."

"I am Mrs. John Mackay." Louise took the cards. As she glanced at them she recognized the name. She held out her hand to the lady. "I received your husband's kind letter and I have been looking forward to the pleasure of your visit."

"Charming of you to say so," the lady answered, "but I see that we have chosen an inconvenient moment. You are just going out."

"Only for a drive with the children. Eva and the nursemaid will take the boys out. This is my daughter Eva."

"Charmed," the lady murmured as her hand touched Eva's, "but really we don't wish to interrupt. When are you returning to San Francisco? It's so miserable here I should think you would long for your golden West."

"Worst spring in years," the gentleman said, "but don't let that discourage you and John Mackay from paying us a long visit. I'm looking forward to his arrival. And in the meantime, my dear"—he turned to his wife—"you wanted to invite Mrs. Mackay to your Thursdays."

"Oh yes, of course. On Thursdays at about five I'm always at home. I should be delighted if you would care to drop in."

On the following Thursday, Louise selected her costume with care.

In the hope of just such occasions as this, she had hired Brown's smartest carriage and pair. When she reached Washington Square she gave her card to her footman. Up the steps of one of these houses she had carried Mémé's packages and now here she was in her handsome carriage, a fashionable lady dressed in satin and lace, with sables to protect her from the unseasonable cold.

Louise was still smiling at the child she had been when the footman's voice interrupted her reverie. "Sorry, madam," he said, "but the lady's not at home. I left your card."

"Oh. Then we'll go back to the Everett House, but first drive around the square and up the Fifth Avenue."

She must have mistaken the day. The line of carriages must be waiting for ladies in some other house. She must be mistaken but she was not. Two ladies, laughing and talking gaily as though already they were at a party, walked briskly up the white steps. Before a gloved hand could touch the brass knocker the door opened to welcome them.

Louise felt herself shaking with rage. Rage was of no use to her. She tried to hold herself steady. She mustn't let the children see that she was distressed. She would tell Eva that she had stayed only a little while as was the custom in New York on a first visit. Her eyes smarted with angry unshed tears. "That

damned woman," she whispered through clenched teeth. She had often scolded John for his language. But at this moment profanity was better than tears.

There were other ladies. John had other business acquaintances who would be anxious to return or to earn a favor. She would pretend that this afternoon had never been.

On the following afternoon Louise was alone. Eva and the boys had gone out with the nursemaid. Louise had excused herself from the excursion on the ground that she must write a letter to John. What could she tell him? She had written about her callers. He would expect her to describe her afternoon in Washington Square. As she picked up her pen again there was a knock on the parlor door.

A boy brought in a card. Louise read the name and address. Mrs. Paran Stevens—244 Fifth Avenue.

"The lady's waiting downstairs, ma'am."

"Please show her up."

Louise remembered Mrs. Stevens. She had met her in San Francisco in '69 or '70. Mrs. Stevens, she recalled, was a large, handsome, dark woman with a frank amusing manner.

Louise tidied her front curls and smoothed her dress. She felt the hard quick beat of her heart. She must, she thought, have been very lonely to be so excited at the arrival of a caller.

"Dear Mrs. Mackay." Mrs. Stevens brushed past the boy. "What a pleasure to see you again after all these years."

"It's very kind of you to remember me."

"Of course I remember you and your delightful husband. My visit to California was before the great bonanza, but even then John Mackay was spoken of as a man to reckon with. I'd have come to see you sooner but I have only just heard you were in New York. Why on earth didn't you put a squib in the paper?"

"I never thought to do such a thing. In the smaller western towns one can't help the local publishing items about one, but it never occurred to me that a lady would deliberately try to have her name in the newspaper."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Mackay, you have a lot to learn for all you appear such a woman of the world." Mrs. Stevens looked at her hostess approvingly. "You never learned to dress like that in California. Paris?"

"I have spent a good deal of time abroad. I lived in France for more than two years."

"Did you? That was a clever move—not to attempt New York straight from Virginia City. This is your first attempt at New York?"

"Attempt?" Louise repeated coldly. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Stevens, that I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. I'll be frank with you and put all my cards on the table and you must do the same. I have heard it rumored that you are here not to view the forthcoming exposition, not en route for Europe, but because you mean to settle here. True?"

"I don't know why I should discuss my plans with you."

"Because I can help you. I'm not the best guide there is to New York society but I'm the best that's available. And you can help me. At least your husband can. I'm a businesswoman. I look after my own affairs. I've had to since my husband died. What I want is John Mackay's advice on mining stocks."

Louise looked thoughtfully at her visitor.

"That's right, don't answer immediately. I'll be frank with you. My husband and I started out as hotelkeepers. We came a long way and since his death I've come further. I'm on many of the best visiting lists. Mrs. Gracie King, for instance, does me the honor of including me. Oh, people laugh at me and lie about me but they receive me and they come to my parties. I give them a good time, you see. You'd be surprised at how little fun there is at the parties of the real elite."

Louise thought quickly. This queer woman was friendly. And Louise needed a friend, even a friend who must be bought and paid for. John would not like that part of it but he would do as his wife asked.

"Well, Mrs. Mackay, is it a bargain? Will I advise you and will your husband advise me?"

Louise hesitated only a moment. In spite of John's letters to his acquaintances, this friendship was all that had been offered to her. She would be a fool to refuse it.

"I shall be grateful for your advice," Louise said slowly. "And Mr. Mackay will most certainly wish to reciprocate any kindness shown to me."

"That's all I ask, my dear. As soon as he gets here you shall be guests of honor at one of my Sunday evenings. On his arrival we must have a squib in the paper. This is the age of advertising. Read the guest lists and the little paragraphs of society news. Cutting, Duer, King, DePeyster, Kip, Livingston . . . There they all are. All the proud old New York names. I'll do my very best for you. First thing, I'll send Mrs. Ellet to you."

"Mrs. Ellet?" Louise asked.

"She writes books. There's one called *The Queens of American Society*. She'll probably do a special edition for you. It's expensive but it's worth the money. I tell you everyone believes what they see in print. So we'll get you into print as elegantly as we can. Well, I must be off, but you'll hear from me soon. Goodby, my dear."

When John arrived in New York, Louise told him about Mrs. Ellet and Mrs. Stevens.

He frowned at her bargain with Mrs. Stevens. "Buying a book's all right, but you can't buy friends, Louise."

"No other friends have appeared. Mrs. Stevens has been really helpful, John. We're to be guests of honor at her musicale next Sunday. And oh, John, she invited me to tea and her daughter and the Viscount and Viscountess Mandeville were there. Minnie Stevens was one of Lady Mandeville's bridesmaids."

"Louise, Louise. You're like all the ladies. You dearly love a lord."

"Certainly I do. He's the son of the Duke of Manchester.

Anyone would be excited at meeting the heir to a dukedom. He isn't much to look at," she said regretfully. "But the little bride is enchanting. Miss Consuelo Yznaga that was. I took a great fancy to her and she, I think, to me."

The party had begun when Louise and John reached 244 Fifth Avenue on Sunday evening. The sound of voices and of music came through the open front door.

Mrs. Stevens introduced John and Louise to many of her guests as she led them to front seats in the drawing room. They were all here, Louise thought, as she bowed and smiled and held her white-gloved hand lightly and steadily on John's arm. These were the names she had read about, these were the faces and the voices of New York ladies she had remembered. They were all here.

When the music ended the guests moved toward the dining room where a large supper table was spread. Gilt chairs lined the walls. Lord Mandeville offered Louise his arm. "Thirsty, hungry work listening to music. I'll fetch us some champagne and supper."

Louise waited uncertainly beside the dining-room door. Several women were seated near her. "Yes, my dear. It's perfectly true." The voice was shrill with amusement. "She must somehow have heard about her Thursdays and she drove up bold as brass in her hired carriage. That's how I heard. You know what an old gossip Brown is."

"And then?"

"Turned away at the door of course. What else can one do if we're not to be drowned in a sea of gold—or silver, I suppose I should say."

Lord Mandeville came up to Louise. "Sorry to be so long, Mrs. Mackay. Couldn't get near the table, there was such a crush. Shall we ask those good ladies to make room for us and I'll try again. You've met Mrs. van——"

"If you don't mind, I'd rather find Mr. Mackay. Like myself,

he's not of New York and he may be feeling something of a stranger."

It was difficult to move in the crowded room. Louise saw John standing beside Mrs. Stevens and Lady Mandeville. Her progress was blocked by a large group. She heard her name spoken by a dark, bony-faced, elderly woman.

"Mackay? Oh, Irish, of course. They don't even pronounce it properly."

"I've heard rumors of washtubs." A young, fair-haired girl giggled. "Mamma was furious at my coming this evening, but I was longing to see what a bonanza queen looked like."

"What did you expect?" a masculine voice boomed. "Diamonds in her teeth? Damn pretty woman, I think, and holds herself straight as a ramrod. Look well on a horse."

"Really, Bertie, pretty or not, one has to draw the line somewhere." As she spoke the older woman looked at Louise without any sign of recognition though Mrs. Stevens had introduced them earlier. "A washerwoman or boardinghouse keeper or whatever she was may be all right in her place, but her place is hardly with us."

"Oh." The young girl gasped as she saw and recognized Louise. "Oh dear." Her cheeks crimsoned. "Oh, Mrs. Mackay, oh, I——"

The man they called Bertie interrupted. "Ah, Mrs. Mackay, won't you present us to your husband and join us?"

Louise turned and saw that John and Lady Mandeville were beside her. John's eyes were cold. He bowed gravely. "It's very civil of you, sir." He paused for a moment. Louise saw the line of his jaw tighten. "But Mrs. M-Mackay and I want to make an early night of it. We're due in Philadelphia tomorrow to view the exposition. It's the reason we came East."

"Oh, really?" the dark-haired woman drawled to Louise. "One had heard it rumored that you came East because you are planning to settle in New York."

"No, we hadn't thought of that." Louise hoped that her own

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smile was as cool and untroubled as she meant it to be. "No, Mr. Mackay and I had not planned to settle here. As a matter of fact, we have long thought of purchasing a house in Paris. My parents and my young sister are already in residence there. I hope you won't think me rude to say this, but when one has lived much abroad as I have, the most charming American city seems a little provincial compared to the European capitals."

John moved closer to her. She felt his arm hard and strong as a rock against hers. "I don't want to interrupt you, Louise, my dear, but we've an early start on the cars tomorrow. I think we had better find our hostess and say good night."

When John opened the door of their suite at the Everett House, Louise broke into the tears she had so long repressed.

"Oh John! It's as though I'd been in a race, the desperate, lost kind of a race that you run in a dream."

He put his arms around her. "I was proud of you. You stood up to the lot of them like a thoroughbred. Sure, they're only one little circle. There's a dozen others for you to choose from. Europe if you like. Paris if that's where you want your home to be. I know you'd not want to go back to San Francisco."

"I can't go back." She clung to his hand. "You wouldn't ask me to go back."

"I wouldn't want you to, my darling. I understand pride."

9 Rue de Tilsitt

"It's LIKE COMING home," Louise said wonderingly to John as they drove through the wide bright streets on the evening of their arrival in Paris. "I had forgotten the long twilight. I had forgotten the feeling of space, the look of a city planned for beauty. Do you think I spoke the truth without knowing it and that this is my heart's desire?"

"Another dream, Louise?"

"No, I'll not lose myself in a dream again. Our position in society is my business just as much as our fortune is yours. It's my business and my fight. You said I'd find the equivalent of the California Bank crowd in New York, but I wouldn't listen to you. If I'd used the wits I could have licked New York, but I went there as unprepared for battle as a six-year-old going to a birthday party. Not that there's any sense to regretting my foolishness. It makes no difference why I was rejected. The simple fact is that I was. So now we must forget New York."

"I'm a pretty good hater, Louise, and so are you. I didn't think you'd forgive so easily."

"I haven't forgiven." Her eyes were dark with anger. "However I mean to forget. I mean to swallow my hate, thought it's bitter as gall. The main thing is that it shouldn't set the children's teeth on edge. I'm a good hater but I'm also a practical woman. I'll build such a position here that Willie and Clarie and Eva can go anywhere. Every door will open before they even knock. You'll see, John. The children of the very people who rejected me will seek the friendship of our sons and daughters and be proud when they achieve it."

"It sounds like another dream, my darling."

"It's no dream, it's a plan. I thought a lot on the steamship

coming over. I remembered when we were here before we didn't mingle in society, but those of the aristocracy whom we met in Nice and in the hotel at Lake Como were polite and friendly. Europeans aren't as aware of the fine distinctions of American society as the New York ladies would like to believe. I fancy the American colony here will be less democratic, about Americans at least, than the Faubourg Saint-Germain. But with both groups I'll be cautious and work slowly and patiently."

"Till the vein opens up?" John laughed.

"Till the vein opens up and the local Sharon surrenders. You can laugh but you've told me often enough that people and places are the same the world over. And I think that in climbing as in digging one needs intelligence and perseverance and——"

"I'll not let you call yourself a climber, Louise."

"Don't be silly. It's what I am. Only a child could have believed she could reach the social heights by levitation. And I tell you I've grown up. Judgment you said a man needed in the diggings, well, so will I, and experience—that I got in New York."

"And courage." He held her hand tight against him. "That, my dear, you were born with."

"And luck. You always said one had to have that, too, to succeed."

The carriage crossed the Place de la Concorde. Louise leaned from the window to look at the Arc de Triomphe. "Even so far away it doesn't seem small. Look how square and tall it stands. I wish there was a hotel in that neighborhood."

"I know of no hotel in that district, but maybe we can find a house there."

"Do you think so?" she asked eagerly. "I'd like a house on the Place de l'Étoile."

Within three days John found for Louise the house she wanted.

"It was completed only two years ago," he told her, "but the

owner wants to sell. 'Modern Renaissance,' the fellow called the style of it. Anyway it seems a comfortable place. Plenty of room for us all. Mémé and the colonel can have their own suite of rooms and there are two nice gardens for the children."

Louise stepped from the carriage and stared in amazed admiration at the imposing façade of 9 Rue de Tilsitt.

"Plenty of room!" she exclaimed. "Why, John, it's a palace. Can I really do it any way I want and not count the cost?"

"The sky's the limit, my darling. I want your house to be the finest in Paris."

John completed the arrangements for the purchase of the property on the Rue de Tilsitt before he left Paris. On the morning of his departure he reiterated his wish that Louise should spare no expense in decorating and furnishing her mansion.

"There's only one thing that worries me, John," she said. "The silver service."

"Silver!" he exclaimed. "Why, I sent Tiffany enough silver to equip a palace."

"That's just it. I think it will take some time, two years, they said, to finish the work—with every piece made to our own design."

"Well, buy some silver here to use in the meantime. It'll do for the children later. But for our own table I want a service made from the Comstock silver."

"Something rich and memorable, made of the precious metal from our own mine! Do you think, John, that Tiffany's final designs are rich enough?"

"Hard to tell from drawings. But they looked pretty handsome to me, including that imposing crest you designed for yourself."

"I didn't design it. Father says we're entitled to it, and in America it's quite usual for a lady to adopt her father's crest for her own use."

"You sure couldn't find one on my side of the family."

ELLIN BERLIN

"But for certain pieces, cigar boxes and such, I thought—I hope you won't mind—I've ordered this."

He took the sketch. It showed a hand grasping a short sword. Below it was the motto *Manu Forte*.

"With a strong hand, John. It suits you. I thought you'd be pleased."

"Hell, old lady, you should have put a miner's pick in the hand. That'd be more suitable. Now, now"—he stroked her hair gently—"don't look so distressed. I was only joking. Sure, if it pleases you for me to have a crest then it pleases me."

"Truly, John? It seemed wrong for me to have one and not you, but if you mind . . ."

"Truly, my darling, I don't. You can have a dozen different crests if you want. All I want is to please you. And speaking of pleasing you"—he opened the top drawer of the bureau and took out a large flat case—"I have a little farewell present for you."

"From Boucheron. But you gave me my pearls. All a lady really needs are pearls."

"I never heard of a lady yet who couldn't use another piece of jewelry. And this is something not just for any lady. It was made specially for you to match your eyes."

She lifted the tooled leather cover of the fashionable jeweler's case. Her eyes opened wide. She could not speak. On the firm white velvet rested a magnificent necklace of matched sapphires set in diamonds. The pendant sapphire was the size of a pigeon's egg.

"And that's only the beginning." John fastened the necklace around his wife's neck. "I've told Boucheron to be on the lookout. In time you'll own the world's finest collection of sapphires. They're your stone; when you're very happy—or very angry—I've seen your eyes darken to exactly that deep glowing blue."

By February, Louise was settled in her new house. Mémé and Ada and her father were with her. Eva was at school in Neuilly.

Louise insisted that her parents should choose the furnishings and ornaments of their suite. "I want it," she said, "to be your home within mine."

In that winter and spring Louise made two acquaintances of importance. One was Mrs. Edward Follansbee Noyes, the wife of the American minister; the other was ex-Queen Isabella of Spain.

Mrs. Noyes offered Louise an entree into the American colony. She was well informed, also, on French politics and on the intricacies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

Louise knew that the minister and his wife had welcomed her because of John's long affiliation with the Union party. Whatever the cause, she trusted Mrs. Noyes. They liked each other. They talked comfortably together of the beauty of Paris, of the opera and the theaters, of Worth, the man milliner.

Louise was dazzled to find herself acquainted with ex-Queen Isabella. After one meeting Isabella commanded her to call. Louise knew that many of the French were puzzled by the Queen's partiality for her. They did not realize that to be with an American was a kind of holiday for royalty. Americans curtsied and said "ma'am"; they followed the ritual that was required, but they followed it with pleasure as children crown a May queen. Americans were impressed by royalty, they were dazzled by it, they were delighted to be noticed by it, but they were incapable of entirely believing in it. This, she thought, was the secret of their popularity in the palaces of Europe from Marlborough House to the Quirinal.

During the winter Louise received a memento of New York from Mrs. Ellet: a handsomely bound special edition of *The Queens of American Society*.

In her letter Mrs. Ellet enclosed an old cutting from the *Home Journal*. She had found it among her notes and thought that if Mrs. Mackay had not seen it, it might interest her.

Louise read the article. It was dated June 7, 1876.

"Nevada's Croesus in New York. Mr. Mackay the millionaire miner of the far West, whose income is a million dollars every

thirty days, has been sojourning with his wife and children in the Everett House, this city, for several days. He is probably one of the luckiest men in America. He is of medium height, about fifty years of age, has slightly gray hair and a light moustache, dresses very plainly and exhibits no jewelry on his person. He is courteous and kind and is generally liked. He will visit Washington and Philadelphia and then return to Nevada. *N.Y. Sun.*"

Louise crumpled the cutting and tossed it in the wastebasket. Mrs. Stevens' dignified little squib had come too late to be of use. She examined the red-bound book. The frontispiece was the picture she had given to Mrs. Ellet. "Very young. Very disarming," Mrs. Ellet had said of it. Louise laughed. How foolish to imagine that a youthful appearance would disarm the powerful middle-aged ladies! She rapidly turned the gilt-edged papers until she reached her biography. It was a skillful piece of work, but, like the clipping from the *Sun*, it was now of no use to her. She looked thoughtfully at the book. It was too expensive to throw away. She placed it beside some other volumes on a shelf in a small table. It would do no harm, in preparing the Paris campaign, to have at hand a reminder of the lost battle of New York.

In the summer Louise learned that ex-President Grant was planning a world tour which would include Paris. Colonel Hungerford brought the news.

"I heard it," he said, "from an old comrade in arms who is very close to the general. And it occurred to me, Louise, that it might be a nice thing if we were to receive him at the Rue de Tilsitt."

"A very nice thing indeed if it could be arranged," Louise said slowly. This could be it, she thought, this could be her bit of luck.

"You see, dearie, the general and I are in a sense comrades in arms. We both served in the Mexican War. To think he was only a second lieutenant then and I a captain! Well, fortunes of

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war. We never met at the time, but all of General Scott's veterans feel a bond. It would be only natural, only right and proper that I, that is to say that you and your mother and I, should welcome Ulysses Grant to Paris with a splendid entertainment."

"Yes. Yes, it would. This would be a suitable occasion for me to invite the elite, both American and French, to our house."

"So if you like I'll set the wheels in motion. I can write, as one old soldier to another, bringing myself to the general's remembrance."

"Yes. Yes. You could do that. But I think it will be better if we leave everything to John. He's on the ground. And he's acquainted with the general. He'll be able to arrange this. I'll write to him at once—or perhaps I had better cable. Every hostess in Paris will be trying to capture General Grant."

When ex-President Grant and his party arrived in Paris, the November fogs and rains darkened the days, but by night the city was as bright as in spring and summer. Throughout November there were entertainments for the general and Mrs. Grant. John had arranged that Louise was to have the honor of receiving the distinguished couple on the twenty-first of November. Her party would be the last; she would make sure that it was not the least. In the meantime, with her parents, she attended the festivities.

At last came the evening of Louise's entertainment. Every detail, so long and so minutely planned, was now put together in a brilliant whole.

The ladies' dresses had been chosen with thought. Mrs. Hungerford was in ruby velvet trimmed with point lace. The underskirt was of cream-white satin striped with raised vines of white velvet. Ada wore a simple gown suitable for a young girl. It was of silver gauze over pale blue silk. The skirt was trimmed with garlands of silver flowers. "You look exactly right, both of you," Louise said approvingly. "Mémé as though she had stepped from an old portrait, and Ada the perfect il-

lustration for a fairy tale. And my toilette, do you like it?" She turned slowly for them to admire her heavy white satin trimmed with lace interwoven with seed pearls.

Downstairs everything was in readiness. Every flower was in place; every gas jet and candle was lit.

The façade on the Rue de Tilsitt was illuminated so that the street was brightly welcoming to the guests. The glass-enclosed court had been temporarily transformed by a false façade into a magnificent reception hall. On the broad stairway stood twelve footmen in liveries of red and gold. In the dining room the table was decorated with yellow roses and camellias. At each of the twenty-four places was a menu engraved on solid silver. The dinner guests would include only the general's party and the important officials of the American legation and consulate and their wives. There would be three hundred guests at the reception and ball. There were flowers everywhere. The owner of the finest greenhouse in Nice had come himself to supervise their arrangement. Beyond the french windows the garden was decorated with American flags. The emblems were set in a thousand gas jets. John would have liked that. She sighed. Until the last moment she had hoped that he would be able to be present at the triumph which he had made possible.

"You've sure trimmed it up à la fancy," he would say. She hoped the general would be pleased. She could not tell a former President of the United States that he was her bit of luck, her golden opportunity. All she could do in gratitude for his presence was to try to amuse and interest him.

At her right at dinner he seemed pleased. He mentioned the garden decorations. He admired the silver menus. He spoke of John. It was, he said, an honor to be the guest of the wife of a man whom he liked and admired.

Louise, with her parents and General and Mrs. Grant, received the ball guests in the blue salon. The general and his party retired after supper, but the ball continued until after five in the morning.

When the last guest had departed Louise returned alone to the vast, empty gold and white room. There would be many other balls, but none would be like this. Never again would she know the excitement of this first triumphant success.

The candles had been extinguished and the gas lamps turned low. She remembered the room as it had been two hours ago. She could hear the music of the city's most famous dance orchestra; she could see the beautiful gowns. Even the gentlemen had been colorful; many wore uniforms and all who had them wore the wide, bright ribbons and the jeweled and enameled emblems of their decorations.

At her first ball there had been all the names that counted—old or newly come to prominence, they were all there—dukes and duchesses, counts and countesses, barons and baronesses, Royalist or Bonapartists, they were all there. The leaders of the American colony were present to witness her triumph. She laughed aloud. The most brilliant entertainment of the season had been given by little Mamie Hungerford.

Now that she was successful, Louise could entirely fulfill the promises which long ago she had made to Ada. She watched her young sister with pride. Ada at twenty had the bloom of youthful beauty without the awkwardness that so often accompanies it. She laughed and danced her way through the Paris season.

Soon it would be time for Eva to enjoy the pleasures of Paris society. In a year or so Eva in her turn would be the fêted princess of the palace on the Place de l'Etoile. It would be best to keep her at Neuilly until Ada's marriage. That, Louise thought, was an event which would not be long delayed. Nine Rue de Tilsitt was crowded with her admirers, their flowers filled the salons. Ada would not mean to outshine the niece whom she loved as a sister. It would happen without her wish or knowledge. Eva's gentle prettiness and charm would fade in the dazzling light of Ada's looks and her vivid personality. Fortunately

Eva was not impatient to be grown up. She was happy with her books and her music. She was fond of her schoolmates. Most of all she enjoyed her little brothers.

It was at M. Cernuschi's ball Ada met Count Joseph Telfener. Louise noticed him quite early in the evening when for the second time she saw her sister dancing with a heavy-set, dark-eyed, black-bearded man. He was older than Ada's other admirers. He looked to be well up in his thirties.

"Who is the gentleman dancing with Ada?" she asked her partner. "I don't think I've seen him before."

"Count Joseph Telfener. Italian, but of Austrian origin, I believe. Said to be extremely rich. Close friend of King Humbert. Heard him well spoken of when I was last at the Quirinal."

At supper Louise sat on M. Cernuschi's right. Count Telfener led Ada to the table.

"There you are, my dear friend," the banker said. "I have saved places for you and your charming partner."

Ada presented the count to Louise. He bowed and kissed her hand. "Your sister has been kind and taken pity on a stranger in Paris, fortunately for me."

Louise smiled and chatted with her host. No one could tell that she had a care in the world. As she turned to the partner on her right she glanced quickly at her sister. The whole table, she thought, must see what had happened to Ada. Her eyes were brighter than the diamonds in her hair.

Ada and Joseph were married in Rome, March 15, 1879. The best account of the wedding was in the *Continental Gazette*.

"A succession of brilliant *fêtes* had been expected on the occasion of this marriage, the bridegroom being very popular in Rome; but the exigencies of the Church had, of course, to be taken into consideration, and at the approach of Easter it is forbidden to pious Catholics resident in the city to display much pomp or to manifest too great an amount of rejoicing. The religious ceremony, therefore, took place almost privately at the

Palazzo Telfener, formerly a royal residence. Mass was performed by the Superior of the Parish, in presence of Mgr. Capel, placed on the left of the young bride, and of Mgr. Cataldi, who represented His Holiness the Pope, on the right of the bridegroom. After the nuptial benediction a sumptuous *déjeuner* was offered to the guests. At 3 o'clock the guests went to the races which had been specially organized in honor of the marriage, and which took place in Count Telfener's park, situated outside the Salaro gate. The King of Italy, who had made it known that he would honor the races with his presence, arrived on the course at 3:15, accompanied by the Duke d'Aosta and Gen. Medici. Everything connected with this grand *fête* offered to the elite of Roman society went off most successfully, and will leave a lasting souvenir in the memory of all those who enjoyed the happiness of being present. The beauty of the weather, the brilliancy of the sun, the presence of the King of Italy, and the gayety of the noble guests, all contributed to make the day a success and a triumph, auguring well for the future happiness of the Count and Countess Telfener."

Louise read the *Gazette* and remembered the expression on Ada's face during the marriage ceremony. That had been the quietest and clearest moment of the day. She might forget the rest, Louise thought; she would always remember Ada and Joseph standing together at the altar. Still, the festivities that had followed should be agreeable to look back on. King Humbert's presence at the races was something of which anybody would be proud. Except John, she knew. All he cared about was that, in Joseph, Ada was getting a good man.

An American Princess

ON THEIR RETURN to Paris from Rome, Louise told Eva that she had decided not to send her back to Neuilly.

"They were really giving you only a finishing course in these last few months," she said. "Piano, singing, all that sort of thing you can study just as well at home. Ada had her turn, and now that she's happily married it's your turn to enjoy the festivities of the Paris seasons. We'll give a garden party in June to start you off and later, in the fall I think, there'll be dinners and receptions."

"And balls," Eva said. She looked despairingly at her mother. "I can't go to balls. I can't dance. Oh, I know I do sometimes for fun with Father and Grandpa but I couldn't with strangers. I limp. You never speak about it but you know I limp."

Louise's heart skipped a beat, as though in the dark she had stepped on a missing stair. She smiled serenely at her daughter and said lightly: "If I never speak about it, it's because I never think of it. No one does, dear."

When Eva had gone Louise walked slowly up and down the room. Just so she had walked in the months during which she had planned her Paris campaign. Now she must plan for Eva. Within the great world she must make a smaller but no less fashionable and elegant world for Eva.

In the autumn of 1879 and in the winter that followed, Louise entertained quietly for Eva, without great display. She concentrated on dinners followed by musical entertainment and with informal dancing for the younger guests. Eva preferred to remain with her mother and the older people.

"She grows so slowly in confidence," Louise said to John during his winter visit. "I'm afraid she will miss all the fun of

her young years. These should be the holiday years for her before she settles down to the business of living."

"Take it easy, old lady," he said. "You're doing fine. Eva's young for her years, anyway. She has plenty of time. Keep on the way you're doing. Let her go slow, knowing always you're beside her until she feels able to walk alone."

At Mr. and Mrs. Hueston's fancy-dress ball in May, Louise remembered John's words. Eva had not come near her since they arrived. That was a good sign. She should, she told herself, have thought of a party like this for Eva. A costume from another time or place gave a new personality and courage to the shy.

After the Hueston's ball Eva slipped back a little into her old ways but she was never quite so shy again. That summer in Trouville, without Ada to help her, she enjoyed herself with the young people on the beach and at the casino. The Telfeners had gone in the spring with Colonel Hungerford to make a tour of California and Nevada.

"I miss Ada," Eva said to her mother, "but it's nice to feel that people like me for myself. I thought in other summers that Ada carried me."

"And now, my darling, you see that you can walk alone."

"But I must walk my own way, Mammy. You do understand that? I don't think I shall ever care for the great world as much as you and Ada do."

"So long as you like it a little—just enough to enjoy the pleasures that are natural to your age."

"And I'm not afraid of it any more. That's the important thing and I don't know how it happened." Eva paused. The room was silent except for the sound of the sea. "Oh, Mammy, I do know," she said. "Of course I know. It was your doing—beginning long ago with the dancing masters and the singing teachers and all the rest. I remember your telling me once that Father promised you the world on a silver platter. Well, you've managed to give it to me too."

New Year's Day of 1881 came and went and John did not speak of returning to California. Instead he suggested to Louise that they give a ball.

"Make it the grandest entertainment ever, my darling, for we'll be celebrating the beginning of the holiday years you've waited for so patiently."

"Do you mean it, John? Do you really mean it at last? I can't believe it. I've hoped but I've not believed in my heart that you would ever rest."

"What else can I do?" he asked. "The Comstock's about played out. And we have more millions than you and I and the children can ever use. So what's left for me but to share the holiday your heart is set on?"

"Oh dear"—she looked at him anxiously—"I've always wanted it, but maybe it won't be enough for you. Maybe you should have accepted when they wanted you to be senator from Nevada."

"No. That's not for me. I'm glad for Jim Fair to have it. He wants that sort of power, though whether he can handle it, whether any man not schooled in the sharp tricks of politics can handle it, I don't know." John was silent. He frowned and pulled his mustache. "It's strange, mighty strange, to think of me and Fair away from the Comstock, him trying his hand at the game of politics which sure isn't for amateurs, and me put out to pasture. Still, I'm not meaning to be entirely idle. There's a pile of investments to watch. The rest of the time I can spend with you and the children. Finally, after all our years, I'll have time for my family. I never had it, not in Virginia, not at the Bay."

Louise had brought him his before-dinner drink of bourbon and water. He lifted his glass to her.

"Here's to us, Louise, and to our family and to time, to this peaceful bit of time in which we can take a holiday together."

The holiday began with a ball and ended with a coronation.

The ball was given by John and Louise on the twenty-eighth

of February, 1881. Singers from the opera and actors from the Comédie Française were engaged to entertain the guests.

It was the most talked-of event of the Paris season. The newspaper reports agreed that it would be difficult for any hostess to equal it. Even the *Figaro's* Etincelle, who was not friendly to Louise, could find no flaw in the magnificent entertainment.

"None of them can beat you," John said proudly.

"Maybe not, though I think Mr. Bennett means to try. But since his party is in our honor, I don't mind if he succeeds."

In May, James Gordon Bennett gave a huge reception and ball for John and Louise at his estate at Pau. He engaged the most popular Paris orchestra and he also brought from Vienna the famous Kapellmeister Strauss and his entire company.

Louise was delighted by the splendor and the extravagance of the decorations and the entertainment and by the elegance of the guests who had gathered from almost every European capital, but her greatest pleasure was not in these, it was in John's enjoyment of the company of their host. On the morning after the ball while she breakfasted on the balcony outside her bedroom she watched the two men, deep in conversation, walking in the garden. She was happy that John had come to know the newspaper magnate. He was the kind of man whom John understood and admired. An acquaintance like Mr. Bennett would increase John's enjoyment of their holiday.

The holiday years slipped quickly by. In all but the swiftness of their passing, they were like time retrieved from childhood. There was no nagging anxiety; there was no driving ambition. The days and the months moved imperceptibly with the seasons. In the summer Louise and John cruised on a yacht in cool northern waters; in the winter they could, when the short Paris days grew too dark and cold, escape to the warmth of Nice and Monte Carlo.

Louise thought as she lay awake in their room at 9 Rue de Tilsitt on a soft May night.

It was hard to believe that it was more than two years since John had announced to her his virtual retirement. He had not,

as she had feared, grown restless. He had made only brief business trips to the States. For most of each year he had enjoyed with her their holiday. It was high time for him to have such enjoyment; he was past fifty. In sudden astonishment, she thought of her own age. In December she would be forty. How strange it was that the most lighthearted of all her years should come when she was nearly forty.

There had, in those years, been small annoyances but none was grave enough to reach and trouble Louise's heart.

She had been almost frightened when Don Philippe de Bourbon had, for a little while, been attentive to Eva. Don Philippe was not young, but he was of royal birth. The possibility of such a marriage might turn a girl's head.

John had been right. Louise, for the first time, was grateful hasn't reckoned with is that Eva doesn't give a snap of her fingers for any of this society rigmarole. Don't worry about this paunchy prince. She'll not bother her head over him."

John had been right. Louise, for the first time, was grateful for Eva's complete lack of worldly ambition.

A lesser annoyance had been her portrait by Meissonier. He had turned out to be a difficult man to deal with. He had demanded innumerable sittings and, in the end, the picture had been a disappointment. Perhaps, Louise thought, if she had concealed her dismay, if her acquaintances had not repeated her comments, the likeness would have been a more flattering one.

Louise moved uneasily against the coolness of her linen pillow cover. She tried to turn her thoughts from Meissonier. He had done her no real harm. He had provoked in art circles and in the French press a storm of criticism of her refusal to accept the portrait, but after more than six years in Paris she was used to newspaper criticism. She smiled as she remembered the fabrications that had been printed: the story of her having rented the Arc de Triomphe, her offer to pay the Franco-Prussian war debt as the purchase price of the Bois de Boulogne. Even John had not escaped. "Il Conte di Mackay" was the headline of the *Argonaut* story that John was seeking a papal title. There had

been so many stories: Meissonier's quarrel with her was only one more.

In the dark room the silk curtains swelled and rustled in a cool breeze. The dawn could not be far off. She would think of little pleasant things and so fall asleep. She must not be tired for the long journey to Moscow that would begin today. The President of the United States had appointed John a special envoy to the Russian coronation.

On May fifteenth according to the Russian calendar, Alexander III was crowned. When they came out of the Cathedral, Moscow blazed in sunlight. Louise stared at the domes and the minarets and at the crowds of curiously dressed people who had gathered from every part of the empire for the coronation. It was all as strange to her eyes as it had been when she had stepped from the train and seen it for the first time.

She had been proud that the President had sent John to the coronation. She had enjoyed the splendid reception and balls. She had always been a great one for travel, but this city was too far a journey, across centuries as well as miles. All the time she had been in Moscow, even thought John was beside her, she had felt uneasy.

It was on their way home that John spoke to Louise of the plans which he had made with James Gordon Bennett. They had changed trains at Berlin and were installed in their private railway carriage.

"Sit a while," John said after they had dined. "I've been meaning to tell you of my intentions but I hadn't the heart to spoil the end of our holiday."

"So the holiday is over."

"Do you mind very much, Louise? I thought I was out of harness for good. But Bennett has a proposition I couldn't turn down. It'll be a fight like the old fight for the Comstock against Sharon and the California Bank crowd. It's hard for an Irishman to turn down a real good battle royal."

"I understand."

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"It's like this. Bennett and I were riding in the Bois not too long before this Russian trip of ours and he was speaking of the murderous rates that the cable monopoly charges. In the end, he said, they'll pretty near put the newspapers out of business. Then he developed an idea and I was right behind him. We mean to break the monopoly. Between us we've got more than the capital we need. Though we'll let some old friends come along. We'll lay another Atlantic cable and we'll lick Jay Gould and his Western Union crowd. What do you think of it, old lady? The details aren't worked out yet, but what do you think?"

While John talked Louise observed the change in him. There was a sudden look of youth about him. His expression, the set of his shoulders, the thickening of his brogue, all reminded her of the young Irishman whom Sharon could not drive out of Virginia City. What a fool she had been to think that such a man could be content to lead a woman's life.

She had been wrong about him and she had been wrong about herself. Reluctantly she recognized the truth: the leisurely, easy existence had not been enough for either of them.

She had achieved all that she had ever desired. Her position was brilliant and impregnable. Eva moved easily in the gilded circle that surrounded her. Willie and Clarie were doing well at Vaugirard. They were getting the kind of education and making the sort of friends that she wanted for them. Mrs. Hungerford had persuaded the colonel to settle down to the assembling of his memoirs at Rome in the handsome residence which John had purchased for them. Ada was happy with her babies and her devoted indulgent husband.

Louise had no wish for herself or for her family that was unfulfilled and yet in her, as in John, ambition had been secretly waiting for another opportunity.

"So it'll be a battle," John concluded, "a grand battle worth the fighting and the winning. We'll have old friends along. Henry Rosener is coming in."

"It's always the men of the Comstock you turn to, isn't it?"

"They're men to count on in a fight. And this'll be a rare fight. But I love a fight and so, by God, do you. And how about you, Louise? Is Paris enough for you? You're at the top of that heap."

"Sometimes I've thought—that is before our holiday—sometimes I thought about London. I haven't planned it or even thought seriously about it, but if you're going to be so busy . . ."

"Sure am. I'll be with you when I can and someday there'll be another holiday, but meantime it doesn't matter much which end of the cable you settle yourself and the children at, London or New York. Either one will suit me."

"It'll have to be one of them pretty soon. It's time to think of an English-speaking school for the boys. I rather incline to Beaumont, the Jesuits' school at Old Windsor, but the boys will have to wait until Eva is settled."

"You'd not like to give New York a try for her?"

"Throw that lamb to those she-wolves? Oh no, John. They're meek as lambs themselves when they come over here. Still, I wouldn't trust Eva to them in their own hunting ground. They'd tear her to bits and destroy all the confidence she has so slowly gained. Here she has friends and a place of her own and our Renaissance palace solid against her back. We'll not disturb her when all is going so well for her, but in a year or two when she's settled I'd like to try London." Louise's eyes sparkled.

"You see, old lady, we're both too young for a permanent vacation."

She smiled at him absently. "I'd rent a small house first, nothing pretentious. It would seem natural for me to have a *pied-à-terre* in London while the boys are settling into a new school. And then, later, if I have luck . . ."

"It takes more than luck, Louise, more than money, though both are mighty handy. It takes brains and driving ambition. Never think I haven't recognized the work and the intelligence that made possible the easy-seeming way you've brought yourself and your family to the top of the European heap." He put

his arms around her and watched with her the moving landscape folded darkly against the faint starlight. "We've seen a hell of a lot of this old Europe together, Louise: Germany, Austria, Italy, Norway, Russia, France. It's been a good holiday."

She sat silent in the shelter of his arms and listened to the jolting rhythm of the wheels. It was an impatient, hurrying noise, she thought, the sort of noise that time would make if time had a sound.

During the following winter Louise's hopes for Eva were high. The heir to one of the oldest and noblest Catholic families in England made no secret of his admiration for her. He came often to Paris. The possibility of an engagement was spoken of on both sides of the Channel and was rumored in the English press.

"You like him, don't you, Eva?" Louise asked casually.

"Oh yes, Mammy. But not—well not the way Ada did Joseph from the very first. Do you remember how she knew right away?"

"I remember. Let me put it this way, Eva. Marriage is many things. It's love and romance if you like. Though, believe me, romance can come slowly as well as quickly and be just as sweet. Sweeter sometimes. But marriage is also a whole life, a career."

"Oh, Mammy, you are being solemn! We haven't got that far. He just likes me. At least, I hope that's all, for it's all I could feel for him. Sometimes the very idea of marriage frightens me."

"Does it, my darling? Then think of the feeling you have when you hold Ada's little Edna in your arms. That should give you courage." Louise kissed her daughter. "And now," she said cheerfully, "we must get ready if we're to be at Worth's before noon. Whether this young man is *the* young man or not, he is coming all the way from England for the theater and the musicale and reception on Saturday and he deserves to see you in your new frock."

As she watched Eva and the English man at the theater and later at the musicale, Louise realized that this young man was not and could not be Eva's choice.

In May, Louise decided to send Eva to visit Ada. The change would do her good. On the morning that Eva returned from Rome, Louise could see that the visit had been a success. There was a brightness about her, an air of lighthearted happiness that reminded Louise of Ada in her first Paris season. It reminded her of more than that. It reminded her of Ada at M. Cernuschi's ball. She looked questioningly into her daughter's face.

"Eva, my darling, tell me."

"But you know. Without my telling you, you know. Ada said you would. It's like a fairy tale, Mammy. A prince comes riding. He wasn't actually riding. We met in an *entre' acte* at the theater. He asked to be presented. He didn't know who I was."

"And who was he?"

"Don Ferdinand Colonna, Prince of Galatro. When his uncles die he will be Prince Colonna di Stigliano, head of the Neapolitan branch of the great house of Colonna. I don't care about all that. He could be plain Don Ferdinand or not even Don for all I care. But I knew you'd be pleased. You are, aren't you?"

"My dear, I don't know enough yet to be pleased or not pleased. What is he like?"

"He's handsome, but not flamboyant like so many foreigners. He's two years older than I. He's—oh, Mammy, I can't tell you. You have to see for yourself. I only know he's what I've waited for. Ever since I grew up I must have been waiting."

"When did you meet him?"

"Two weeks ago."

"Then, my dear, don't be too sure. I mean——" Louise hesitated as she searched for the words to express her warning. She sighed. There was no pleasant way to express such a warning. She forced herself to speak. "Italians are flirts, Eva, most Latins are. Most men for that matter."

"Oh, Mammy." Eva laughed and hugged her mother. "Don't

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be afraid for me. Really you needn't. He's not a flirt. And even if he has been in the past, this isn't a flirtation. He has asked me to marry him. Of course, we both know he must ask you and Father for it really to count."

The day after John reached Paris, Don Ferdinand presented himself at the Rue de Tilsitt. Louise and John waited in the blue salon to receive him.

The butler stood in the doorway. "The Prince of Galatro, madame."

As the prince entered, relief filled Louise's heart. This was no threatening stranger, this was just a beardless boy. He was slender and of medium height, and his manner, as he greeted his host and hostess, was gentle and pleasing. Eva had been right, Louise thought, any girl would be drawn to this aristocrat. She smiled as she listened to his modest account of himself. He had no fortune, he admitted, but someday there would be the revenues of the family estates. In the meantime his uncle was prepared to make him an allowance.

"Whoa there, boy, slow," John said. "We've plenty of time to be thinking of allowances and revenues. It's yourself we're anxious to know. Eva is precious to us. We want to be mighty sure you're the right one for her."

"I hope you may come to think so. I cannot, not ever. I know I am not good enough for Eva. Only this I can say." The young man held his head high. "Nowhere on the Continent nor in the British Isles will she find a prouder name to bear than mine."

"In our country," John said slowly, "a man makes his own name. It's the man Eva's getting we're interested in. It's not your title, my lad, nor your name that can make Eva happy. It's only yourself can do that."

"May I hope then that in time you will give me your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter?"

"You've barely met the girl. See what the summer brings. The fall will be plenty soon enough for us even to think of talking seriously."

"You grant less than I had hoped, but more than I deserve. May I have your permission to have a word with Eva? I passed her on the stair as I arrived. She said she would be in the garden."

"Sure. You can go this way." John led Don Ferdinand through the ballroom to an open french window. Eva was standing on the grass at the foot of the stone steps. She looked anxiously at John.

"It's all right, Eva. We haven't eaten your young man alive. Now you run along with him. Take a drive if you like. Enjoy yourselves. That's all your mother and I ask: enjoy yourselves and let the future wait a while."

When John returned to her Louise looked questioningly at him. "What do you think of him?" she asked.

"I don't know. And you?"

"In a way I'm relieved. I was much more frightened of Joseph when I saw him at M. Cernuschi's. Young Colonna is just a boy."

"A boy's harder to judge, Louise. Besides, this fellow may look a boy, but he's a man or should be. And what kind of man, be damned if I can guess. Joe was easier for me to know. This young fellow of Eva's comes from an entirely different breed of cats."

"It's a fine breed, John. That much is in his favor. They've produced statesmen and generals and princes of the Church."

"I'm not saying they haven't. And black sheep, too, I'll bet. The thing that bothers me is what's this fellow? Black sheep or white? Strong or weak? His kind have been trained for a thousand years to show the world exactly what they want to show and not a jot more. Eva's set on him, isn't she?"

"I'm afraid so."

"You are afraid, aren't you, Louise? So am I. Why? What's wrong with this boy?"

"Nothing." Louise could not bring herself to put one small humiliating thought into words: Eva was sweetly pretty. She had a gentle charm that attracted, but it attracted slowly. She

had had suitors, but none had fallen in love with her at first meeting, at first glance as the child thought Colonna had done.

"It's a little hard to believe, isn't it?" John asked. "Him falling in love so quick with our girl."

Louise nodded. There had been no need to speak her doubt. After a while married people thought together as easily as they talked.

"That's what I want for Eva, John. A marriage like ours."

"No two marriages are alike, old lady. And maybe we'll see this young fellow differently when we know him better."

"I hope so, because I think she's made up her mind. I've never seen her so determined before. But, John, if this is wrong for her, isn't there some way to prevent the marriage?"

"How? Threaten to cut her off? You'd only hurt her and he's too smart to think we'd go through with it, as indeed we wouldn't. Nope. You've got just one thing to work with, Louise: time."

Time was all she had to work with, John had said, and Louise had agreed. Early in the New Year, Eva's engagement was announced. John and Louise were uneasy. Neither they nor any member of Eva's family knew Don Ferdinand any better after six months than at first meeting, but they had learned nothing to his discredit. Eva's unwavering determination prevailed against their uncertainty.

"She is twenty-four," John had said to Louise.

"And she seems so sure of the rightness of her choice. It's hard to stand against such certainty."

"It's hard to refuse her anything. We never have and we don't know how to start now. That's what licks us, Louise. That and not having anything specific against him."

The engagement was celebrated by a dinner and musicale. The party was arranged with no thought except of Eva's pleasure. The Hungerfords and the Telfeners had come from Rome.

Louise stood beside John in the white and gold ball-room while the company toasted Eva and her prince.

"He's only a boy, after all," John said almost inaudibly. "Maybe we've been too fearful for Eva."

Louise smiled at him uncertainly. She looked hopefully across the room at the boy and girl. As the ladies never tired of repeating, he was a handsome boy and he bore a name that was known the world over. Louise remembered the New York ladies. They and their like could never touch a princess of the house of Colonna. Ferdinand's name would be a shield for Eva. The Princess of Galatro would be safe from the world's cruelty. To that one certainty Louise lifted her glass as the guests confidently toasted Eva's happiness.

Since John could remain abroad only until the middle of February, the wedding date was set for the twelfth. Louise determined to give her daughter a beautiful and elaborate wedding.

"Have it beautiful, Louise, but not big," John said. "Otherwise you'll have a three-ring circus on your hands. American heiress marries Italian prince. You know what the papers will do with that."

Eva agreed. "I'd rather have a small wedding," she said. "I don't want *tout Paris* to see us married, just our families and the friends we love. But I'd like a beautiful wedding. Can it be beautiful and small?"

"It can, it will be, I promise."

Only fifty-three guests were present for the ceremony at the papal nunciature in the Rue de Varenne. The throne room was transformed into a chapel. All the floral decorations were white, even the violets that were strewn on the floor.

Louise's dress and bonnet were of electric blue. She wore two sapphire bracelets and at her throat was a sapphire brooch. Mémé's dark costume was relieved by a cabriolet bonnet, plumed in green. Ada's old-rose satin gown was looped at the side with a chain of rubies. Little Edna Telfener was almost lost

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in her ruchings and flouncing of lace. The bridesmaids, Egidie Descazes and Amalia Colonna were charming in diaphanous draperies of pale pink China crepe.

The most beautiful dress was Eva's. M. Worth and Louise had agreed on complete simplicity. The specially woven ivory satin was rich enough to need no ornament except the embroidered orange blossoms that bordered the long train. Eva wore not one inch of lace, not a single diamond. Her veil was of tulle wreathed in fresh orange blossoms. She was the bride that every girl imagines, the legendary, romantic figure whose white gown is undisturbed by fashion's changes.

John stepped back from the altar and took his place with his wife and his sons. The nuncio, Monsignor di Rende, gave a solemn talk to the young couple. He expressed his happiness at blessing the old world and the new in the persons of the bride and the groom.

If prayers and a papal blessing could bring happiness, Eva would be happy, Louise thought.

The Top of the Heap

SOON AFTER EVA'S wedding Louise decided to arrange for Willie and Clarie to enter Beaumont in the spring.

Before he left Paris, John had urged Louise to rent a house in London. His new enterprise, he had said, would necessitate his going often to England.

His new enterprise consumed most of his time and energy. Louise knew that in one important respect this cable war was different from the old battle for the lode. In Nevada rivals, even enemies, had in a sense been comrades. Jay Gould and his associates were men from another world, as was Mr. Bennett even though John respected and trusted him. Louise did not doubt that John would win his battle. The new cable and telegraph companies would in the end equal and perhaps surpass their long-established rivals. She also realized that this would be neither a short nor an easy struggle.

The house in the Rue de Tilsitt was lonely without Eva. London, too, would be lonely. John would be there only occasionally, and when he came most of his time would be spent in the City. London would be lonely but it would be a challenge. The siege of London society was a project worth attempting.

Lady Mandeville rented for Louise a house in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly. Louise was pleased with her choice. The house was charmingly furnished. It was not large, but the drawing-room floor would open up well for entertaining. One could give a dinner or even a reception.

Lady Mandeville watched anxiously as Louise inspected her new residence.

"Of course, flowers and a few of your own things will make all the difference. This will do for a beginning. Don't frown at me, Louise. I know you mean only to visit us but I mean to

change your mind. All London is longing to receive you. First of all you are to dine with me tomorrow evening. The American minister and Mrs. Phelps are coming. And Lady Randolph Churchill. Lady Randolph is quite our most beautiful American. It will be a small party. You'll not have many such cozy evenings. The season will soon be under way, and you with it, my dear. You'll be dancing at Marlborough House before mid-summer."

After Lady Mandeville's dinner Louise received many invitations. The silver tray in the entrance hall at Hamilton Place was filled with cards engraved with the names of distinguished callers.

Louise's own first dinner was small, but she looked proudly around the flower-decked table at the guests whom she had assembled. The newspapers were full of the cable-rate war that was beginning. It pleased Louise that at the same time her own first engagement promised success to her London campaign.

Consuelo Mandeville's prophecy came true. Before the end of the season Louise was dancing at Marlborough House. The elite of London gathered and Louise was among them. Her white satin gown, specially ordered from Paris for the grand occasion, was cut and draped to give her the illusion of height. The high heels of her tiny slippers were jeweled. Her tiara and her necklace were of large and brilliant diamonds. Bracelets glittered on her white-gloved wrists.

The Prince of Wales danced with her. She made him laugh, though she could not afterward remember what she had said. She was as excited as a child at a birthday party, not at one of the birthday celebrations she had known, but at the ones she had imagined behind the bright windows on St. John's Park.

Andrea Marcantonio Ferdinando Colonna was born on the fourteenth of December at 9 Rue de Tilsitt. She had been wrong to wish for a girl, Louise knew. She had forgotten the pride that was part of the happiness in a son's birth. As she looked at Eva's radiant face she remembered the pride.

John too. Louise smiled as she watched him with the baby. Someday there would be a grandson to bear his name, but in the meanwhile he rejoiced in Eva's accomplishment.

"Well, Granny," John said, "here we are. Whoever would have thought? Grandpa and Granny."

And so Louise had her name for the third generation.

Eva regained her strength quickly. In January, Andrea was christened at the English Passionist Fathers' Church in the Avenue Hoche.

It was not until after the christening that John and Louise spoke of their own affairs.

"We're doing what we set out to do," John said. "Getting the rates down. It's a murderous war, but Jay Gould can stand it and so, luckily, can we. In the end there'll be some compromise. Not an agreement exactly, but a letup. And the public will be the better for our battle and so will the newspapers, including the rivals of the *Herald*, and so, please God, will me and Bennett be. Now tell me about yourself. From the *Argonaut* and your letters I gather you're doing mighty well. You didn't mention it but I saw in the *Argonaut* that you wore your sapphires to Marlborough House. Are you meaning to take a house there in the spring again?"

"I am. Lord Sudeley's house at 7 Buckingham Gate is for rent. It's the handsomest furnished mansion to be had in London."

"Then you take it. One day when we're both old enough to forget ambition and the boys are old enough to be in charge, the pair of us will settle down. Grandpa and Granny in some sunny quiet spot. Meanwhile I'll come to London as often as I can and you amuse yourself taking the place over."

On the afternoon of March 23, 1886, Louise was presented to Queen Victoria by the Viscountess Mandeville at a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Hungerford was presented by the Lady Norreys.

Mrs. Hungerford wore a gown of garnet velvet and brocade, richly trimmed in lace.

For her own costume Louise chose old-ivory satin. The pointed satin bodice and the underskirt were embroidered with a design of wheat sheaves in seed pearls and silver. The overskirt was a film of lace. The satin train trimmed with velvety ostrich plumes and soft sprays of lilac was also covered with lace. Louise wore the most beautiful pieces from her collection of sapphires: her tiara, her necklace and her earrings and, on her left wrist, one magnificent bracelet. In her long veil were three white ostrich feathers.

It seemed strange to the American ladies to be dressed in such finery before noon, strange to be part of the slow daylight procession of carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen in ball-room attire.

As she reached the palace Louise found herself dazzled by the magnificence of jewels and gowns, of orders and uniforms.

Lady Mandeville touched Louise's arm. They moved forward. As Louise rose from her low curtsy, the elegant ladies, the uniformed gentlemen, the royal highnesses, the peers and peeresses of the realm faded into insignificance compared to the old woman in the jet-trimmed black dress. On her breast, set in a brooch, the Koh-i-noor blazed beside the wide blue ribbon of the Garter. In the white veil was a coronet of pearls and diamonds. But without crown or jewel or order one would recognize the Queen, one would know that this was majesty.

Louise made her final curtsy and withdrew. She was obliged to held her head back and her eyes wide to keep tears from falling. To step even so briefly into the history book was an unexpectedly moving experience.

It was a disappointment to Louise that John reached London after her presentation. "Though I think," she said, "that it would have been a hard task to get you into court attire to be presented."

"Well, my dear, I'm not very handy at that sort of thing. I'd rather leave it to you."

"But you'll be here for the season? Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to honor me

by attending a dinner and musicale on the twenty-eighth of June. It would make the triumph sweeter to have you there."

"My girl is sure flying high. You bet I'll be there."

Except for a ten-day business trip to Paris, John spent the months of April, May, and June in England.

He was proudly present at Louise's dinner for the Prince and Princess of Wales. He had no love for English royalty, Louise knew. He remembered too well the Ireland of his boyhood. She watched him with amusement as he sat beside the princess. The sternness melted from his face. Not John, not any man, Louise thought, could resist Alexandra when she chose to be charming.

After John's departure the season continued to be a triumphant one for Louise. She took a house at Cowes for two weeks and was one of those who dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales on their yacht, the *Osborne*.

In September she went with Mrs. Hungerford to Aix-les-Bains to rest and found that the French watering place was filled with the faces she had seen in London, at Ascot, at Cowes. There were English and French and Americans all taking the cure lightly and their social engagements seriously.

At the end of January, Louise rented for Eva a villa at Menton. Eva was expecting a baby early in April and she was not as well as she had been before Andrea's birth. She did not sleep well and she grew tired easily. The doctor advised for her a warmer and quieter place than Rome.

At the beginning of March, Louise took Eva to 9 Rue de Tilsitt to await the birth of her child. On the twenty-seventh of March, earlier than she had been expected, a baby girl was born.

She could not, Louise thought, have been very early, for she was plump and rosy and unusually pretty. Or perhaps all granddaughters were unusually pretty. No—Louise shook her head as she watched the infant sleeping in the satin-lined basket—no, it was not imagination or a wish, this was a lovely baby. Being a grandmother had not blurred her judgment. She knew very well that though Andrea was a dear little boy he was not in the

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least pretty. This child would be. Louise murmured a prayer of thankfulness that the looks had gone to the girl. The daughter of her daughter. She was glad that Eva's daughter had a beautiful name: Bianca Amalia Celeste.

John and James Gordon Bennett won their fight against Jay Gould and his American and English associates. The young cable and telegraph companies prospered. From 1887 on, the Commercial Cable Company and the Postal Telegraph were competitors with which Western Union and the Anglo-American Cable Company were forced to reckon.

Louise, securely established in London as in Paris, watched her sons growing toward manhood.

Eva seemed as happy in her marriage as Ada was in hers.

When John came to London he and Louise rejoiced together over their respective achievements. All was well with them and with their children. The Mackay family was at the top of the heap.

John was not able to come to London in the spring of 1889. The Commercial Cable Company and the Postal Telegraph were doing well. The cable company was showing a handsome profit for the Mackay-Bennett system. But the affairs of the companies, particularly of the rapidly expanding little Postal Telegraph, kept John almost constantly in New York. And when he could leave, his presence was required in San Francisco where his partner Jim Flood's long illness and death had added to his California responsibilities.

Louise decided to go to America during the summer. It was a surprisingly difficult decision to reach. She was astonished that it should be so hard to force herself to return. She had always meant someday to visit New York again. She had not realized until now the strength of the hidden will that had made her postpone her voyage.

She wrote John that she would bring Willie. It would be good

for the boy, she pointed out, to meet his father's American associates and employees. It was time for him to become acquainted with New York.

As the *City of Paris* steamed toward the New York harbor, Louise told herself that she had been silly and childish to be unwilling to return.

Willie banged on her cabin door. "Hurry, Mammy," he shouted. "I'm going on deck. I don't want to miss the first sight of the harbor."

Louise smiled at the eagerness in the boy's voice. She had accomplished for her son what she had intended. He was happy and excited at the prospect of seeing at last the country and the city that he thought of as his own. He would not be disappointed. Willie now, and his brother later, could feel sure of a welcome anywhere in their native land.

Louise smiled contentedly and unhurriedly continued to eat her breakfast. As the hour of landing drew near, she began to understand more clearly her reluctance to return. She had been reluctant to make a journey in time as well as in space. She had not wanted to acknowledge that her childhood dream was gone entirely. She had invented a paradise and called it home. It was foolish to miss it but it was impossible to replace it. Neither London nor Paris was home. Perhaps someday she and John would find a place to make their own.

To watch and to listen to Willie was pure joy, Louise thought. He hadn't a care. The world was his. And Clarie's too, though at present Clarie was going through a solemn stage.

Clarie had been disappointed not to come to the States, until his mother had offered instead to send him to visit his beloved grandparents. A cricket-playing Oxford graduate had accompanied the boy to Italy. Louise had stressed the tutor's skill in cricket rather than in mathematics, though she hoped the young Englishman would manage to find time for both.

This American trip, she had explained, was Willie's. He was, after all, nearly nineteen. But it was not for Willie's sake that

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she had brought him alone, it was for John's. Without his younger brother, Willie would seem older. If John were mind-ing, as deeply as she feared, the death of his old partner, the presence of a grown son should be a comfort to him and a strength.

John met them at the pier and drove them to the Windsor Hotel. When they were alone John put his arm around Louise and held her shoulder in a tight grasp. "It's good to have you here, old lady. Glad to be home?"

"Home? Where you are is home, John. *Wo Du bist, bin ich zu Hause*. I don't like Germans or their poetry, but that always stuck in my head. Being a wanderer, I guess it suited me."

"It feels pretty good to have you quoting poetry, even foreign poetry, to me after twenty-two years." He kissed her and drew her to a window and studied her face in the bright light. "How do you do it, Louise? You look like a girl."

He told her his plans: Willie would remain for the most part in New York in Henry Rosener's charge. He would learn something of the New York end of the cable business and become acquainted with the workings of the Postal Telegraph.

"On his next trip I'll send him West. We're planning to run lines along the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe to California and we're building lines through Oregon and Washington territory and connecting interior points with all the large cities on the Pacific coast. For us I've chartered a yacht. We're going to cruise, just the two of us, up the east coast. A real holiday. I've planned a little gaiety for you too. We're stopping off at Bar Harbor. On the way home we'll put into Newport for a week-end."

"Oh, John. Bar Harbor and Newport don't seem like your idea of a holiday."

"Ordinarily they wouldn't be. But just for once I'd like to show my girl off at our American resorts."

The visits to Bar Harbor and Newport were a success. Louise was pleased for John's sake. His pride in her was gratified by

the cordial welcome they received. But after Paris and London, after Aix-les-Bains and Homburg, the American resorts seemed to her provincial. She used in calm appraisal the adjective which once in anger she had flung at New York.

Before he left London in December of 1890 John had arranged to buy for Louise a residence at 6 Carlton House Terrace.

Louise had been delighted with the house. Everything had pleased her: the majestic marble entrance hall and stairway, the dining room paneled in mahogany and satinwood; the drawing rooms, the fifty-foot ballroom opening on the broad terrace that overlooked St. James' Park.

"I suppose," she had said, "that if we buy this we should give up the Paris house. We're there so little."

"That's up to you, old lady. It's you that has the bother of managing two places."

"It's no bother; I enjoy it. Only, without the children the Rue de Tilsitt has seemed lonely. And it would be more sensible just to have a suite of apartments in Paris. But Eva loves the house. Her children were born there and—and I think it's a refuge for her."

"I know damn well it is. Poor little Eva. One's only got to look at her to see how things are going. I didn't need you to tell me of Ferdinand's gambling or Joe to tell me about his women."

"Ada tells me all Rome talks of his affairs. Only Eva has never said a word to anyone, not to Ada, not to Mémé, not to me."

"That's her pride. Be glad you gave it to her."

"I don't think it's pride alone. I wish it were. I'm afraid it's love."

"You mean to say she still loves that blackguard? My God, women and the men they choose to love! No man living can understand it."

"We don't choose, John. It happens."

"I know. I know. But why in hell did it have to happen to Eva? This miserable fellow with his gambling and his mistresses. Well, stick close to her as much as you can. Don't hurt her pride but let her know we're standing by ready to help."

Louise was grateful for the new house. It came at a time when she needed an occupation. Eva wasn't a child. She was a woman of thirty. Louise could go to Rome, ostensibly to visit Ada and Joseph. She could let Eva see, by frequent visits from both her parents, that they were standing by. And that was all she could do. She could no longer help Eva any more than she could help any grown woman, however beloved. She must stand, watching, outside her grown child's life, powerless to help her.

Willie celebrated his twenty-first birthday in London and then sailed for America. This trip was not a visit such as he had paid to New York the previous winter. This time he was going to settle in an apartment of his own at the Belgravia Flats. When he came again to Carlton House Terrace it would be as a visitor. Only for Clarie would the new house be home.

As she saw Willie off at the boat train Louise remembered the baby Willie, a small sleeping bundle in her arms. Then, twenty-one years had seemed a long span. Twenty-one years had been as much of her own lifetime as she could clearly remember. She had planned for the grown-up Willie but she hadn't really imagined him. And here he was.

Clarie, on his graduation from Beaumont, showed no inclination to continue his studies. He pleaded for a holiday. "After Father gets Willie well trained, you know he'll put me to work too. Let me have some fun in the meantime."

John permitted the holiday. The boy was good at sports. Let him develop his aptitude for them. Let him enjoy himself for a while. "And besides," John said to Louise, "I can only train one of them at a time."

And besides, Louise thought, Clarie is the youngest and so to you too, though you'd never admit it, he's the baby, the one always young enough to be spoiled a little longer.

The holiday, Louise thought, was doing Clarie no harm. He worked harder at his sports than ever he had done at Beaumont. Cricket had been his first love, and his picture as captain of the Beaumont eleven hung in his room. Now his great enthusiasm was court tennis, a rather pretty game, Louise thought, which seemed to her almost as exhausting to watch as to play.

In the winter of 1893 Eva rented a villa near Rapallo. She invited her mother to visit. They would have a chance to be together, she wrote, and with the children, in a way that was never possible when Louise came to Rome.

Louise enjoyed the visit. Her little grandson reminded her of Willie playing long ago on a Mediterranean beach. But Bianca was her favorite. Bianca, now in her sixth year, was Eva again, a prettier, sturdier Eva. Bianca laughed more easily; Bianca could run and skip. Bianca was not timid. She held her own with her older brother and his friends. But the wide-set eyes were Eva's and the generous shape of her mouth. Her beautiful little nose was like her father's. At least, Louise thought, he had given her the one good thing he had.

Ferdinand came to Rapallo for a few days. He expressed his regret that his duties in Rome and Naples prevented his spending more time with his family.

Neither before nor after her husband's visit did Eva speak of him to Louise. With the children she talked of Papa. She urged Andrea and Bianca to write to their dear papa, and in the three children's prayers Papa was mentioned first in the long list of those whom the Lord was asked to bless.

Louise, on her return to London, tried to distract herself with the activities of the season, but Eva's letters were disquieting. They said very little. Eva gave news of the children but none of herself.

In August of the following year, Louise went to Italy. Colonel Hungerford had not been feeling well and this gave Louise an excuse to visit her father and be near her daughter.

"I guess it's just my years catching up with me," the colonel said. "The doctors can't find anything wrong."

Eva was pale and she seemed thinner. She did not speak of her domestic affairs and Louise asked no questions.

Colonel and Mrs. Hungerford were with Louise at Carlton House Terrace in October of 1893 when the telegram came from Eva. The message was brief; it said only that she and the children were on their way to London.

When Eva arrived Louise was shocked by her appearance. She must have lost ten pounds. When Eva lifted her veil to embrace her mother Louise saw that the dark eyes were deeply circled. She pushed back a curl that had come unpinned and fallen across Eva's cheek. Eva winced under the gentle touch. Louise withdrew her hand and saw the wide, ugly bruise on her daughter's swollen cheek.

"Not now, Mammy." Eva lowered her veil. "Later we can talk."

The children were delighted with the house they had never seen. They ran up and down the marble stairs. Marco slid down the smooth balustrade. Bianca climbed on the tall base of a statue and stared curiously at the veiled stone face.

"My darling, you never brought them all the way alone!" Mrs. Hungerford exclaimed.

"It was for a treat, Mémé," Bianca said. "Mamma told us that for once we would go off for the night with her, without even Nurse. But it wasn't just for the night, that's the surprise."

"And I was in charge," Andrea said, "because poor Mamma was tired from packing."

"She packed our portmanteaus herself because the trip was a surprise," Bianca explained.

"It was much better than a picinc," Marco said.

"I can imagine." Mrs. Hungerford caught Marco's hand and held him firmly. "You just stay off that balustrade and the three of you come with Great-grandpa and me. We'll leave Mamma and Granny to have a nice cup of tea."

Louise gave orders that they were not to be disturbed. "Rest a little, Eva. Take off your hat and lean back."

Eva covered her cheek with her hand. "I'm sorry you saw this. I tried to hide it with powder."

"Don't talk until you want to. Just rest and feel safe."

"But am I safe?" Eva started forward. "Can he make me go back? And the children, can he take them? They're so little. Suppose he hurt them."

"He can't reach the children here."

"He said he could reach them anywhere. I spoke once about a separation and he said any Italian tribunal would give him the children and I'd never be permitted to see them. That's why, after he—he frightened me, I ran away with them. I didn't tell my maid. I gave her and Nurse the day off. I packed just those little bags and told the major-domo we were going to spend the night with friends near Ostia. I didn't even dare go near the safe for the jewels I have left. A servant might have seen and warned Ferdinand that I was leaving. I left all my silver and my wedding presents. All the beautiful things you and Father gave me. I'm sorry, Mammy."

"Things don't matter, Eva. What counts is that you and the children are safe. Your father's lawyers will take charge from now on. Don't worry, my darling. You're home again."

Willie

FOR ALMOST TWO years Ferdinand refused to consider a legal separation. In the meanwhile, John's lawyers advised patience. The Prince of Galatro had assets in Rome. There was the princess' handsome residence and its furnishings. There were the jewels and other valuables she had left behind. The prince could live quite comfortably on the proceeds from the sale of these possessions. For the present the princess must remain with her mother. She must make it perfectly clear that she had no intention of returning to the prince or to the jurisdiction of the Italian courts. When his money ran out the prince would be forced to be reasonable. Then and only then could the princess appear before the Italian tribunal for a legal ratification of the separation agreement.

In September of 1895 Ferdinand consented to a legal separation and to Eva's having custody of the children. In return it was agreed that he should receive an annual income of twelve thousand dollars.

When everything was settled Louise decided to join Lady Mary Lloyd, who was holidaying in Normandy. September in Paris had been hot; the cool sea air would be a refreshing change.

Willie had rented for the summer the Duc de Gramont's place in the Sarthe. Louise had promised to visit him before he returned to the States at the end of October. He was proud of his château, of his horses, and of the miniature race track he had constructed on the property. He was delighted that his father had permitted him to extend his vacation for an extra month.

Louise was tired after the strain of the last weeks in Paris.

Once Ferdinand agreed, the legal negotiations had been simple. But the end even of an unhappy marriage was, Louise had discovered, a painful process to witness. It had not been easy to look at Eva's white drawn face as she read and signed the papers the lawyers gave her.

Lady Mary was a little older than Louise and comfortably resigned to middle age. Her companionship was restful and undemanding. Louise wanted no entertainment more strenuous than to walk across the meadow to admire the innkeeper's apple orchard or down the lane to buy a spool of thread or a paper of pins in the village.

Sun-warmed, windless October days like these had been called Indian summer in the Atlantic states, Louise remembered. She picked an apple from a low bough and slowly ate it as she and Lady Mary walked in comfortable silence through the orchard toward the inn.

The taste and the fragrance reminded Louise of Mr. Duhme's store. When he had given her one of his apples it had been like this one, just an apple, round and handsome and good to eat. In childhood, too, objects were clearly outside oneself. It was in later youthful years that everything became an extension of oneself. She smiled, thinking of Clarie who at twenty-one was absorbed in his picture of himself as a young man about town.

A man in dark city clothes was standing in the courtyard of the inn. As he came toward them, Louise recognized an assistant manager of the Paris office of the Commercial Cable Company.

"Eva." Louise spoke the name aloud. Her heart seemed to contract into a tight knot of fear as she ran across the grass. What could be wrong? The lawyers had been so sure. But something must be wrong for this man to have been sent all the way from Paris. From the pity in the man's tired face Louise knew that Eva must be hurt. She stared at him, waiting for his message.

He spoke slowly, painfully, as though he were out of breath.

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He had, he said, been traveling since yesterday. The final telegraphed message had reached him at Trouville. They had told him at the Roches Noires that Madame was here. He had had to wait. The first train from Trouville had been this morning.

"Never mind all that, monsieur. Give me your news."

"Monsieur Willie," he said. "Monsieur Willie."

They stared at each other for a short measureless space. Then Louise heard his voice ringing in her brain. The man stopped speaking and still she heard his voice repeating: Monsieur Willie has been killed in a riding accident. Monsieur Willie has been killed Monsieur Willie Monsieur Willie. The voice was a jangle of sound ringing in her brain always louder, always faster, until she pitched forward on the grass and heard nothing at all.

John, in San Francisco, had learned the news in a series of cables sent hour by hour. Louise heard the details little by little in her room in Paris.

Though the negotiations for the sale of 9 Rue de Tilsitt were practically completed, Eva and Clarie had arranged to reopen the house so that Willie's body could come home.

Louise refused to continue to take the quieting drugs her physician had prescribed. "They don't make me sleep," she said. "They only make me dream and hope that all is a nightmare."

Slowly they told her. Clarie sat beside her while Willie's friend Ned Lynch, who had been present, told the story of the fatal accident.

At luncheon on the eighteenth of October, Willie announced to his guests that he planned, for their afternoon's entertainment, a race on his new course. At three o'clock the race began. Louise knew the De Gramont place. The meadow where Willie had built his race track was on the edge of a wooded park. The underbrush and young trees had been cleared away.

As Willie reached a curve on the side of the track near the wood, a distant shot rang out. His horse shied and bolted, out

of control, between the trees. As the frightened horse swerved Willie was thrown head first and crushed against a tree. He was unconscious when his friends carried him into the château. After the doctor came he recovered consciousness for a little while. He tried to stroke the head of Reinberg, his dog. The animal, Ned said, refused to leave its master. Willie, lapsing in and out of consciousness, lived for six hours.

Willie had died with none of his own beside him. Now his parents tried to do all that could be done for the beloved dead.

The funeral was held at St. Ferdinand des Ternes in Paris. In New York there was a Solemn High Requiem Mass at St. Leo's.

In the States and in Europe the main offices of the Postal Telegraph and Commercial Cable companies were closed and draped in black on the day of the funeral.

Louise and John were kept busy with all that was left to be done for Willie. They planned the building of a magnificent mausoleum at Greenwood. They arranged that Masses should be said in perpetuity. They collected his obituary notices and pasted them in two thick black-bound volumes. They brought his body to America on the *Touraine* in a stateroom which had been transformed into a chapel.

On the morning of the twelfth of February Louise left the States on the *Majestic* on her return journey to Europe. Now there was nothing left to do for Willie. His body waited at Greenwood for the completion of the mausoleum. Louise, veiled in black, stood on the deck. She lifted her veil and kissed her hand repeatedly to John and Clarie on the pier.

John found it difficult to speak of Willie's death. Even with Louise he had said little, and his occasional references to their sorrow had come slowly and painfully. Louise was grateful for the pressing concerns of his business. The Commercial Cable was absorbing the Postal Telegraph. This was an intricate matter in which John was compelled to take an active part. He was

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also obliged to keep a watchful eye on the construction on Broad Street of the new Commercial Cable Building which represented an investment of over two million dollars. He would, she hoped, find distraction in his forced attention to his affairs.

Her eyes lingered on Clarie. He looked young and lost. He had loved Willie and he had looked up to him. Clarie had accepted the fact that Willie was destined to take their father's place. Willie, he had always known, would someday be head of the family and of the business. Now Clarie, while he mourned for his brother, must try to take his place. Poor little Clarie, Louise thought pityingly. John, absorbed in his grief, walling himself in silence against companionship, could not see how hard the boy was trying. For a long time Clarie's place beside his father would be a lonely and a difficult one. As the ship moved from its pier, the two figures grew smaller until they were indistinguishable in the crowd that surrounded them.

Louise turned her thoughts to Rome, where Mémé was waiting for her. Colonel Hungerford was dying of a tumor of the liver. The doctors could not say whether his ordeal would be long or short. Willie had scarcely been placed in his temporary resting place when the cable summoning her to her father's side had come. "Grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light and peace." The liturgical words might someday comfort Mémé. Her Daniel had had a long and full life. There were no words that Louise could say for Willie with more than her lips. He had had so little. "Eternal rest give unto him." He was too young for rest.

For more than a year Louise moved restlessly from city to city, from hotel to hotel. The London house, fully staffed, stood untenanted.

After her father's death in Rome, Louise tried to console her mother, but it was Mémé who offered consolation to her, and Louise could not accept consolation, not from Mémé or Ada, not from Eva or Clarie, not from John. She and John knew each other's bitter grief too well to try to lighten it with words.

Clarie was gradually becoming a comfort to his father. Louise saw that John was slowly giving a part of Willie's place to his younger son and she was grateful.

"It's hard on the boy," John said, "him not having been trained for business, but he does his best. In the end I believe his best will be pretty damn good."

Louise visited Eva at her newly purchased residence, the Castella Costa in Santa Margherita. The grandchildren, Eva said, would be a distraction. They were the new generation with whom Louise could look ahead, not always back at sorrow and loss.

Marco was too much like Willie.

"Granny! Granny!" he would shout. "Here I come!" and he would run toward her, confident of her welcome, of her delight in his company. Marco's dark good looks were wholly Italian, but his boisterous merriment and his voice were Willie's.

She fled from Eva's villa to the Hotel Métropole in Monte Carlo, but the Mediterranean held too many memories of a three-year-old Willie playing on its shore. She went from Monte Carlo to the Hotel Vendôme in Paris. Here there would be nothing to remind her.

Louise was still at the Vendôme when in the early summer Clarie arrived for his long-promised vacation.

"You look well, Mammy," he said. "Better than in a long time."

She had lightened her mourning. She had removed the bands of crepe and she was wearing pearls and diamonds at her throat and in her ears.

"For the child's sake," Mrs. Mock and Theresa had said.

Clarie still seemed to her a child. In many ways he was only a boy. He deserved to have his mother look as young and pretty as she could manage. Perhaps because he was the youngest he would always seem to her more a boy than a man. Perhaps she would never entirely believe in the grown-up Clarie. Her lips

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quivered as she studied his new, carefully trimmed red mustache.

He stroked it proudly. "Notice my mustache?"

"Clarie darling, who could fail to notice it?" She laughed helplessly. "Forgive me, but you look exactly as you did when you were four years old and dressed up as a policeman. I must get out the picture to show you."

"Well, don't get it out now. They say a girl admires a fellow with a mustache. I don't want anything to spoil the effect of mine."

"Is there a girl, Clarie?"

"There is; my girl. At least she isn't yet, but soon, I hope, she'll be my girl. We met on the ship coming over. She's Katherine Duer and she's as beautiful as her name."

Louise remembered the name of Duer. The *Home Journal* had mentioned it often and she had read in Mrs. Ellet's book about Lady Stirling and her daughter Lady Kitty Duer. This modern Katherine Duer had been described by the papers as the loveliest of the young Duchess of Marlborough's bridesmaids.

"I know the name," she said.

"And I want you to know the girl. She and her mother are staying in Paris for a few weeks. I'm taking her to dine at the Tour d'Argent tomorrow night. Beth and André Poniatowski will chaperon us. I'd like to call for Katherine a little early and bring her to see you."

"So it's Katherine already?"

"Well, things go fast on shipboard, seeing each other all day and evening. I'm glad I saw her first on a ship. She's tall and she has a proud way of holding her head so that she always seems to be standing on a high place with her face in the wind. She's like a figure on the prow of a sailing ship, if you can imagine a carved figure being slim and graceful as a reed, as well as proud and brave."

"Why, Clarie, you sound positively poetic."

"She makes a fellow feel poetic. I never cared much for

Shakespeare and all that at Beaumont, but looking at her I could. The Dark Lady of the Sonnets must have been like Katherine. She's different from most modern girls. Oh, she's gay and full of fun, but she's more romantic, more mysterious. You'll see, Mammy, tomorrow evening if that's all right. I don't suppose you want to go out, even to a little dinner."

"I'm beginning to go out again, but tomorrow evening I'll leave you to your young selves. Later I'd like to give a dinner to which I can invite her. Eva will be in Paris next week and I think Analia Torlonia and her husband. And I could ask Egidie."

"All that married set would be fine. But as far as bachelors are concerned, I want to keep her to myself while she's in Paris. It's bad enough that she's going to spend over a month visiting friends in England."

"We can go to Carlton House Terrace. It's ready and waiting for us."

"No good. She's booked solid with country visits and Scotland and all that. But she told me when she's sailing home and I've taken passage on the same ship."

Because Clarie was so obviously in love, his mother discounted much of his description of Katherine. When on the following evening Katherine entered the room Louise caught her breath. This girl had real beauty. Louise had seen it only a few times, more often on the stage than in the nearness of reality. She could picture Katherine on a stage; she could see her standing straight and tall in the warm glow of the footlights. The audience would see first the dark, deepset, expressive eyes and the smoky cloud of black hair. Later they would notice the perfection of feature, the smooth olive skin, the slender column of her neck.

Katherine held herself like an actress, Louise thought, or like a queen. Then she smiled shyly and moved a little awkwardly as she bent to take Louise's outstretched hand.

Louise felt the cool, long-fingered hand tremble as it clasped

her own. The girl must be nervous at meeting Clarie's mother. She was young, not more than nineteen. For all her distinction and elegance of dress, her poise was not secure. She had not yet grown up to her beauty.

Louise drew Katherine to the sofa beside her. As they talked, Louise noticed how often and how softly Katherine's eyes met Clarie's. When they looked at each other they lost the thread of their sentences. Louise, appearing not to notice, set the polite conversation going again.

When they left Louise was content that Katherine should be the next Mrs. Mackay. Katherine was her parents' only child. They had spoiled her and denied her nothing, so that she had never been aware of any need for money. Louise was certain that it was Clarie himself, not his possessions, that drew Katherine to him. Though to his mother he seemed a boy, to Katherine, four years younger than he, he must seem a man. He was not quite as tall as she but he was sturdily built. Katherine, for all her height, had a fragile quality.

Katherine and Clarie became engaged on the homeward journey. Clarie wrote the news to his mother and added that for a while the engagement would be a private one. Mr. and Mrs. Duer advised them to wait and John agreed. They were young, the parents said, and should take a little time to be sure of their own hearts.

On New Year's Day of 1898 Joseph Telfener died after a short illness at Rome. Louise hastened to her sister's side.

Louise was still with Ada when in February word came that Katherine's and Clarie's engagement was to be announced on the eighteenth. The wedding would take place in May.

Katherine wrote to ask if Inez Telfener could be one of her bridesmaids. She was, she said, inviting Inez instead of her older sister because Clarie had told her that Edna's engagement to Don Giacomo de Martino was soon to be announced.

Louise was touched that Katherine should include one of Clarie's faraway Italian cousins in her bridal party. She persuaded Ada to give her consent.

"And you must go over with Inez, my darling."

"But my mourning." Ada wept and touched the edge of her veil. "And poor Joseph so lately, so lately——"

"Joseph would want you to go. He would want Inez to have this little honor, this little pleasure. And how can the child accept if you refuse?"

The wedding date was fixed for the seventeenth of May.

Louise arrived in New York on the *Lucania* on the thirtieth of April. Ada, Inez, and Eva were to sail directly from Italy.

It saddened Louise that her mother had not felt equal to the journey. After her husband's death Mrs. Hungerford had aged. Before that, despite her white hair, the years had seemed to touch her lightly. Now, suddenly, she was old.

On the afternoon of Louise's arrival Mrs. Duer called on her at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Katherine's mother was a pretty, blue-eyed, light-haired woman. She had a lazy, infectious laugh and a soft slow voice which she must have inherited from her southern mother. Clarie, Louise decided, was lucky in his future mother-in-law. She was gentler than the crisp New York ladies whom Louise remembered.

Louise studied the list of wedding-guests. It included new names, many of them friends of Katherine's and Clarie's, but the core of the list was the old New York which long ago she had determined should open its doors to her children.

Here they were just as she remembered them. Here were the names that she had seen in the *Home Journal* and in Mrs. Ellet's book, that she had heard at Mrs. Stevens': Beekman, Bronson, Livermore, Lispenard, Livingston, Loomis, Turnure, Van Cortland, Van Rensselaer, Warren, Winthrop, Whitehouse . . .

Even though she cared less about them, even though their world itself mattered less, she felt a profound satisfaction that they should be present to see her son marry the fairest of their daughters.

Queen Victoria died on the evening of January 22, 1901.

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When Louise heard the news she could not keep her thoughts in the present. Everywhere in England, she supposed, and in Europe and America, the death of the old Queen must have set people to remembering. She and John had come a long road in the old Queen's time, Louise thought. It had been, on the whole, a good road. There had been sorrow, but it wasn't only on an upward path that one met sorrow. And they had known happiness.

Through Clarie and Katherine their happiness continued. A daughter had been born to Katherine. Louise had gone to the States to see her. The baby Katherine, whom they called K, was like her mother, with black ringlets and dark inquiring eyes which appeared enormous in her little face. Louise remembered more vividly than the child or her parents the look on John's face as he held his grandchild. He would not love her better than Eva's children, but this was the grandchild of his flesh. This was the continuation of his life into the new generation. K, Louise knew, would always have a special place in her affection because of the look she had brought to her grandfather's face.

Louise thought of Andrea and Bianca and Marco. They and their mother had spent the last two summers with her at a house she had rented in Kent. Ada had also come from Italy with her younger children. All the cousins, here and in America, were growing up, safe and happy, in the world that she and John had made for them.

John, at seventy, had still not retired. That must wait, he said, until he brought his most recent project to a successful conclusion.

This project was to lay the first cable across the Pacific via Hawaii and Guam to the Philippines. Clarie was working closely with his father. John at his age shouldn't be working at all, Louise thought, but she could not regret the project that brought him closer, day by day, to his younger son.

She thought of Clarie and Katherine and of their new residence, Harbor Hill, in Roslyn, Long Island. Clarie had sent his

mother copies of McKim, Mead and White's sketches of the various elevations and they promised considerable grandeur, but grandeur was becoming to Katherine.

In June of 1900 Louise had given her first large entertainment since Willie's death, a dinner and concert in honor of her son and daughter-in-law, who were visiting London. She could still see Katherine standing beside her at the head of the stairs. The architect didn't exist who could design a residence imposing enough to overshadow her. In the years since her marriage the girl had grown up to her beauty.

Once she had begun again to entertain on a grand scale, Louise continued. Six Carlton House Terrace was not a house in which to be alone. But the excitement of receiving the elite, even royalty, had ebbed. Perhaps she had lost the habit of it, or perhaps, in the end, one tired of a game at which one could not lose.

For her latest scrapbook she had collected more items about Katherine than about herself. It pleased her that the young Mrs. Mackay was taking her proper position in society.

John had promised he would retire when the cable was laid and in operation. Louise was willing to retire, too, and let her daughter-in-law take her place.

At the beginning of the summer of 1902 the arrangements for the laying of the cable were completed. When, at the end of June, John came to London he told Louise that three ships carrying the first sections of the cable would shortly leave England for California.

Ada and Eva came to London soon after John's arrival. At noon on Tuesday the fifteenth of July, Louise and John saw Eva off on her return journey to the Continent. Afterward, Louise went to a luncheon party and John went to his office in the City. He was impatient at the government's delay in the matter of the Pacific soundings and he sent off a long cable to Mr. Cook, the Commercial Cable Company's lawyer in New York. He then went to luncheon with Mr. Ward, vice-president

and general manager of the company, at the Winchester House.

When Louise returned to Carlton House Terrace, she found Mr. Ward waiting for her. John, he told her, had not felt well at luncheon.

"He complained of the heat, Mrs. Mackay, as well he might. It's the hottest day we've had this year. He consented to be put to bed and I took the liberty of sending for the doctor. He's with him now."

"You think it's just the heat, Mr. Ward?"

"It may well be, but he may be coming down with a summer cold. As we were driving here in a cab, he complained of a chill."

John's temperature alarmed the doctor. This was more than a summer cold. It could be pneumonia. He suggested a consultation.

On Wednesday John was no better, but on Thursday and Friday he seemed to improve and the doctors were guardedly optimistic. One could not be certain, they said, there was still the possibility that one lung was congested, and at his age the heart, they said . . . But it was encouraging that the patient's breathing was easier and that his fever was down.

On Saturday John's condition grew worse. He complained of no pain and he slept a great deal. The doctors talked anxiously together. They said little to Louise, and the medical phrases they offered her were as devoid of meaning as they were of comfort.

Doctors were always mysterious, Louise told herself. She listened to John's heavy breathing. It had been worse than this on Wednesday and he had got better.

Ada called her sister out of the sickroom. "You must send for a priest," she said.

"Really, Ada, what a thing to suggest!" Louise exclaimed impatiently. "You know John is never much of a one for religion. And when he's sick, of all times!"

"Of all times," Ada repeated gently. "You must, my poor darling."

The pity in Ada's eyes mirrored the fear which Louise had refused to acknowledge.

"Very well," she said. "Send for Father Forster. Call me when he comes, Ada. I must take him in to John myself."

When, hesitantly, Louise brought the priest into the room John stared at them. For a moment she thought he was going to be angry.

Then he smiled at her.

"That's my girl," he said. "I always told Pat Manogue he needn't worry about me, that you'd see me safe on my way."

After the priest had gone John reached for her hand. "Thanks, old lady," he said, and fell asleep.

On Sunday, John was conscious for only a few moments of the day. Louise sat beside him.

He was unconscious when at six-thirty in the evening he died.

Louise never remembered very clearly the days that immediately followed John's death.

Presently the doctors told her that she had suffered a heart attack. It was, they thought, due to shock. She must remain in bed, they said, and leave the funeral arrangements to her daughter and to her son, who would soon be in London. After that she must go to Bad Nauheim and place herself under the care of the great German heart specialist.

It was not shock, Louise knew. If her heart was damaged it was because she was almost fifty-nine years old. She had suffered shock before. She had known grief. Grief, she thought wearily, should not be a stranger to her, except that it was always a stranger, it was always different. She wept. She did not sob then or later.

There was no hysteria, no wild anger in her grief for John. She listened when Eva and Clarie told her of their arrangements for their father. Seeing their anxiety that she be pleased, she praised them: Yes, it sounded as though they had made a most beautiful chapel of the ballroom. Yes, St. Mary's in Cadogan Square would have been her own choice. Yes, he

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should rest at the Notting Hill Franciscan convent until the doctors would let her take him to Greenwood.

"Yes, Eva. Yes, Clarie. Thank you, my dears."

John had had the priest before he died. For that she was grateful. But she could not keep her mind on the arrangements which his children were so lovingly making for him. Her thoughts kept going back to the old years. There were so many years to remember. On November twenty-fifth, they would have numbered thirty-five. Thirty-five years was a lifetime. And the lifetime for her and for John was over.

Old Mrs. Mackay

THE DOCTOR AT Bad Nauheim, intending to be encouraging, had frightened Louise. One could, he had assured her, live for a long time with a heart condition like hers. If she was careful she could count on thirty years or more.

The English and French doctors agreed with the German specialist. In addition, they pointed out, there was the all-important factor of heredity. Mrs. Mackay came of a long-lived family.

How would she manage? Louise wondered uneasily. They had all depended on her, her father and Mémé, Ada and Eva; and she had depended on John. It was his strength she had given to the others. How would she manage without him?

Louise learned to manage alone. Old Mrs. Mackay, she had called herself to John, only half meaning it. Now she slowly learned to play the part.

For eighteen years, except for occasional visits to Clarie and Katherine, she remained in Europe. It was easier to grow old in familiar places. She kept her London house, but she spent most of the year in Paris where she had rented an apartment on the Avenue du Bois.

The years went quickly. Time and her world contracted at an ever-increasing rate.

Her mother's death in 1908 was not a shock. Mémé had been in failing health for so long. Her death was a release not from pain but from the burden of living. Ada's death, two years later, was a greater sorrow. Poor little Ada, she was too young to die. How odd, Louise thought, to have reached an age where fifty-three seemed young. Few of the old friends and acquaintances were left.

She joined with Clarie in giving to the University of Nevada

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a School of Mines in memory of John, though she did not share Clarie's sentimental feeling of obligation to that state. Still, John had a fondness for the place; he might be pleased. She was pleased that a statue of John by Gutzon Borglum was to stand in the university grounds. She might almost make the journey to see it. But no, Nevada was too long ago, too far away.

Clarie sent her a photograph of the statue. She could imagine it, standing tall and strong, in the blinding Nevada sunlight. John was dressed in miner's clothes, the shirt open at the neck. He was wearing just such a shirt of gray flannel the first time she ever saw him. He would like to be thus remembered. For the sculptor to have put a pick in his hand was, she thought, to paint the lily. But John, no doubt, would be delighted.

Pleasant things happened in those years.

Katherine's and Clarie's third child was a son. He was named John William for his grandfather and his uncle. In 1905 Eva's daughter had married the Count Jules de Bonvouloir. He was a good-looking, good-tempered, witty Frenchman. And he was kind, Louise learned as she watched him with Bianca and his mother-in-law. During the war it turned out that Jules was also brave. Bianca, deeply in love with him and anxious for his safety, was still proud of his decorations won under fire.

The war years were lonely ones. Louise was separated from Eva, who worked in an Italian hospital. She was grateful for Bianca's presence in Paris.

In March of 1919 Eva died of influenza at Santa Margherita.

Louise, almost unable to believe this final sorrow, sat beside her as she lay dying. Not Eva, not her daughter. She should be lying there while Eva sat beside her.

When Eva was gone there was nothing to keep Louise in Europe.

At the beginning of the war Katherine and Clarie had been divorced in Paris. Katherine had remained in France and had remarried.

Clarie had tried, ever since, to persuade his mother that once the war and the submarine danger were over, she must come

home and be the mistress of his estate in Roslyn. He even promised to buy a town house, instead of renting for the winter as he had always done. He had his eye on a suitable house just off Fifth Avenue on Seventy-fifth Street. There would be room in it for many of her possessions. The ballroom was made to order for her tapestries.

Louise decided to go. Bianca did not need her grandmother nor did the Colonna boys; they weren't boys any more, they were men.

Clarie's children were younger. Perhaps, as he said, they needed their grandmother or, at least, would like to have her. She was not sure she could help him with them, they were nearly grown up and she was almost a stranger to them. But, for Clarie's sake, she would try.

K, Ellin, and Willie were tall young strangers. Louise had seen them as babies and as children. The last time had been in the summer of 1914. In six years they had outgrown childhood, even the boy who was now thirteen.

Mrs. Duer had died in 1903 and Mr. Duer not long after. Louise was the only grandparent the children knew. They were frightened, she thought, by her great age, and they were sorry for her. They tried politely to hide their pity, but she saw it in their eyes and knew it embarrassed them.

She could not tell them that looking back on a lifetime was in some respects better than looking ahead. Her past was unalterably hers; their futures were as they might be. She knew the past; they could only dream the future, poor young things. How absurd they would think her if she were to tell them that the old found any reason to pity the young.

Sometimes the grandchildren asked her about the past and she told them a little. They could not listen for long; they had too much to tell. As they grew accustomed to her and, she believed, even fond of her, they talked to her and she listened. That was her role: to listen, to comfort, and to explain to their father.

Poor Clarie appeared to them so fierce when he was trying

only to protect them. He had not yet learned that no one, not even a parent, can make another's life safe. She listened as he told her his hopes and his plans for his son and daughters. Sometimes they talked of the past, but more often, with Clarie as with his children, she listened.

There was one person who listened to her, the pretty, young auburn-haired trained nurse, Miss Mary Finerty. The children called her Finny. With age one's infirmities increased at a steady creeping pace and Louise was grateful that she had someone as gentle and tactful as Miss Finny to care for her.

Mary Finerty was kind and she had quick, competent hands, but above all, she listened. Her Irish blue eyes seemed to grow even larger when Louise described the party for President Grant or the first one for the Prince and Princess of Wales. "Oh, Mrs. Mackay," she would say. "It's like something you'd read in a book."

Louise returned to Paris for a visit in the summer of 1923. She stayed at the Plaza-Athénée. Demoutier, her maid, and one of the granddaughters and Mary Finerty were with her.

The granddaughter enjoyed a Paris that Louise had never known. She lunched at Larue. She dined and danced at Ciro's and the Club Daunou. Her beaux seemed to be mostly young Americans who worked at the Guaranty Trust or Morgan Harjes.

Mary Finerty listened to Louise's account of the Paris she had known. She drove up the Champs Elysées with Louise and the chauffeur waited while they walked slowly beside the iron railings that enclosed the gardens of 9 Rue de Tilsitt. In Paris, as on Long Island and in New York, Mary Finerty took care of Louise and listened to her stories of distant times and places.

In the summer of 1924 Clarie told his mother that he planned to give on September sixth a dinner and ball in honor of the Prince of Wales, who was visiting America.

"Now you'll see, Miss Finny," Louise said. "You'll be with me as you always are when I appear at one of Mr. Mackay's parties. You're my ears, you know, and very much prettier than

that unsightly trumpet affair you and Mr. Mackay are always urging on me."

In the prince's honor Clarie illuminated his house and grounds. On the broad white stone steps and terrace that led to the front door, the bay trees and orange trees glowed with tiny lights. Concealed floodlights illuminated the Renaissance mansion and the south terraces and the formal gardens and terrace beyond the west wing. The replicas of the horses of Marly, at the far edge of the terrace, were white against the sky. On every side of the house the trees that edged the lawns were hung with pale blue lanterns that seemed to shine with the moon's light, not their own.

Inside the house in the two-storied hall where the ball would take place the only floral decorations were American Beauty roses in their usual vases. Louise noticed approvingly that Clarie had not tried to improve on the magnificence of the vast room. The tapestries, the suits of armor, the musicians' gallery where Paul Whiteman's orchestra would play, the ancient battle flags that hung on their outthrust staffs just below the ceiling, all these were ornament enough.

Louise had made only one suggestion concerning the arrangements for the evening. She had asked that the granddaughters be placed beside the guest of honor. She had had her turn long ago; let them be hostesses to the prince.

When the prince arrived Clarie brought him to Louise. He was a slight, fair boy who looked younger than his thirty years.

There was much at Harbor Hill for a young man, even a prince, to admire. Louise supposed that he had been taught to appreciate or at least to recognize the best in painting and sculpture. He probably also had some knowledge of tapestry and armor.

The prince inquired, however, about only one object, a small figure of a man in miner's clothes. It was Clarie's copy of the Gutzon Borglum statue.

As Clarie and the prince spoke of the statue, Louise thought of John and of what he would say of the evening's splendor.

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"This is how you planned it, old lady," he would say. "Your boy's at the top of the heap, just where you always meant him to be."

During Louise's years at Harbor Hill, Clarie gave one other party that equaled in magnificence his entertainment for the Prince of Wales. On the thirteenth of June in 1927 the house and the grounds were again illuminated. This time the dinner and ball were in honor of a young American who had lately flown the Atlantic. The fashions in guests of honor might change, Louise thought, but the occasion never varied. For a hero or for a prince the excitement was much the same.

As she talked with the guest of honor at dinner and watched him later, she realized that what the grandchildren called a celebrity wasn't very different from royalty. This boy was like royalty, not only in the attention he attracted, but in his response to it. He was quietly courteous and occasionally he flashed a quick attractive smile, but he was withdrawn. He did not allow himself to be entangled by the guests who crowded around him.

Louise wished that John could be here tonight. This guest of honor would, she knew, interest him more than the other. John had never been impressed by royalty except on her account. He had wanted her to have success in the world of her choice and he had been proud of her when she achieved it. Her world was slowly receding, perhaps even ceasing to exist. John, she thought, would be more at his ease than she in this queer new world where an airplane could fly across an ocean and its hitherto unknown pilot be more widely acclaimed than the heir to an ancient throne.

The end came for Louise a little more than a year after the party in honor of Colonel Lindbergh.

On the evening of September fourth 1928, Louise's heart stopped beating and, without pain, without even realizing it, she died.

